THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

JANUARY 22, 1949

15¢

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUMAN

By Frank Gervasi

THE SHAME OF OUR LOCAL HEALTH DEPARTMENTS

Page 13

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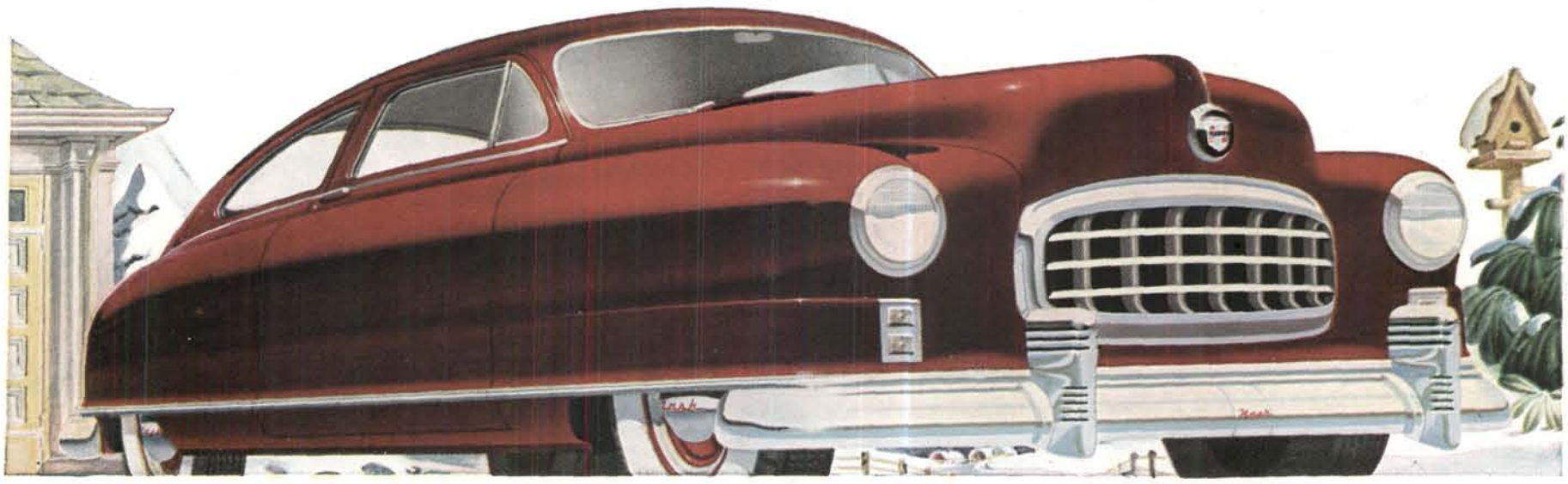
NOW_EVERYBODY



WANTS IT!

It's Nash, it's the Airflyte!
First car with Cockpit
Control! The Uniscope!
Airplane-type seats!
Girder-built Unitized
Body-and-Frame!
Uniflo-Jet Carburetion!

Take one look at that bullet nose, that air-splitting sweep of line—and you'll know why *Nash has rocketed to the top of America's automobile preferences.*

And beauty isn't the half of it!

Here's the room everybody's been wanting . . . amazingly more head-room, leg-room, trunk-room . . . and seats so wide they can become twin beds at night!

Here is the super-safety and quietness *made possible only* by the Nash Girder-built *Unitized* Body-and-Frame.

Here, in Nash alone, Cockpit Control and the Uniscope! The curved sweep of a one-piece windshield, and dials near eye-level.

Here is the thrill of engines with Uniflo-Jet carburetion. Sweeping new power, and the economy everyone has wanted. *More than 25 miles a gallon, for the Nash "600,"* at average highway speed.

Here is the softest, levelest ride you ever had in an automobile, every wheel pillowed with super-soft coil springs. And new wonders only Nash can offer, in the famed Weather Eye Conditioned Air System.

Yes—take all the ideas and opinions you ever had about an automobile, and put them to the challenge of a Nash Airflyte ride.

Then you'll know why *everybody wants it!*

Two Series for 1949, the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador

Nash Airflyte

Great Cars Since 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

A Great Car—Built by a Great Company... Sold and Serviced by the Finest Dealer Organization in America.

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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Fashion Model Nancy Thompson shows how it can work for you, too

Paris bound—to do a fashion show for the newest French collections! Nancy Thompson flashes her famous Ipana smile as she gets a flying send-off from husband Bud. (*He's* Lt. Col. Alden G. Thompson of the United States Air Force.)

Like so many successful models, Nancy knows how important firm, healthy gums are to a sparkling smile. "So of course I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," Nancy explains, "*because dentists say it works!*" And this professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too . . .

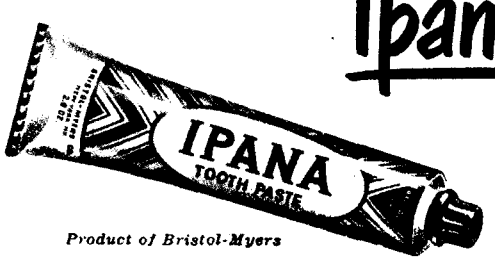
Nancy never neglects the Ipana way—even en route. It's pleasant to do—and easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth



Product of Bristol-Myers

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

* *In thousands of reports from all over the country*

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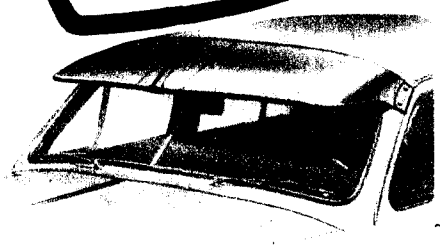
DON'T DRIVE BLIND!

drive safely—comfortably with the NEW

Motorola KARVISOR



★ Eliminates dangerous glare
★ Keeps snow and ice off windshield
★ Adds streamlined beauty to your car
★ Sturdily built of Aero-metal aluminum
★ Installed in a matter of minutes
★ Fits and matches most cars — no holes to drill

MOTOROLA INC., CHICAGO 51

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

O READER FAIR (AND UNFAIR)

DEAR EDITOR: At times some of your issues seem empty. Some of your cartoons are good and some just space fillers. Is "Clancy" a dog or a horse or a mixture of both? His tail looks very much like a horse's (Dec. 11th). Most dogs I have seen have straight tails unless they got it caught in a slamming door.

MARSHALL STORR, Carpentersville, Ill.

. . . Please put your editorial page in the front of Collier's instead of the back. When I open mine each week I immediately turn to the back to read the editorial first. I have read W.L.C.'s recent one, Humanity Looks to the White House, three times, and each time I like it better.

MRS. CHAS. H. FRANCK, Mobile, Ala.

. . . Your excellent nonfiction stuff combined with your occasional good fiction makes Collier's one of the best all-arounds. MR. KNOXVILLE of Tennessee

. . . My son and I would be lost without the Collier's in our home. The Impudent Rifle was a good he-man story. The short short stories are nearly always clever. Roark Bradford was a man after my heart, too. I just know he read his Bible often. Every bit of the Collier's is good literature.

May you have a long and happy future.

NANCY E. PETERSON, Tacoma, Wash.

UN-ALL-AMERICAN

DEAR SIRS: Your All-America football team for 1948, without a doubt, is the worst group I have ever seen selected by anyone. The committee puts Scott, of Ar-

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Living a Good Life with a Bad Heart

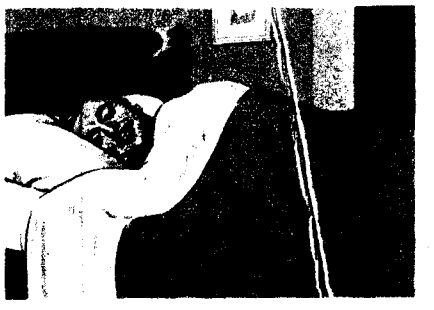
1. To look at him, you would never guess that there is anything wrong with this man's heart. He is just a bit over 50 years old, active, happy, and getting a lot of enjoyment out of life—yet he has heart disease.

Like everyone else his age, his heart had beaten about *one and three quarter billion times*. Of course it was not as strong or as adaptable to sudden demands as it had been in youth, but he had no warning signs of heart trouble.

As a result of periodic medical examinations, his doctor was able to detect his impaired heart *early*, when chances for improvement are best. Today, by following his physician's advice, this man can lead a useful life of nearly normal activity.

2. He enjoys many mild forms of exercise, but carefully avoids any *over-exertion* which might further strain his weakened heart.

3. By eating moderately, he lightens the work of his heart during digestion. This helps to avoid overweight, which is always a burden for the heart.



4. He is able to carry on his daily work, but allows plenty of time for sleep and rest. His heart then will have a chance to rest, too.

5. He maintains a calm and cheerful outlook, for his doctor explained that fear, worry, or nervousness might make his condition more serious.

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made many advances in treating heart ailments and more research than ever is being done on these diseases. The Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life insurance companies, is devoting all its resources to studies of this problem. For other helpful information about heart disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 29-C, entitled "Your Heart."

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1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 29-C, "Your Heart."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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What has an antelope to do with hats?

Simply this: the felt of fine hats, *Mallory* Hats, combines the softness and liveliness found in a young antelope. When you pick up a Mallory, *feel* its fine felt carefully. Your own fingertips will tell you in an instant just what we mean.

Feel the difference in a

MALLORY

the Hampshire

has the softness and liveliness you'll find in all Mallory Hats. And these are the qualities hatters themselves look for in their own hats. In Mallory's exclusive Pliafelt,* $15. Other Mallory Hats, $8.50 to $20.

MALLORY hats

*Registered

kansas, in the backfield, although he missed at least four games this season. Yet it leaves out Fischer, Notre Dame guard, because Fischer missed one game. It also stated that he is the fastest man in football. This is silly, because this season I have seen three faster men: Howell, of Ole Miss.; Bienz and Price, of Tulane. There must be several more. At end I note one Brodnax, of Georgia Tech, a man who could not make the first team in his own conference. How come? Leahy is, of course, responsible for keeping those two good backs of Army, Stephenson and Stuart, off the list. One tackle, because he is good-natured, a good cook and good at boogie-woogie, made this team. If you would be fair with your readers, it would help to publish the names of the 55 men who were under consideration. Yours for a fairer and different method of selection for 1949.

FRANK S. WALSHE, JR., Baton Rouge, La.

For the 55 All-America semifinalists and a detailed description of the selection method, reader Walshe should refer to Inside Sports in the December 4th issue of Collier's.

. . . Bill Fay says Clyde Scott's savage tackles earned him the descriptive nickname: "Smackover." Scott's home town is Smackover, Arkansas, a thriving little city in the heart of the south Arkansas oil fields and it is believed that the nickname was derived from this fact.

G. W. JONES, Arsenal, Ark.

. . . What a team! It could easily score 7 points against Michigan's 35. . . .

JAMES MACGEE, Detroit, Mich.

THE McCOY

DEAR EDITORS: Since the election, political pundits and wiseacres who predicted an enormous victory for the G.O.P. have tried to find an excuse for their error. Some claim it was American sympathy for the underdog, others that people took a liking to Truman's fighting spirit. "The other party just got too many votes," said Governor Warren. The chief and predominant reason why the Democrats won is to be found in Collier's (Oct. 23d). On page 16, Alben Barkley produces a record of just what the Democrats did, and intend to keep on doing. It is an honest, straightforward statement. On page 17, Governor Warren produces a rather vague statement, chief of which was the promise of producing a new broom.

Well—people did not want a new broom so long as the old one could do the work more satisfactorily.

HARRY G. SMITH, San Francisco, Cal.

CARDINAL VIRTUE

DEAR SIRS: I would like to commend you on the article you published by Cardinal Spellman (America, Thank God!, Nov. 27th).

It was excellent. If more of such articles were published, America would realize, perhaps, that God is the author of her greatness and in Him the world will find peace.

BETTY MALONEY, St. Louis, Mo.

Collier's thanks its many readers who wrote letters of gratitude for Cardinal Spellman's inspired message. We regret we cannot print them all.

TEMPER, TEMPER!

GENTLEMEN: After one look at Helena Rubenstein's picture (Beauty Tycoon, Dec. 4th), I gathered up all her preparations and threw them in the trash can.

FRANCIE KING, Sciotoville, Ohio

BE KIND TO ADULTS WEEK

DEAR EDITOR: The boys and girls in Portland, Oregon, have declared a "Be Kind to Adults Week." They condemn the teen-age Portland boys who sawed down a huge fir tree that toppled across the Council Crest streetcar line cutting power from a large part of the city and from two radio stations. They condemn the boy who admitted dynamiting a streetcar station on Halloween. They have put a motto in every streetcar, bus and shop window, "Make Mine Manners." PRISCILLA LEVY, Baltimore, Md.

EUREKA!

DEAR SIR: I was very much surprised that Collier's would slander a community as Rafe Gibbs has done in Christmas Tree Capital (Dec. 4th).

Eureka has never been a "ghost town." We are very proud of our Christmas tree business but so far as I know, no other business suffers to any great extent when the season starts. The work is done almost entirely by farmers and others who can use it as an off-season source of revenue. This season a form of blight has caused considerable damage to our trees but if you should hear that we have lost our Christmas tree business entirely please don't worry about us, we'll get along.

J. L. STEVENS, Mayor of Eureka, Mont.

DEAR SIRS: Re the controversy over your "signature" (three little red figures) for the end of an article, why not have something which will cause the average reader to think: That's smart! I suggest several small cabooses:

L. R. INGERSOLL, Madison, Wis.

UNALCOHOLICS UNANONYMOUS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re Alcoholism Can Begin at Home by Ralph S. Banay (Dec. 11th), there are some helpful suggestions in the article, but the best way for children to avoid alcoholism is to be total abstainers. My wife and I are training our children to follow our example of total abstinence.

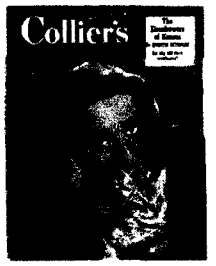
C. AUBREY HEARN, Nashville, Tenn.

. . . I object! This blaming-parents fad is rapidly becoming an epidemic—we are too kind or too mean, too conservative or too extravagant, too devoted or too disinterested. Parents are all imperfect, we admit it. But isn't all this business of living slightly imperfect—aren't teachers, employers, preachers all imperfect, too? Drunkenness is a weakness rather than a disease. It is a refusal to meet one's problems, a refusal to stand up and fight. When the wise men tell us to give our children plenty of love—when they tell us to take an interest in our children's activities—I say that makes sense. But when it comes to blaming well-meaning parents for drunken children—I object! BETTY BEGEL, Peoria, Ill.

DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER

DEAR SIR: Collier's, dear delectable Collier's, please, pretty please, do your circulation, your readers and me a favor. Scrap the new photo covers and restore your former cover artists, and revive the swell comic covers you used to run. At least repeat an old Lawson Wood for me to get a laugh out of.

MANNY KIRCHHEIMER, New York, N. Y.



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Pick any continent you choose

Only Pan American flies to all 6

and month after month, TWICE AS MANY PEOPLE fly abroad by Pan American World Airways than by all other U.S. airlines combined!

● Leadership is not born overnight. The *reason* Pan American is flying the world's *fastest* and most luxurious airplanes—the double-decked Clipper "America" and her sister ships—is that Pan American was first to order them . . . *four years ago!*

Wherever you're planning to go on 6 Continents, remember that: *flying* saves you time; *flying* saves you money (no extra costs, no tips) and of *all* the ways to fly, *the best way's the Clipper* way!* For reservations please call your Travel Agent or—

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

World's most experienced airline

*Trade Mark, Pan American Airways, Inc.

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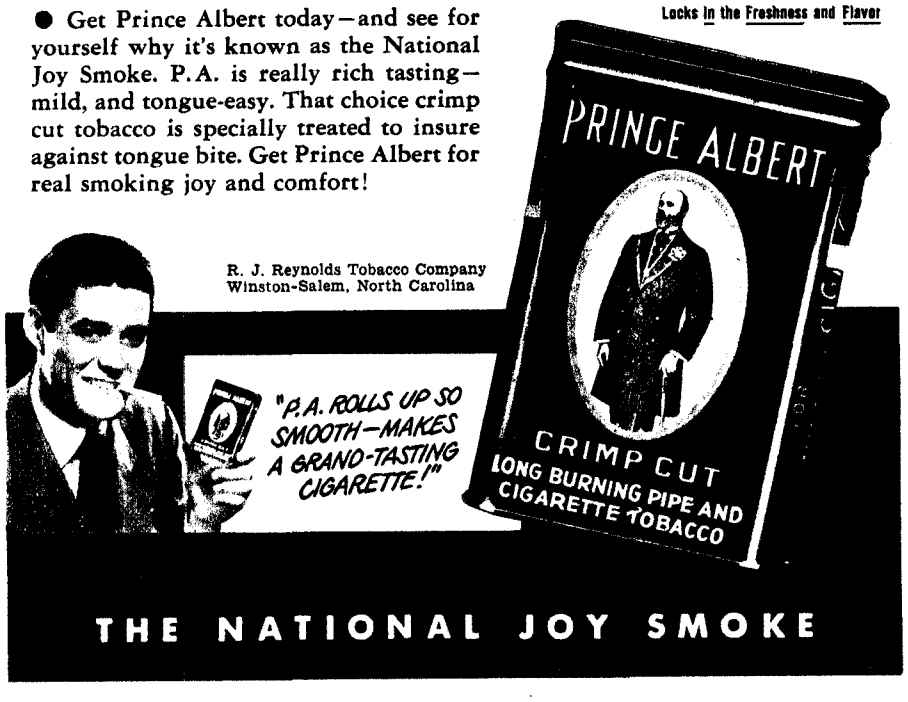
SMOOTH
is the word for the man with P.A.*

● Pipe Appeal is that extra attraction of the man who smokes a pipe. And when that pipe is packed with mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert — you have really smooth smoking!

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
P.A.* means Prince Albert

● Get Prince Albert today—and see for yourself why it's known as the National Joy Smoke. P.A. is really rich tasting—mild, and tongue-easy. That choice crimp cut tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Get Prince Albert for real smoking joy and comfort!

NEW HUMIDOR TOP
Locks in the Freshness and Flavor



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

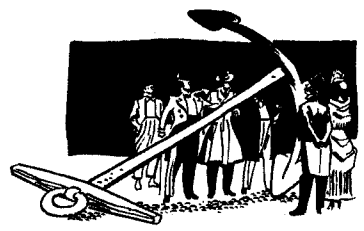
★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

OF THE MANY persons who have survived falls from great heights, the following cases are among the most incredible. A man jumped off a 14-story structure and landed on an automobile, yet was able to return to his job in two months. In another case, a woman stepped out of an eighth-floor window, landed on her stomach across a fence, and then promptly got up, straightened her clothes, and walked to a near-by hospital to find out if she were seriously injured. In a third, a lady dived from a building toward a house 66 feet below. Striking the roof with her head and a shoulder, she crashed through into the attic. How she managed to do so much damage to the roof yet so little to herself baffled the investigators. In a fourth case, a man sustained only comparatively slight injuries in an accidental fall off a cliff to a gravel beach, although the cliff was as high as a 32-story building.

"HOOTNANNIES" are mounted collections of noisemakers such as horns and sirens, which are made and used by hillbilly bands for novel effects. The largest and most difficult one to master consists of a three-sided framework holding, within reach of the seated player, some 60 musical instruments and sound-producing devices which include a piano, harp, police whistle, horse's hoofs, tuned sets of doorbells, frying pans and coffeepots.

TERRIBLE CONDITIONS due to lack of sanitation existed in English prisons until the 19th century. Inmates waiting trial soon became as dirty and diseased (with typhus) as those who had long been convicted and confined. When brought to trial they sometimes infected many of those present in the courtroom. For example, as the result of trials held in October, 1750, in London's Old Bailey, 40 persons died of typhus, including six jurors, three lawyers and four judges.



A UNIQUE HOAX was perpetrated in the summer of 1824 in New York by two men known as Lozier and DeVoe. Lozier, who was wealthy, educated and authoritative in speech, convinced his friends and others who frequented a popular outdoor loafing place that he had obtained the mayor's approval to saw off Manhattan Island and turn it around to prevent its southern end from slipping into the harbor under the weight of the many new buildings.

So with DeVoe, Lozier started to sign up laborers and award contracts for food and equipment which included 100-foot saws, 250-foot oars and even gigantic anchors to prevent the island from being carried out to sea should a storm arise before it could be reattached to the mainland. After eight weeks of preparation, all connected with the project were told to meet the following Monday morning at a certain spot so they could march together to the northern end of Manhattan where the work was to begin. As instructed, the hundreds of workmen and scores of contractors with their wagons loaded with the supplies and materials arrived. After waiting for hours, they learned that Lozier and DeVoe had, for reasons of health, departed from the city.

DRAWINGS BY JACK RETTS

THE PYGMIES of the French Cameroons in West Africa will, if possible, bag an elephant when on a food-hunting expedition for their community. If successful, they usually move their families to the elephant which is far easier for them than moving the dead elephant to their village. Each man sets up his family in a hut near the animal so that everyone may be sure of a daily share of the meat as long as it lasts.—*By Nils G. Wikstrand, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

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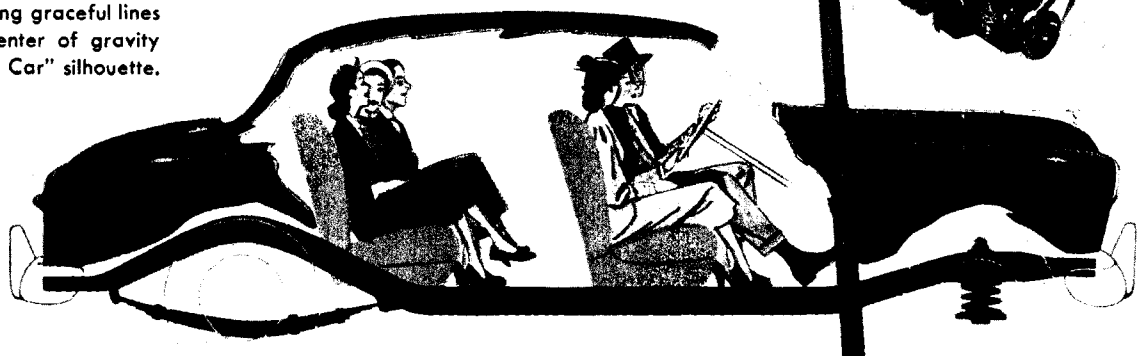
White side wall tires, optional at extra cost.

There's a NEW Ford in your future

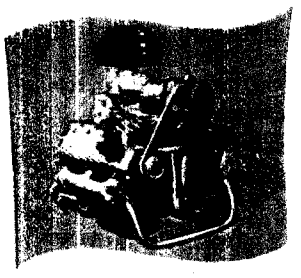
Beauty fore and aft plus the "Mid Ship" ride

Ford's out front in styling with the look of the year! Long graceful lines and its new low center of gravity give it that "Dream Car" silhouette.

You Ride "Mid Ship" . . . seats are placed *between* the wheels, not *over* the wheels. The center of gravity is lower to give you a new road-hugging ride.



New "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs and new "Para-Flex" Rear Springs soak up the bumps.



100 H.P. V-8 . . . In both V-8 and SIX you get new, economical "Equa-Flo" Cooling, new "Deep Breath" manifolding and a new lubrication system.

95 H.P. SIX . . . Ford's new six-cylinder power house is one of the two big "Equa-Poise" engines you can pick for your Ford. Gas savings up to 10%.

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FLOWERS and CANDY? HMMMM!

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The Week's Work

This week's cover: *The Victory Smile. Photographers like to snap President Truman because he will co-operatively give an unposed look—even when Yousuf Karsh met him at eight-thirty in the morning to take this portrait. When his light suit didn't photograph so well he obligingly showed up later in dark blue.*

IF YOU react normally to David Dodge's Peruvian idyl, Arequipa, I Love You (p. 36), you'll grab the next conveyance handy to this city in the llovely lland of the llama and join the Dodges there.

Mr. Dodge, who has done a lot of moving around below the U.S.A., likes it almost as much in Arequipa as he does in Guatemala City, which he likes second only to his birthplace—San Francisco.

Born in that city in 1910, Mr. Dodge had a minimum of book learning, worked stretches as fireman, oiler, and what not in the Merchant Marine, then settled down more or less as a C.P.A. and tax expert. During the war he served in the Navy, and emerged a lieutenant commander in the reserve. He has written several books, including four bang-bang mysteries.

The Dodges eat lotus in Arequipa

BURT SIMS, picture editor and ski columnist for the L.A. Examiner, hopes his first story for Collier's, Roll Me Over Gently (p. 18), doesn't give his superiors any ideas about organizing him into a ski tournament.

"Entered a ski race the first season I took up the sport," Burt reports, "and finished 34th in a field of 36. They never did find the other two guys. The runner just ahead of me hit a tree, that foggy day, but I couldn't have done anything about it. Once I got going, I couldn't stop. I finally was brought to a halt by a tight little knot of spectators at the finish line."

Mr. Sims spent four years with a couple of our Air Force squadrons. He is now 30 and equipped with wife, child and mortgage. He used part of the proceeds of Roll Me Over Gently to buy a washing machine. "If things get tough," he explains, "we can always take in laundry."

THE author of Colonel Jones's Private Enterprise (p. 14), John Brooks, is a New Yorker (1920), who lived mostly in Trenton before graduating from Princeton in 1942. After three years with the AAF here and in Europe, Mr. Brooks returned to New York and began writing for newspapers and magazines. Colonel Jones's Private Enterprise, he says, comes out of a war year in England. Like a lot of the unwilling visitors from America, at first he didn't care much for it.

"Today, though," he admits, "the things I remember about England are almost entirely pleasant."

He recalls the room clerk at the Mayfair Hotel in London, who greeted him when he came in once for a week end during the buzz bombs.

"I was swept grandly into the lobby by a splendid four-color doorman," he says, "only to be overwhelmed with apologies from the clerk who said my room had had to be moved. I said to forget it—he was talking as if half the hotel had fallen down. 'As a matter of fact, sir,' he replied, 'that's why I had to change it. Half of it has.'"

THE itinerant Carlisles—N. & M.—figure it's okay for them to write about houses (The House You'll Warm To, p. 20). They've lived in quite a few. In three years their rooftrees have included a tent in the California desert; a log cabin in the Rockies; a three-room house trailer; a 10-room farmhouse in New Jersey and a Fifth Avenue apartment in New York. Friends find it tough to get hold of the Carlisles at any given moment. Much of their mail takes the form of frantic messages reading: "Where the naughty word are you?"

The Carlisles: Two who best do the work of one

Jonathan Carlisle, going on seven, puts it this way: During a recent stay in Michigan, when Dad and Mom were discussing nostalgically the beauties of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Jonny opined, "I suppose we'll move East so we can get to the Ozarks." Jeffrey, aged three, takes traveling for granted, thinks people who stay put are nuts. The Carlisles say their nomadism at first was nothing more than a desire to find an apartment. Now they want to find the perfect place to live. They work together because they believe "two can best do the work of one." . . . TED SHANE

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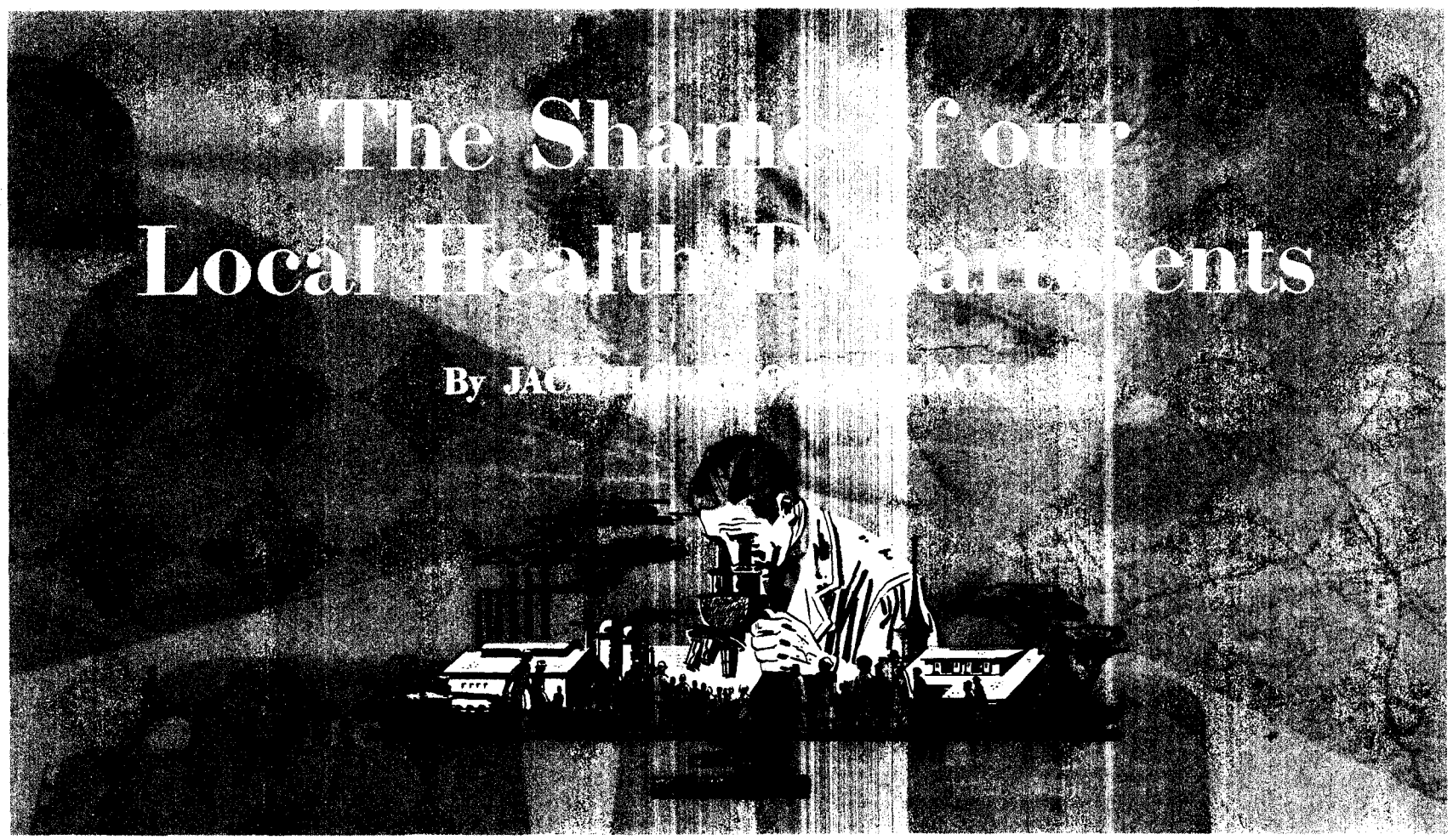
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 123, NO. 4 JANUARY 22, 1949

KANSAS



The Sham[illegible] of our Local Health [illegible]ents

By JA[illegible]

Untrained health officials and inadequate departments are responsible for the needless deaths of 200,000 Americans each year. That is the record of the world's richest, most progressive nation

TWO hundred thousand Americans—as many as live in Berkeley, California, and Utica, New York—die needlessly every year because of inadequate local health departments. This shocking estimate of preventable deaths, made by Dr. Vlado A. Getting, Massachusetts State Health Commissioner, is the most tragic aspect of a national scandal uncovered by Collier's in a recently completed survey of the health departments in your home town, county and state.

The survey reveals that 40,000,000 Americans live in communities lacking the basic protection of full-time health departments. Another 85,000,000 citizens are "protected" by incompetent or understaffed health bureaus. Less than 10,000,000 of our 140,000,000-odd residents have professionally staffed, full-time health departments to guard their water, milk and meat supply, supervise sewage and garbage disposal, and control communicable diseases.

These statistics, in the files of the U.S. Public Health Service, are based on information submitted annually by the 48 states.

Frightening as these facts are, they are trivial compared to what could happen if atomic or bacteriological warfare struck the United States. Antiaircraft guns can't stop bacteria. It takes doctors, nurses, sanitariums, skilled public health workers —an integrated network of well-staffed local health departments. Anything less invites disaster.

A miniature object lesson of what happens when public health protection fails was furnished by Newton, Kansas, during World War II.

On September 12, 1942, the State Board of Health at Topeka received an emergency call from Newton doctors. They reported that an outbreak of intestinal disorders had disrupted the city. More than 2,000 of the 11,048 residents were ill; 743 new cases had been reported in one day. Among the victims were 81 war workers at a local plant, 250 employees of aircraft plants in near-by Wichita, and 150 trainmen from the local shops of the Santa Fe Railroad. Business in the community was at a standstill.

Patients reported nausea, vomiting, cramps, persistent diarrhea, and occasional bloody diarrhea. Though new cases appeared hourly, the part-time, insufficiently trained county health officer saw no need for alarm! He told newspapermen he could find no evidence that Newton's mass illness was due to faulty milk or water supply, adding: ". . . when excessive rains have continued for extended periods, there is much illness of this nature affecting the stomach and bowels. A period of a week or so of sunshine would practically clear up the illness."

State health officials headed by Dr. Floyd C. Beelman didn't agree. They suspected the water supply was contaminated and laboratory tests proved them right. Engineers found that sewage had entered the water system through frostproof hydrants and water closet valves, a condition directly traceable to hazardous, antiquated plumbing methods.

Newton paid heavily for its inadequate public health protection. More than 3,000 cases of dysentery, with several deaths, were reported before the epidemic was checked. Critically needed war production was crippled and city business was disrupted. Plus an unknown toll of victims among transient civilians and soldiers.

The uncounted sufferers were passengers on trains taking on water at Newton. A total of 2,871 Pullman and passenger coaches, together with an undetermined number of troop trains, had filled their drinking water tanks there during the epidemic's peak days. Ironically enough, the Santa Fe had regularly emptied its tanks there and refilled them with the city's self-advertised "99.9 per cent pure Newton water."

That's what happened to a small city in Kansas. The same thing can happen in most towns in the U.S. today, and with more widespread devastation. Inadequate health departments are just as common in the rich, urban North, East, and West Coast as in the less prosperous, rural South. Primitive sanitation facilities are common from coast to coast.

Iowa, for example, covers less than five per cent of its citizens with full-time local health services. Only a few weeks ago the Iowa State Hygienic Laboratory reported that 70 per cent of the farm wells in the state were basically unsafe. The wells' high nitrate nitrogen content was cited as the cause of several cases of cyanosis found among infants fed on artificial formulas that had been diluted with well water.

In Washington, D.C., approximately 100,000 persons still get their drinking water from yard hydrants and use outdoor toilet facilities. When it rains in Peabody, Massachusetts, the sewers overflow. Food poisoning is so common in Evansville, Indiana, and vicinity that Dr. Edward G. McGavran, dean of the School of Public Health at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

DRAWING BY DAVID SHAW

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WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S $1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's ☆ STAR STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

COLONEL JONES'S PRIVATE

Flying with a blindfold over the plane's windshield isn't conducive to old age. When the colonel tried it, the results surprised everyone. Everyone except the colonel

IN SOME ways, Hutton thought, the American lieutenant colonel seems a bit of an ass. Still, he has a way of getting things done, and he has an extraordinary amount of energy. And that, Hutton thought, is the quality most lacking in the British Commonwealth in 1944.

He considered himself a good example of the lack—a flight lieutenant who did not fly, who had spent too many months at a coastal defense station caught in a continual shuttle between boredom, anxiety and guilt, who now was a sort of shell empty of the capacity for emotion. Whole seas of history could sweep over his head and leave him unmoved. He might be sloth's prisoner, but he was not passion's slave.

And so now, without emotion, he approached the office of Colonel Jones, who was his boss.

Hutton had asked for the transfer himself; as the German air attacks thinned out and finally settled down to two-plane nuisance raids once a week, the coastal defense job had become unbearably boring.

He was assigned now to an American Air Force headquarters as a British liaison man; and because he had had experience with communications work, he was put under Lieutenant Colonel Jones. Hutton was not complaining about it, either.

Jones, unlike the coastal defense station, was not dull. Here he was, out of Ohio by way of Rockefeller Center, suddenly set down in England in the middle of a war. Because in New York he had "worked in radio," that curious American Army classification system had decreed that he should be a communications officer. And if Jones had not known the difference between a cam and a condenser the day he joined up, Hutton had to admit that he had been quick about finding out.

As a lieutenant colonel he was undoubtedly somewhat bigger shakes than he had ever been in the R.C.A. Building, but he was not the sort of American officer who had "never had it so good," and consequently became a paranoiac martinet. No—Jones was in a different category. Instead of swallowing the Army's standards whole and therefore digesting them badly, Jones never seemed to have swallowed them at all—he had brought a little bit of Rockefeller Center to England with him.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" Hutton asked as he entered the colonel's sanctum, a Nissen hut full of a splendid confusion of radio sets and push-button boards, all buzzing and humming under the touch of several enlisted men and Wacs. Dozens of telephone wires fanned out from the top of the hut, across the countryside in all directions.

"Yes, Hutton. How are you, old chap?"

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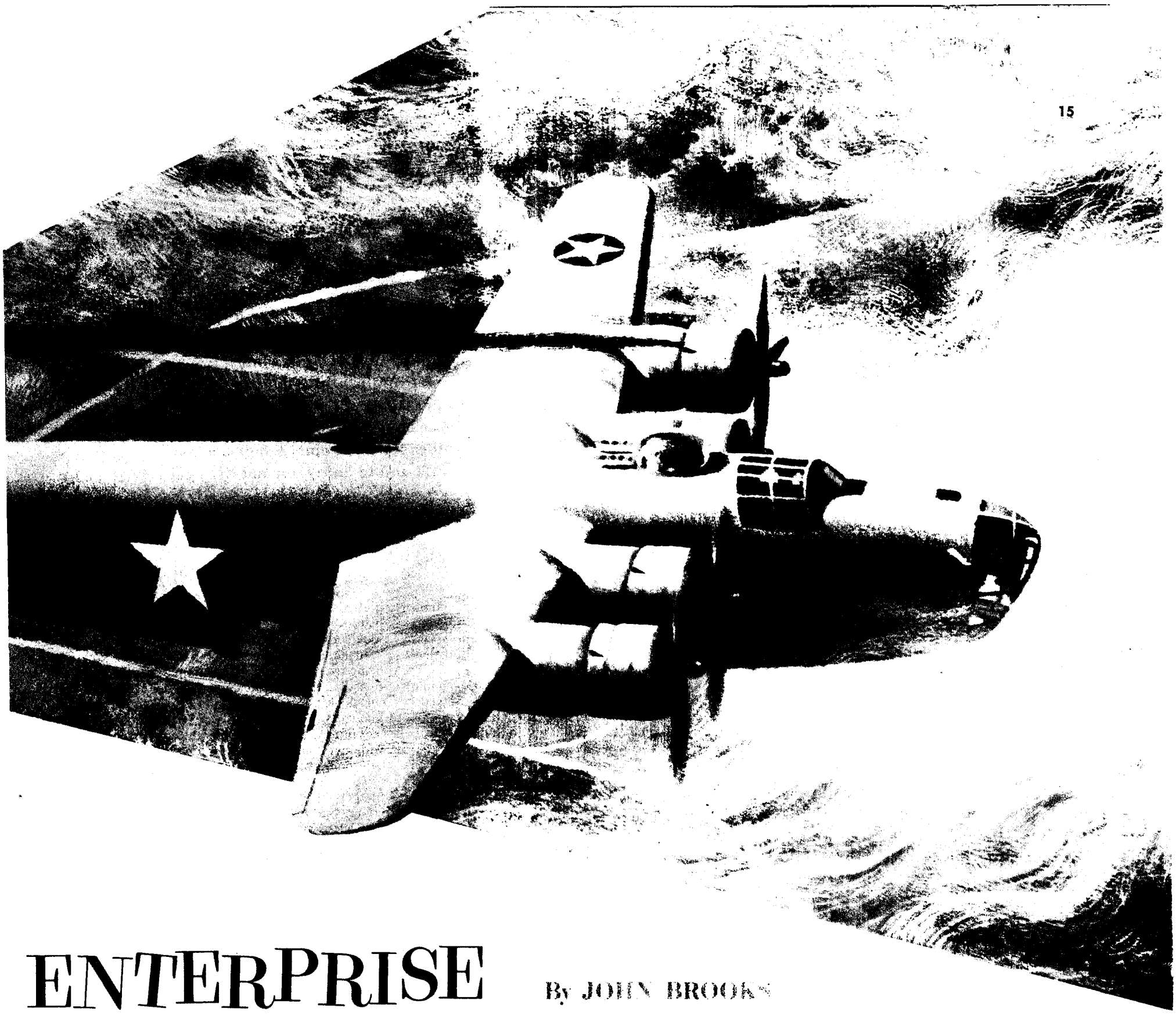

ENTERPRISE

By JOHN BROOKS

Never mind the "old chap," Hutton thought. Jones wanted nothing of England but an "English air"; he wanted to take that home with him as a souvenir. It would be a nice thing to have around Rockefeller Center. Although his first name was really Eugene, Jones always wanted Englishmen to call him "Jimmy." When he asked them, they would usually look at him curiously and say, "All right, *Jimmy,*" feeling out the name; and Jones would smile and wink and say, "Righty-oh."

"About the new control center, Hutton," the colonel began. (Since Hutton, without making an issue of it, avoided calling him "Jimmy," the colonel stuck to "Hutton.") "You'll want to hear about our new control center, since you're going to work in it. The control center that we're setting up to bring lost boys home, to save lives."

"Of course," Hutton said.

In the Nissen hut, the low, smooth static from a loud-speaker suddenly took on a higher and more urgent pitch as a distant transmitter turned on its carrier wave. Then a British voice crackled out: "Hello, Redgate one, Redgate leader here, are you reading me, over?" The answer was merely the click of another transmitter button. Colonel Jones had a radio receiver tuned in on a British aircraft frequency.

"Just like to hear what the boys are up to," he explained to Hutton. "It helps me to see the picture whole—do you follow me? Now, about the control center. You'll be a controller," Colonel Jones said. "You'll be the brains of the thing, Hutton, my boy. But, Hutton, the actual talking on the radio to lost pilots is going to be done by Wacs. You see, *you'll* tell them what to say. The Wacs will say it."

"That will waste precious seconds," Hutton said. "Why have the Wacs talk?"

Colonel Jones leaned back in his chair better to explain this point to his British assistant—a nice fellow, but not quite bright.

"Hutton," Jones said, "let us suppose for a moment that you're a pilot. Let us suppose you're an American pilot, lost in the fog over England, your plane battle-damaged. You're calling a control station for help in finding your way to a base. Which would you rather hear—a coldly efficient male voice, or the rich, full, friendly voice of a girl from Ohio, a voice that transports you instantly across three thousand miles of ocean?"

Hutton tried not to smile, but it was hopeless. "Perhaps I'm not a good man to ask that question," he said. "I'm neither a pilot nor from Ohio."

"Perhaps you're not," the colonel said, in a tone that indicated he considered his point proved. "Now, Hutton, the control center will be set up in the Signal Corps van. I want you to direct the wiring in it."

"In the Signal Corps van!" Hutton exclaimed. "But that's too small! There'll be no room for us to move about. It will be terribly inefficient. Why not in a room? There are several large empty rooms in the headquarters."

"Hutton," Colonel Jones said, "you're too coldly scientific. You lack creative imagination. Now, with my *wild* imagination, I can see that the control center *must* be in the van—for dramatic value! Radio and telephone connections with all parts of the United Kingdom, and even with the air above it,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)

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These incongruously heavy tools were used in the delicate operation shown on the opposite page

New Bones for Old

By MIRIAM ZELLER GROSS

Not even his parents had hope for the child when a two-ton flywheel crushed his legs to pulp. But standing by, prepared for this disaster and others like it, are new orthopedic techniques and bone banks. Healthy chips of human bone, held in refrigerators for such emergencies, are enabling the crippled to walk and to enjoy normal life again

WHEN a two-ton flywheel broke loose in an Erie, Pennsylvania, junk yard, it cracked down on the legs of eight-year-old Robert Stratton. Despite the frantic efforts of a dozen men working with jacks and crowbars, it took 30 minutes to release the boy. And by that time, despite all possible first aid, his condition was so grave that few bystanders thought he would live.

Certainly, when he was carried into near-by Hamot Hospital an hour after the accident, not even his parents had hope that the crushed legs could be saved. Yet 18 months later he walked without crutches. Today, three years after the accident, he runs. And there is no sign of deformity in either leg.

The fifty-six-year-old foreman injured about the same time made an even better record. A physician who examined him at Hamot shortly after he was struck by an automobile found both large bones broken and all the flesh torn from the middle third of his right leg. One arm was broken in two places. A shoulder was dislocated. He had a pelvic fracture, a broken vertebra and his chest was crushed. Five ribs were broken. But the foreman recovered and was back on the job six and a half months later.

Ten years ago, neither of these remarkable recoveries would have been possible. If victims of such accidents survived—and survival was rare—they remained helpless and required arduous, expensive care for the rest of their lives.

Bone surgery used to mean either amputation or long inaction. Fear of infection kept surgeons from the direct methods now practiced. Heavy plaster casts and clumsy mechanical contrivances immobilized injured members sometimes for years, with the hope, often very faint, that Nature would repair the damage. Plaster-encased bones frequently shriveled and shortened. In one instance a leg was seven inches shorter after eight years in a cast. Old-fashioned plaster casts were practically impervious to X ray, and physicians were hard put to keep up with what went on inside the casts.

Almost without exception the care of bone injuries was long drawn out and dreaded by nurses and doctors alike. At Cook County Hospital, Chicago, the wards, hallways and even the roofs were pressed into service to care for orthopedic cases. Similar conditions prevailed in hospitals throughout the country. Bone cases averaged two years each in a hospital bed. And most were tragically hopeless.

Between that unhappy period and the remarkable recoveries now taking place lie the achievements of war surgery, aided by modern shock and infection-controlling weapons. Army and Navy surgeons were faced with virtually every type of injury that can beset the 206 bones of the skeleton and they had to work without complicated apparatus.

Treatment of battle wounds was quick, simple and direct. Military surgeons placed splints directly on the bones rather than outside the limbs and used tantalum, Vitallium and stainless steel, which did not corrode and irritate delicate body tissues. They used lightweight, flexible, waterproof plastics to support small bones—plastics that do not interfere with X-ray studies.

At the same time civilian surgeons developed and refined other techniques in a manner impossible under military conditions. They set up laboratories such as the one at the University of Texas School of Medicine, where artificially broken bones were separated and united. Here also they studied such allied problems as the desirable tightness of screws holding internal splints; the necessary compensations for muscle pull; compression bandages which would prevent watery fluids from collecting after an operation and the art of applying extensive skin grafts.

Reserve Stocks for Human Repair

Bone banks have been established recently. These promise to become as great a contribution to the work of human repair as blood banks and are rapidly becoming a "must" for all bone surgery centers. At bone banks, healthy bone chips, scraps and strips removed from one patient are refrigerated and held in readiness to replace bone losses in another. Even small fragments may perform tough chores by acting as bridges to be fortified by new bone produced by the body.

Until recently, when bone was needed it was taken from another part of the patient, often from the heavy, upper leg bone. This meant an additional operation, which the patient might not be in condition to undergo. Then too, in bone disease cases, the supply of healthy bone might be too meager. Women were dismayed by the leg or hip scarring which the bone-getting operation entailed.

The banks save time because of the immediate availability of bone pieces for grafting. While bone bank implants must be carefully checked for infections, it has been found that neither the blood type nor the possible Rh factor of the donor matters.

A Chicago girl lay bedridden for four years. Her legs would not heal after an automobile accident. Then her case was taken over by a surgeon who grafted fresh, healthy bone. She was sitting up in bed less than a week later and had every reason to look forward to an active life within a few weeks.

In another field congenital hip disease now is being overcome by new techniques. In this condition the socket is too shallow to hold the head of the thigh bone. The reason for hip disease is unknown. Once thought to occur only among the babies of foreign-born mothers the condition is found with increasing frequency among infants of American mothers.

The disease is hereditary, passed on by the mother. It affects eight girls to one boy. It is so common in Italy and the Balkans that the mother's first question is apt to be, "What about my baby's hips?" rather than, "Is my baby all right?"

In babies, most such undeveloped hips become normal if light but firm casts are applied the first week of life. In older children or in cases where the deformity is very serious, bone graft operations are necessary. In such cases, the surgeon makes a little shelf on the socket and this prevents the leg bone from slipping.

Broken hips, almost without exception, used to be fatal to elderly persons. Even young people so afflicted suffered months of invalidism. Many, oldsters especially, died from pneumonia or blood clots due to long confinement in bed. Getting broken hip cases up early prevents many such respiratory and circulatory disturbances and bolsters morale.

The case of a 97-year-old Philadelphia woman is typical. Because old eyes do not adjust themselves quickly to light changes, she missed a small step in leaving a dark theater. At Jefferson Hospital a half hour later it was found that the left hip was fractured at the joint and the head of the thigh bone cracked off.

The woman was treated for shock and given a pain-relieving drug. Laboratory tests were made. Still groggy from the drug, she was taken to the operating table, and a local anesthetic was pricked around the upper part of the leg. The orthopedist laid back the skin overlapping the break and nailed together the cracked thigh bone. The point of the nail, called a Smith-Petersen nail after the Harvard professor who invented it, was fastened into the bony socket. Skin flaps were stitched neatly together and the woman returned to her bed.

The following day she sat up in bed. The next, she was in a chair. And the third day after the accident, she tried out her crutches. Four days later, she went home. If no complications occur she will report back to the surgeon for X rays and checkup only once every six weeks.

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1 This operation may free the patient from a life of invalidism. Here the incision is being made

2 The diseased head of the hip joint, which has crippled the woman, is dislocated and raised from its socket

3 The pain-inflicting head is removed with the aid of hammer and surgical chisel

4 An instrument resembling a carpenter's brace reams the end of the bone for the next step

5 A cup of noncorrosive metal replaces the bone which has been cut away. The cup serves as a new ball for the joint

6 An X ray of the hip, which was repaired at Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia

While the exact details of hip repair differ in various hospitals, the important features of bone nailing and early rising, which have revolutionized recovery, are practiced in every good orthopedic center.

Boys just entering manhood, especially if they are either tall and thin, or short and plump, are susceptible to a hip condition known as slipped capitofemoral epiphysis, which means a slipping of the growth center. The cause is not fully understood but is thought to be connected with hormone imbalance. But now good orthopedists can correct it. If not corrected, the boy suffers constant pain and one leg gradually becomes shorter. Investigators suspect that numerous cases of arthritis in later life started as untreated slipped epiphysis.

Bad shoulders lack the drama of broken hips. Yet in the past shoulders created so many problems as to be a special headache for doctors and patients. The late Dr. Ernest A. Codman of Harvard, one of bone surgery's greatest pioneers, found that shoulder disabilities outdistanced cancer three to one in pulling dollars out of the pockets of Massachusetts workers.

Pain kept the workers at home. People who suffer shoulder disabilities for any length of time are peculiarly prone to limit their activities even after they get relief. An unconscious fear of further pain causes what psychologists term a "mental block" and limits motion.

Bursitis, the main cause of shoulder troubles, is caused by irritation to a bursa, one of the innumerable tiny fluid-secreting sacs. The sacs lie between interlacing muscles, ligaments and skin surfaces and keep them sliding smoothly over one another. A bunion results from the irritation of a bursa overlying a bone in the foot. Servicemen frequently got bursitis of the shoulders from carrying heavy packs.

Calcium crystals cause the excruciating pain of this condition. Crystals form in muscles, especially as people get older. This does no harm and causes no pain—unless the jagged deposits irritate the walls of a bursa. If this occurs, pain starts. Investigators have found, however, that the pain stops the instant the crystals succeed in puncturing the walls of the bursa. Knowing this, surgeons are able to copy Nature's process by piercing the bursa, and accomplish in 30 minutes what might otherwise take as long as 18 years. Dr. Charles L. Wilson of St. Louis has added an innovation to the operation by making

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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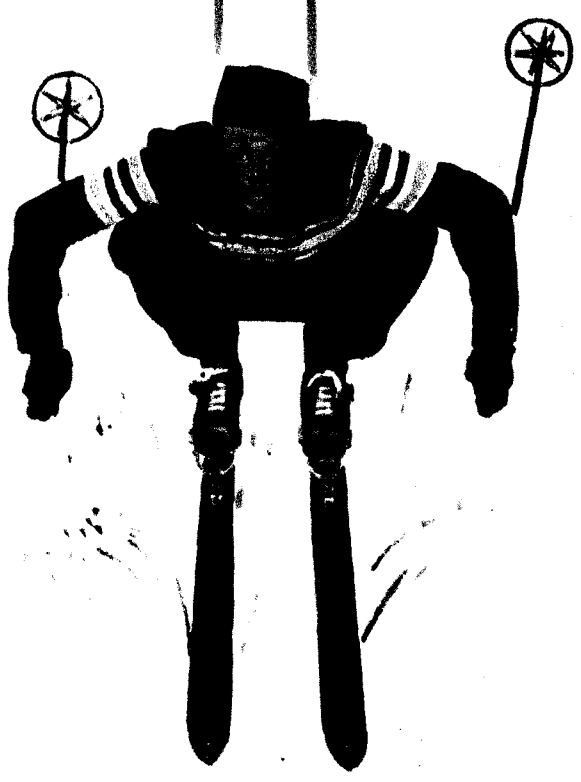
Roll me Over Gently

By BURT SIMS

That skiing dub, Quincy Fletcher, was making very little headway with lovely Janet until his skis ran away with him at the big race



HE SHOULD have stood in grammar school, Quincy Fletcher paraphrased ruefully. He should never have left the sixth grade. It had seemed like a good Idea at the time. But, then, so had this one, some fifteen years later. With an agility not wholly unusual in a young man so lean and long, Quincy had opened his mouth and, as they say, put his foot in it.

"It's not that I'm afraid to die, Mac," he protested mildly. "It's just that I'm in no big rush."

Al McGonnigle, the Bugle's sports editor, anchored his bulk on a corner of Quincy's scarred desk and frowned down at him. Dave Bran, the paper's promotion manager, chewed his cigar and contemplated the faded yellow wall behind Quincy's head.

"Be sensible," McGonnigle urged in the low-pitched bellow which was his conversational tone. "It's a good stunt, having the Bugle sponsor a ski race. Dave's got a little improvement on your idea, that's all."

"I'd rather be sawed in half," Quincy said. "Or is it sawn?"

Bran took out the cigar and rested his chin on his chest. "My boy, we can't think of ourselves at a time like this."

"And why not?"

"Sure," Bran went on, "the race will promote good will for the Bugle. Among skiers, that is. But our sports pages should interest as many people as possible. So, if you enter the race—not in competition, mind you, but just to write a firsthand account of what it's like—"

Quincy's lean face was doleful. "A fracture-by-fracture report. A blood's-eye view, you want."

"Look at Gallico," demanded McGonnigle. "To build reader interest he fought Dempsey. He zipped around the Indianapolis Speedway. He—"

"Look at what he was getting paid," Quincy suggested. "Men, let's change the subject. Life is ceasing to be beautiful."

McGonnigle's broad thumb pushed back his hat. "You write a ski column, don't you?" His eyes narrowed. "You do know how to ski?"

"I write baseball, too," said Quincy uncomfortably. "Am I supposed to pitch like Bob Feller? And some days I cover horse races—but I couldn't run six furlongs, carrying 122 pounds, in all day."

Bran's face was thoughtful. "Quincy, you *can* ski?"

He fretted. "Sure, I can ski. You just go up and slide down, that's all." His voice grew a shade uncertain. "I got the first part okay, and I'm catching on to the last part. What do you expect at these prices; maybe Dick Durrance?"

Bran regarded the ceiling. "Well—if you don't need the bonus—"

McGonnigle flashed a baffled glance at the promotion manager. Quincy pulled his long legs off the desk and sat up. "You said bonus, didn't you?"

Bran puffed his cigar contentedly. "That little girl who waits for you outside the office, now and then—she's cute."

"Janet," said Quincy. "What—"

"Going to marry her, maybe?"

"Maybe," said Quincy cautiously.

McGonnigle, fretting at diplomatic delay, snapped. "On no salary?"

"The kid's okay, Mac," Bran said smoothly. "Maybe he even deserves a little raise. And with a hundred-dollar bonus for his idea—and running the course," he added with hardly a pause, "he possibly could see it our way."

"Possibly," grunted McGonnigle. "Or maybe he would like to be our Nome correspondent."

Bran shook his head slowly. "I don't think Janet would like Alaska, Quincy."

Quincy's sigh came up from the floor. This, then, was what an idea would do to a man. "Never mind the blindfold," he said. *"Vive le Bugle—"* . . .

"A raise!" Janet exclaimed. "And a *bonus!* Quincy, how wonderful." Seated beside him on the divan, her eyes put a halo on him. She was a slender girl, with pleasant irregularities and a touch of Celtic fire that never failed to unhinge him slightly.

"Yeah," said Quincy, his mind 110 miles southeast of Los Angeles.

Softly, she said, "We—we won't have to wait so long, now."

"No," he agreed absently, worrying about a large assortment of glowering pine trees.

"Maybe," her voice was low and her eyes shone, "maybe—in June."

He swallowed. "Sure. I should be out of the hospital by June."

"Hospital? Quincy, are you sick?" Alarmed, she put a cool, tender hand to his brow. "You're hot!"

He closed his eyes dreamily. Her fingers sent delicious tingles along his spine. Heaven, thought Quincy, was no bigger than a Westwood living room.

"Quincy—darling, whatever is the matter?"

He opened his eyes lazily. "I'm going to ski this Sunday." Then he realized what he had said, and bolted upright. "Me," he said bitterly. "I had to *flap my big dumb lip.*"

Janet's face was bewildered. "But—you ski every week end. You've been going for the last three months." She patted his shoulder. "Of course, you'll ski—eventually. Why, last week you hardly fell at all."

"Last week," he pointed out grimly, "I didn't even put my skis on. I fell down the stairs in the lodge. Remember?"

"Of course I remember. And I thought Harlan really was very sweet about it, even though you did fall on him."

"Harlan," said Quincy, and it was ashes in his mouth. "Harlan Schwarzenkopfer. The poor man's Gregory Peck. If that lame-brain hadn't left his skis on the landing, I wouldn't have knocked myself out. Right there, in the darkest place, he leaves—"

"Never mind," soothed Janet. "It's all over, now."

"It's only beginning," Quincy promised sadly. He inhaled deeply, and stared at the floor. "For the raise—and the bonus—I have to run that race course. Then, if my fingers can wiggle, I have to write how tough it was."

THERE was a moment of shocked silence. "You *what?*" cried Jane. "You have to run—" She broke off into laughter that quickly lost all restraint. Gay peals of it fell on Quincy's ears like a rain of unwitting torment. He closed his eyes.

She leaned back, finally, with merriment still bubbling in her voice. "I've never encountered anything so fantastic. Why, I wouldn't hear of it."

"You have," he reminded dolefully.

"But—Quincy, it's absurd. You racing. You'll make both of us look like fools. All our friends will think you're crazy. You mean well, darling, but this—well, it's just too much."

"I won't be racing, exactly," he said lamely.

"It's the same thing. You're having Otto Foegger set the course. Even the really good skiers will have trouble. You could never, never finish, Quincy. After all, you're not a—a—"

"Harlan Schwarzenkopfer!" he supplied darkly.

She lifted a petite shoulder. "Well—he really is a wonderful skier. So—well, so—"

"So-so," said Quincy with some annoyance.

"Why, Quincy. Jealous?" She said it softly. He was in no mood for it at any price.

"Of what? That smug-faced, empty-headed beagle?"

"H'mmmm." She gave him a sidelong glance. "He's quite nice, actually. So sweet—and thoughtful."

"Yeah," grunted Quincy. "Thoughtful. And I know what he's thinking. I've seen him looking at you when you wear those ski pants you got too big for."

"Too big for!" exclaimed Janet. "Well, of all the mean things to—"

"That Harlan," Quincy said hastily. "He's a stupid—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)

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Quite accidentally, but quite happily, Quincy rested an elbow on Harlan's face. "Having trouble, old man?" Quincy said. Harlan moaned

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The House You'll Warm To

Your house is under the microscope. The experts of the Small Homes Council have put it in the laboratory, where they are trying all sorts of fascinating experiments with it. They have the "know-how," and with their scientific methods of engineered construction, they show the way to better homes for everybody

By NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

IN URBANA, Illinois, there are two houses which look just alike, but aren't. The difference between them may provide millions of Americans with the low-cost homes they need. These houses are the same size, were built from the same floor plan by the same contractor and laborers. The materials in them were purchased from the same dealer at the same prices. *Yet one of the houses cost $1,000 less to build than its identical twin!*

It was not prefabricated, nor was it built as part of a giant project with armies of workers. Instead, this remarkable house was put together by methods that can be duplicated anywhere in the United States by any contractor, even one who builds a single house a year!

The men who pulled this whopping rabbit out of the hat are architects and engineers of a unique research organization, the Small Homes Council at the University of Illinois. Its laboratories, scattered over the campus, buzz with the activities of scientists, engineers, architects and home economists. They are working together to give you a better house to live in, whether it's one you already have or one you are going to build.

The council is the proving—and *im*proving—ground for the ideas that sprout from the millions the building industry spends on research. The Producers' Council, an organization of building-material manufacturers, with the help of the National Retail Lumber Dealers' Association, had developed a set of plans for low-priced homes, using the modular principle, in which all dimensions are multiples of a chosen unit of four inches. By following these plans a house could indeed be built more cheaply than one using hit-or-miss dimensions. But the council architects weren't satisfied to stop with improved plans. Could better building methods cut costs even more?

Armed with a small grant from the U.S. Department of Commerce and assisted by technical advisers from the Producers' Council, the Small Homes Council went to work in Urbana. They got a local contractor, gave him the plans and told him to go ahead and build a house.

"Just build it," Jim Lendrum, Associate Co-ordinator of the council, told him. "We're just going to watch."

Workmen swarmed over the site, followed by the time-study engineers, who watched every move the workers made and clocked every detail of the forty major steps that go into building a house. The house was completed in what the contractor considered "about average" working time. But Jim Lendrum and his cost-minded engineers considered the man-hours—2,078.92 of them—and shook their heads. From now on they were going to run the show.

Lendrum could see incredulity on the faces of the workmen as he told them how to go at the next house. What he proposed was complete heresy. He wanted to build the outer wall structure, then put the roof on, without any partitions whatsoever inside the house. This meant that the outer walls had to bear the whole weight of the roof, which called for a new kind of construction.

The council engineers had that all figured out. They would make roof trusses of the horizontal and sloping members, fasten them together on the ground, then swing them into place. The carpenters agreed that a house built that way might hold together, but protested that the roof trusses would be too heavy, too clumsy to handle.

"They'll weigh just 70 pounds," Lendrum said. And he showed them how four men could put them up. The grumbling stopped and the roof went up in record time. That was the start of a set of consequences that had workers and contractor goggle-eyed. With the roof trusses all up, the house consisted of just one big room. While the carpenters went ahead with the roofing, exterior siding and windows, the interior of the house was completely free from obstruction, ready for plumbing and wiring.

When the plumber looked at the empty shell of a house and was told, "Now go ahead and install a bathroom," he threw up his hands.

"But I can't do that," he protested. "There's no bathroom there yet."

Lendrum patiently showed him chalk marks where the fixtures were to go, and pointed out the merits of not having to knock holes in walls. Before the job was finished the plumber was beaming. "This is sure the way to build a house," he said.

It sure is the way, all right. They built four more houses before they announced the startling figures. Their "engineered construction" methods had knocked 438.65 man-hours of work right out of each house! Multiply that by a rough $2.25 as an average hourly wage for building-trades workers and you get the dollars-and-cents saving. Now the council has tossed a challenge to builders all over the country: "Let's see if you can beat our record."

The Small Homes Council is operated at high pressure by wiry, energetic William Scheick (rhymes with like), who has held the title of co-ordinator since its founding in 1944. Scheick, who was drafted into the job from his post as professor of architecture at Illinois, combines an ability for long-range thinking with a grass-roots knowledge of the building industry.

A good example of his realism is the council's kitchen-cabinet project. Scheick had heard about some home economists at a university who had spent months figuring out new designs for kitchen cabinets that would enable the housewife to put away most efficiently the 600-odd items kept in the average kitchen.

"Let's find better ways to use the cabinets we've got," Scheick said. "After all, most people can't have them custom-built." His researchers were

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

DREAM YOUR OWN HOME

THERE has been a lot of dreaming about the perfect home—the place you're going to have someday, with a spacious living room, three bathrooms, a picture window, the latest newfangled heating system—and there has been a lot of research on same by the experts.

The quiz chart on the opposite page has been prepared by Collier's to give the housing industry a clearer picture of what you are seeking. When you have read the article, starting on this page, study the chart carefully. Six of the most popular houses and a wide variety of the most modern features are shown in the illustrated panels. Each is identified by a number so that you can build your dream home on paper. Register your choice on the ballot at the bottom of the page by circling the numbers corresponding to your choices on the chart. Then mail the ballot to Housing Quiz, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, New York.

The people who contribute to the building of all our homes—architects, manufacturers and contractors—want to know what you want and what you do not want in your home. They need guidance, which only you can give them.

Americans are the best-housed people in the world, but there is a great deal of room for improvement, both in quality and quantity.

In *The House You'll Warm To*, the Carlisles write about the unique Small Homes Council at the University of Illinois, in the laboratories of which a score of experimental housing projects are under way. Your house and your living habits are under the microscope there.

The council is operated by William Scheick, its co-ordinator. The tremendous interest in its work is evidenced by people who come to see him. They hail from every state in the Union and, so far at least, from a dozen foreign countries. They include architects, city planners, engineers, manufacturers, contractors, building supply dealers and government housing planners.

All of them want the same answer. This quiz is designed to help them in their efforts to make our homes, whether already built or to be built, more comfortable and attractive. A lot of good ideas may be going up in rings of smoke from your pipe. Pin them down—put them down on the chart, and

---

MAIL THIS BALLOT

---

to: Housing Quiz, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, New York. Results will be compiled for reference by all manufacturers.

FREE SUMMARY TO YOU

Collier's will send you free a summary of the results of this nation-wide poll if you fill in your name and address in the box at the right. Compare your choice with the nation's.

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I Which Style of House Do You Prefer?

(1) MODERN

(2) RANCH

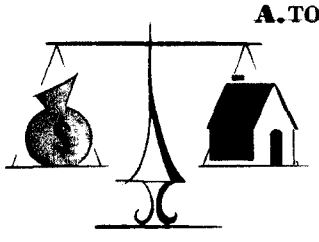
(3) GEORGIAN-COLONIAL

(4) CAPE COD

(5) CLASSICAL

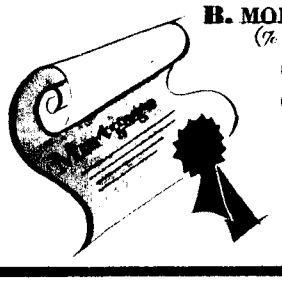
(6) SPANISH

II How Much Would You Pay (including land)?



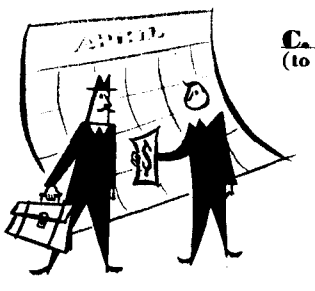
A. TOTAL PURCHASE PRICE

(1) $4000 OR UNDER
(2) $4001-6000
(3) $6001-8000
(4) $8001-10,000
(5) $10,001-15,000
(6) $15,001-20,000
(7) OVER $20,000



B. MORTGAGE REQUIRED
(% of total purchase price)

(1) 95%
(2) 90%
(3) 80%
(4) 50%
(5) 25%
(6) 0%



C. MONTHLY PAYMENTS
(to cover interest amortization, taxes and insurance)

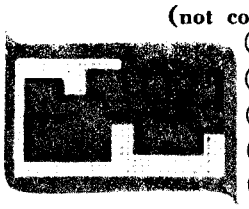
(1) $40 OR UNDER
(2) $41-60
(3) $61-80
(4) $81-100
(5) $101-125
(6) OVER $125

III How Large a House Do You Want?

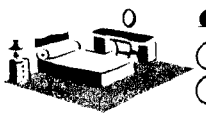
A. STORIES

(1) 1 STORY
(2) 2 STORIES
(3) OVER 2 STORIES

B. NUMBER OF ROOMS
(not counting bathrooms)

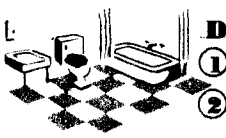


(1) 4 ROOMS OR LESS
(2) 5 ROOMS
(3) 6 ROOMS
(4) 7 ROOMS
(5) 8 OR MORE



C. BEDROOMS

(1) ONE (3) THREE
(2) TWO (4) MORE



D. BATHROOMS

(1) ONE (3) THREE
(2) TWO (4) MORE

E. ATTIC

(1) YES (2) NO

F. BASEMENT

(1) YES (2) NO

G. DINING ROOM

(1) SEPARATE DINING ROOM
(2) BREAKFAST NOOK
(3) DINING AREA IN LIVING ROOM

IV How About Heating?

A. FUEL PREFERRED

(1) OIL

(2) COAL

(3) GAS

(4) OTHER

B. METHOD PREFERRED

(1) RADIATOR

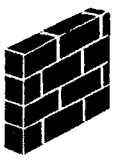
(2) RADIANT (PANEL)

(3) WARM AIR

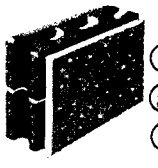
(4) OTHER

V Which Exterior Materials Do You Prefer?

SIDING
(1) WOOD
(2) ALUMINUM
(3) ASBESTOS
(4) WOOD SHINGLES



BRICK
(5) SOLID
(6) VENEER



CONCRETE
(7) CEMENT BLOCK
(8) CAST
(9) CINDER BLOCK

STONE
(10)

STUCCO
(11)

PANEL
(12) STEEL
(13) ALUMINUM
(14) PLYWOOD
(15) CEMENT-ASBESTOS

VI What Are Your Garage Specifications?

A. SIZE

(1) 1 CAR
(2) 2 CAR
(3) NO GARAGE

B. TYPE

(1) ATTACHED

(2) SEMI-ATTACHED

(3) DETACHED

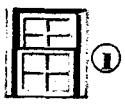
(4) CAR PORT

VII What Sort of Windows Do You Want?

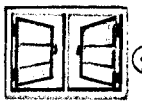
A. PICTURE WINDOW

(1) YES
(2) NO

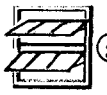
B. GENERAL WINDOW STYLE



(1) SASH



(2) CASEMENT



(3) AWNING (louvre)

(4) FIXED-OPENING COMBINATION

VIII Would You Pay More For Any of These Extra Features? (Choose more than one if you desire)

(1) STORAGE WALLS
(2) BUILT-IN FURNITURE
(3) AIR CONDITIONING

(4) DOUBLE-GLAZED WINDOWS
(5) MOVABLE WALLS
(6) FIREPLACE

(7) SCREENED PORCH
(8) RECREATION ROOM
(9) EXPANSIBLE HOUSE

CUT OUT BALLOT BELOW AND MAIL TO HOUSING QUIZ, COLLIER'S, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Circle the numbers of your preferences

I HOUSE STYLE 1 2 3 4 5 6

II HOW MUCH?
A PURCHASE PRICE 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
B MORTGAGE 1 2 3 4 5 6
C MONTHLY PAYMENT 1 2 3 4 5 6

III HOW LARGE?
A STORIES 1 2 3
B ROOMS 1 2 3 4 5
C BEDROOMS 1 2 3 4
D BATHROOMS 1 2 3 4
E ATTIC 1 2
F BASEMENT 1 2
G DINING ROOM 1 2 3

IV HEATING A FUEL 1 2 3 4
B METHOD 1 2 3 4

V EXTERIOR MATERIALS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

VI GARAGE A SIZE 1 2 3
B TYPE 1 2 3 4

VII WINDOWS A PICTURE 1 2
B WINDOW STYLE 1 2 3 4

VIII EXTRA FEATURES 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Please send me the free summary

My Name _____

Street Address _____

Town _____ *Zone* ____

State _____

Number in my family _____

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED—AND GOT IT

The Story: One day life in a small town suddenly becomes too much for AGATHA CHRISTOPHER, and she breaks her engagement to CHARLIE HARPER and quits her job as village librarian. Then, quite unexpectedly, Agatha is notified that she has inherited her UNCLE LEO'S estate which is mainly a restaurant in New York City. Agatha has visions of owning and operating a swank New York restaurant, and she goes to New York immediately and contacts JACK BARLOW, her deceased uncle's lawyer. Jack tells her that the restaurant is named Leo's Place and is on Eighth Avenue. Agatha discovers it is a bar and grill, frequented mainly by prize fighters and horse players. She is terribly disappointed but Jack encourages her to stay in the city and manage the bar and grill. Agatha discovers at this time that she also inherits ten per cent of a left-handed prize fighter named FRANK "LEFTY" LANGAN. She and Jack watch a telecast of one of Lefty's fights and see the boy lose by a knockout. The next day Lefty tells Agatha that she can tear up his contract, that he is going to quit fighting and go back to soda jerking. He says that this is what he and his girl LUCILLE both want. But Agatha knows that this is not true as far as Lefty is concerned and abruptly she takes him to Connecticut to her mother's house. Leaving him there she hurries back to New York and explains to OSCAR GUMPER, barman at Leo's Place and an old fighter, that she wants to buy the rest of Lefty's contract. Oscar agrees to a partnership and they go to the gym and find Lefty's manager, BENNY SMALL. Benny tells them that he will sell, but that he wants to keep ten per cent of Lefty. After conferring with Oscar, Agatha decides to consult her lawyer.

As Oscar bandaged his hands Lefty stood quietly and smiled at Agatha. He said, "I'm in shape now"

PART 4 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

AGATHA crossed the gym and shut herself into a phone booth. She had intended all along to call Jack Barlow, and as she dialed his number she felt a pang of guilt, remembering the headache she had professed to have in the taxicab.

"Agatha?" he said, as soon as she had spoken. "I tried to get you yesterday at the Westbrook and they said you'd checked out."

"Yes," Agatha said. "I went home, Jack."

"You in Connecticut now?"

"No," Agatha said, and laughed. "I'm in Skelly's Gym."

"Working out?"

"Buying a fighter," Agatha said. "And I mean I really am. Jack, I'm about to buy up Lefty Langan's contract and muscle into the fight racket. I'm serious. Oscar Gumper is going to manage Lefty and he'll train out at my place in Connecticut. So I need your advice."

"If you can afford it, go ahead," he said in a cautious tone. "However, speaking as your lawyer, the boy's record isn't too good, I looked it up. He had twenty-one professional fights and he lost eight, the last one by a knockout. That's the one we saw on television. Of course, he had twelve knockouts."

"The point is, Jack, that I've made up my mind," Agatha said. "Will you help me with the legal details? I don't want to be outsmarted too badly, and we're closing the deal now."

"Sure, I'll help you. Want me to come up there? Where is Skelly's Gym, exactly?"

Agatha told him, and went back to report to Oscar.

"Made up your mind?" Benny Small asked her when she rejoined Oscar at the ringside.

"Our lawyer will be here any minute," Agatha said. "It's a deal."

"Okay," Benny said. "Hope you do good with the boy."

Jack Barlow arrived a few minutes later, with the look of a corporation lawyer pleading a case in police court for a friend. They huddled on the last row of seats, and Jack arranged to see Benny Small on Monday, when the papers would be ready for signature.

"All right," Oscar said, after Benny had left. "Aggie, I'll have the dough in a couple of days, my half, and I'll be out tomorrow to start Lefty working. But how about Leo's Place? Who's going to handle the joint while I'm out there in the country?"

Agatha made an instant decision, said, "Walter. I have an idea that waiter will react to responsibility. I'm willing to take a chance on it. I like Walter."

"It's your joint," Oscar said. "You can do what you want with it."

They went down the dark stairway together and on the sidewalk Jack Barlow asked, "Agatha, how long will you be in town?"

"I'm going back on the six-o'clock train. You see, Lefty's already out there."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

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WIDE WORLD

The Truth About Truman

By FRANK GERVASI

The story of Harry Truman is as American as the Flag. That he, the almost scorned underdog, was elected, is the most cherished American Tradition—that any child born in the U.S. can become *President*. Here is his story for everyone to read

WHEN you see Harry Truman through the eyes of his friends who campaigned for him in Kansas City's old Tenth Ward, fought with him in France in World War I and played penny-ante poker with him back in Independence you can begin to understand the mystery of November 2d. For the Truman who emerges from his intimates' conversation strikingly resembles Abraham Lincoln.

This might not, of course, be the real Truman. The image is glorified. The real Truman probably lies somewhere between the heroic figure painted by his closest friends and the Lilliputian one drawn by his detractors.

If the Truman legend that's a-building back in Kansas City were the work of conscious press-agentry or of band-wagoners and what the President calls "Wednesday morning Democrats," it could be discounted. But its architects are serious, sincere men whom Truman counts among his "Tuesday morning" friends, men with whom he lived, worked, played and politicked, and who even lent him money when he needed it.

Among Truman's intimates we found New Dealers and Republicans; Protestants, Catholics and Jews; businessmen, bankers and a barber; several government employees, a priest and a lawyer or two. Only one of these might be called rich and able to write a four-figure check as a campaign contribution. The others were only moderately prosperous men. Their names read like a registrar's voters' list: Tom Evans and Clive Payne; Harry Jobes, Monsignor L. Curtis Tiernan, Eddie Jacobson, Al Ridge, Ted Marks, Roger Sermon, Frank Spina.

At first, the Truman they talked about in long evenings back in Kansas City was the familiar one who had been a successful dirt farmer, an unsuccessful businessman, a World War I hero of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, Jackson County road overseer, judge, senator and reluctant candidate for the Vice-Presidency.

They told how he liked earthy stories but abhorred vulgarity in the presence of ladies. They chortled over the President's fondness for unorthodox low-stake poker of the "baseball" and "spit-in-the-ocean" variety. They recalled that he is a good Baptist and deeply religious without being "churchy," a 33d degree Mason, a Shriner, an avid National Guardsman and a Legionnaire. They remembered that he could "take his bourbon or leave it alone," disliked fish and cut his favorite food—steak—left-handed.

But when they documented his efforts to educate himself, his humility, courage, tolerance and his concern for the underdog, a new Truman took shape and grew in stature until he towered over the peewee of pundits' columns or cartoonists' drawings. He acquired, as they talked, the common qualities of Lincoln or, at least, of the most representatively American President since Lincoln.

The parallels in the two men's lives are obvious enough and the President's friends didn't miss one. Both came of old Kentucky stock and both became soldiers, although Battery D played a bigger role in Truman's life than did the brief service in the Blackhawk War in Lincoln's.

Both Lincoln and Truman, they remind you back in Kansas City, became storekeepers and went broke. Both subsequently found small government jobs, Lincoln as a deputy surveyor and Truman as a road commissioner.

Lincoln went to Congress and Truman to the Senate. Both were offered the Vice-Presidency which neither wanted but only Lincoln succeeded in avoiding.

One of Truman's closest friends brought the Lincoln-Truman parallelism up to date: "Lincoln saw his mission as that of saving the Union," the friend said. "Some folks wanted him to appease the South, maybe by letting it go its own way. But he sent supplies and men to Fort Sumter instead

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 64)

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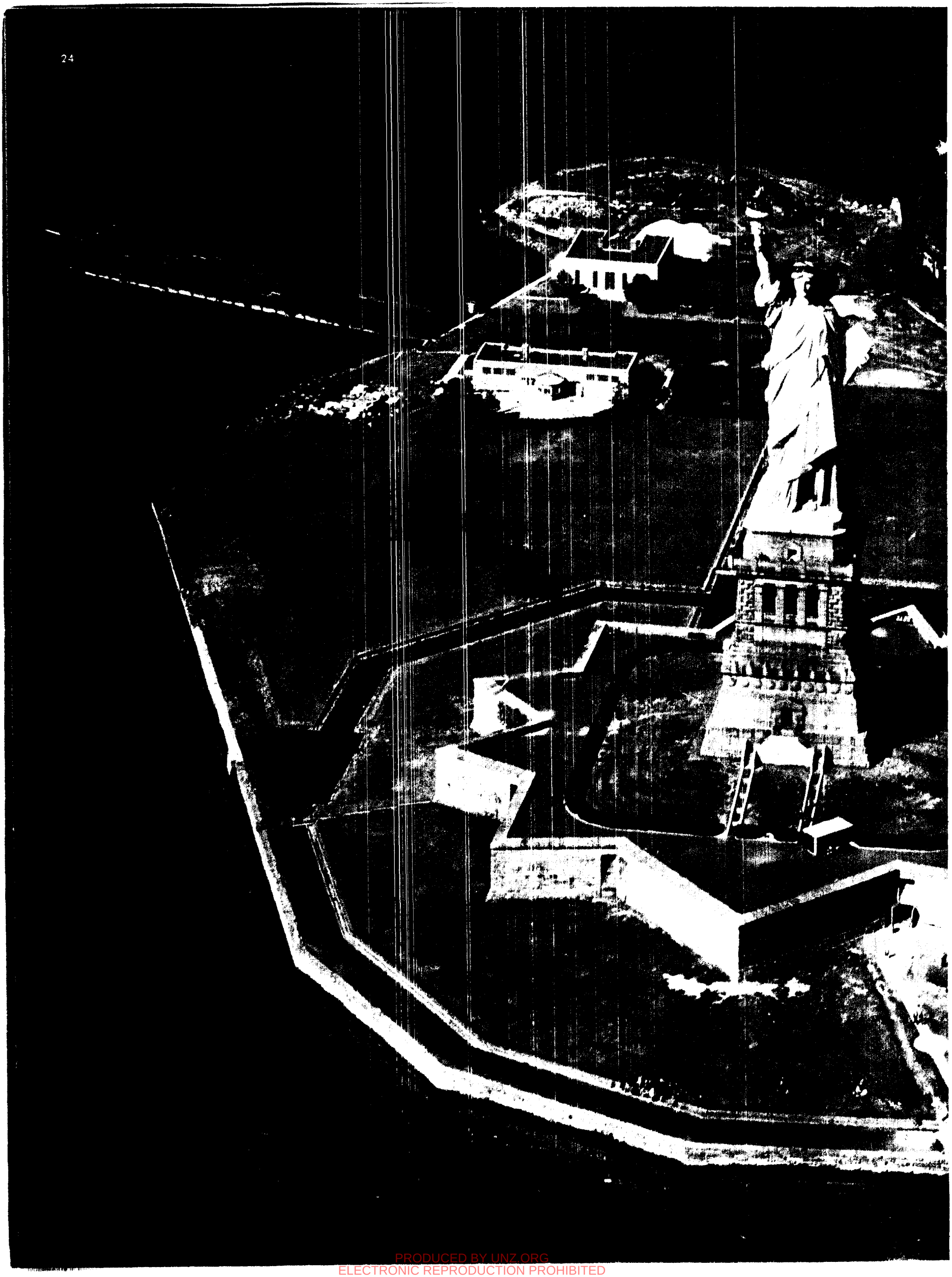

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CE OF THE U.S.A.

No. 3

The Statue of Liberty

CITIES and ordinary landmarks have their places on maps. Mountains are rigid and immovable and rivers hold long-established courses—fixed according to the geometry of longitude and latitude. The states lie immovable beneath the speeding airplane—varied, rich and colorful but still immovable, a component part of the United States. But the Statue of Liberty defies the pin-pointing of the most expert geographer.

On her small island in Upper New York Bay she seems to have a fixed position, below Manhattan and between the shores of New Jersey and the Borough of Brooklyn. But, facing out to a pain-racked world, she represents more than an imposing statue of bronze and concrete. She represents the majesty of a strong democratic nation, in its strength merciful to the weak the world over.

Like the flag itself she is everywhere at once in the 48 states. For the Statue of Liberty is a transcendent symbol beyond the limitations of time and place.

The Air Force technicians who made this photograph were testing the color sensitivity of film and the accuracy of their cameras. These are simple, understandable facts.

Easily grasped, too, are the statistics of the statue: 152 feet of bronze on an almost 150-foot granite and concrete pedestal. It weighs 225 tons. Its right arm is 300 feet above sea level, 42 feet long and 12 feet in diameter at its thickest. Each eye is two and a half feet across. There are 168 steps leading from the top of the pedestal to the statue's spiked crown. Simple, understandable facts. But, for the people of the United States, the Statue of Liberty is more than weights and measures.

Gazing at it, the visitor loses himself, seeing a vision of America, a vision all his own. The man from Kansas sees broad plains and rolling fields of wheat. The Missourian sees a neat town labeled Independence and a smiling man in Washington, D.C. Iowa sees cornfields and fattening pigs. California sees rich valleys alive with sunshine. Boston sees an old church tower and a rider carrying a warning through the night. Each has visions of his own to which the great statue gives credence and the glow of permanence.

The Statue of Liberty. It stands for the history of a people—for the commingling of men and women from everywhere, of nationalities and religions, of diverse political creeds and variously colored races—all living together in peace and harmony. It stands for the United States risen to power through the unconquerable spirit of a free people and the blood of a million patriots.

Without the music of an anthem or the words of a pledge, the Statue of Liberty speaks of America to all the world.

To obtain a reprint of this photograph, send 15 cents to Collier's Statue of Liberty Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio

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eadly ackfire

By LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Dr. Coffee again lends a hand to the law. This time it's a murder case, and a very smart detective gets a very big surprise

WHEN Winifred West was shot, nobody in Northbank was really surprised, although some of her more cynical associates pretended to be surprised that it had not happened sooner. She was widely feared, fairly widely respected, and, within narrow limits, admired; but she was not loved. Lacking capacity for the warmer sentiments herself, Winnie could hardly have expected to inspire them in others. For all her volcanic energies and fiery temper, Winnie West was generally considered a pretty cold proposition.

Winifred West, who had resumed her maiden name after some years as Mrs. James Barber and some months as Mrs. Claude Fielding, was the owner, publisher and editor of the Northbank Tribune, the noisiest and most opinionated of Middle Western dailies outside of Chicago. Her first husband bought the Tribune when he entered politics after making his second million dollars with a fleet of river steamers. When he was laid low by apoplexy at the beginning of his senatorial campaign, Winnie inherited the newspaper.

She also inherited an executive editor named Fielding, whom she married after a decent period of mourning, then divorced after an indecent period of quarreling over who was to run the Tribune. After Fielding there were no more executive editors, no more husbands, and no more question over who was running the paper.

Winnie also ran, by remote control, the Northbank municipal administration, the governor, forty-six state legislators, the junior U.S. senator (the senior senator, having permanently endeared himself to the farm vote, could thumb his nose at newspapers), five congressmen and several Cabinet members. She changed her politics and her friends as easily and capriciously as a pretty woman changes her hat, and Winnie was still a pretty woman at fifty-two, although her silhouette had begun to resemble that of a top.

Winifred West was shot at exactly one minute past eleven o'clock on a Thursday night, according to Ed Parkinson, managing editor of the Tribune. The shooting took place in the vast Victorian bedroom, complete with two marble fireplaces and carved oak furniture, which served her as auxiliary office.

When in a Madame Récamier mood, she would hold editorial conferences from her incredible nineteenth-century bed, looking very feminine in a stunning Directoire negligee and shouting orders at from one to ten underlings in most unfeminine language. At other times she shouted orders over the interphone which connected her bedroom with her chief subordinates without the vulgar procedure of going through a switchboard.

It was through the interphone that Parkinson had heard the shot, he said. He had been getting instructions about front-paging an editorial attacking a Congressional bill to admit still more DPs to the United States. The conversation was cut short, Parkinson had reported, by the sound of a pistol shot in the interphone. When Winnie did not reply to repeated hellos, Parkinson called the police.

ACCOMPANIED by two carloads of assorted policemen, Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter found Winnie unconscious in a bed crimson with her own blood. Ritter also found a panic-stricken, somewhat blood-smeared Dr. Franz Gluck, Ph.D., sixty-year-old office boy of the Tribune who said he had arrived a few minutes earlier with the proofs of next day's editorials. Dr. Gluck said he had been trying to revive Mrs. West and was about to call for help.

It was either poetic justice or tragic irony that Dr. Gluck, the anti-DP editorial and the fallen publisher should have been found together. It was characteristic of Winnie West to employ European refugees while her newspaper deplored their presence in the U.S. Dr. Gluck had been a distinguished editor in his own country before the Nazi cataclysm, but an editor who cannot edit in English must take what work is available. And it amused Winnie to have a white-haired office boy who wore winged collars and whom she would summon with a peremptory, "Boy!—I mean, *Herr Doktor!*"

She also employed Dr. Gluck's daughter Paula as her personal maid with Thursdays and alternate Sundays off, but this was less amusing because Paula was young, comely, cultured and intelligent and would ultimately escape, whereas Dr. Gluck would remain an office boy for the rest of his life.

Lieutenant Ritter questioned the incoherent Dr. Gluck briefly while waiting for the ambulance, then released him, and settled down to a minute examination of the lady's bedroom while the unconscious Mrs. West was being taken to Pasteur Hospital.

The best medical talent in Northbank, mobilized at Pasteur, decided the patient had one chance in a thousand for survival. If she rallied from a state of shock sufficiently to withstand surgery, they might

Dr. Motilal Mookerji was perched on a stool, looking very like a round brown owl. "Two gentlemen have donated blood," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL MILROY

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save her. Since considerable whole blood would be needed for transfusion if there was to be an operation, the laboratory staff was alerted. And since no ordinary lab technician would be good enough to type the blood of a person as important as Winifred West, a hurry call was sent for Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, chief pathologist for Pasteur.

Dan Coffee arrived at the hospital shortly before midnight. As his tall, big-boned figure emerged from the elevator in the surgical wing, his gray eyes were still heavy with sleep, his sandy hair tousled into pillow-patterns, and his shirt buttoned wrong. A police stenographer, three detectives, a policewoman and two uniformed patrolmen loitered outside a door of what was obviously Winifred West's room. Two surgeons conversed in undertones.

OUTSIDE his laboratory, Dr. Coffee was stopped by a tall, balding, bespectacled man with his self-satisfied air of a successful small-town banker temporarily creased by a worried frown.

"You probably don't remember me, Dr. Coffee," the man said. "I'm Ed Parkinson of the Tribune."

Yes, of course Dan Coffee knew Ed Parkinson, one of the old-timers of the Tribune staff. He had risen from cub reporter to managing editor by sheer weight of seniority, a certain routine competence, and the rapid turnover of more able and less docile men who could take just so much of Winifred West.

"I've just given some blood for Mrs. West," Parkinson said, "and I want you to know, Doctor, that every member of the staff is ready to give blood if you need more."

Dan Coffee murmured his thanks and entered the lab. Dr. Motilal Mookerji, resident pathologist on a scholarship from Calcutta Medical College, was perched on a high stool, looking very much like a round brown owl. The Hindu, too, had obviously been dragged from bed. At his elbow several racks of test tubes gleamed pink with diluted blood.

"Salaam, Doctor Sahib," he said as he affixed a cover glass to one of the slides and pushed it under the nose of a microscope. "Inasmuch as female technicians have not yet arrived from interrupted slumbers, am performing isoagglutination tests with own hands. No doubt lady patient is exhaustively loved and revered to cause such topsy-turvy turmoil among hospital staff."

"Not much of either," Dan Coffee said. "But as publisher of the Tribune she had enormous influence. Have you typed the donors' blood?"

"Two gentlemen have donated blood to date," the Hindu replied. "One small academic gentleman with white hairs, entitled Dr. Franz Gluck, and one large muscular gentleman with bifocal lenses and sparse hairs in occipital region, entitled Mr. Edward Parkinson. Am now determining types."

"I'll give you a hand on the Rh reactions," said Dr. Coffee. "Doris can run the Kahn tests when she comes in."

Doris Hudson, chief technician, made a somnambulistic entrance at half past twelve.

An hour later Lieutenant Max Ritter came into the laboratory. The thin, dark, sad-eyed police detective carried a brown paper bag under one arm.

"Hi, Doc," Ritter said. "Hi, Swami. The queen is still alive, but she's still out cold and for the first time in her life she can't talk. So it looks like a case for science to triumph over brute deduction and heartless old-fashioned cop methods."

"Glad to help, Max," Dr. Coffee said, eying the paper bag. "Bringing us a little midnight snack?"

"No snack," said Ritter, taking five small glass bottles from the bag. "Just clues. They're not much, but they're all we got. And the chief insists on a pinch in time for the afternoon editions."

"What's this?" Dr. Coffee demanded, squinting at one of the bottles.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

Karl McCrory

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Father of the Bride

By EDWARD STREETER

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The ceremony was a scream but the reception really left Papa Banks on the ropes in this final hilarious episode of a scandalously comical wedding

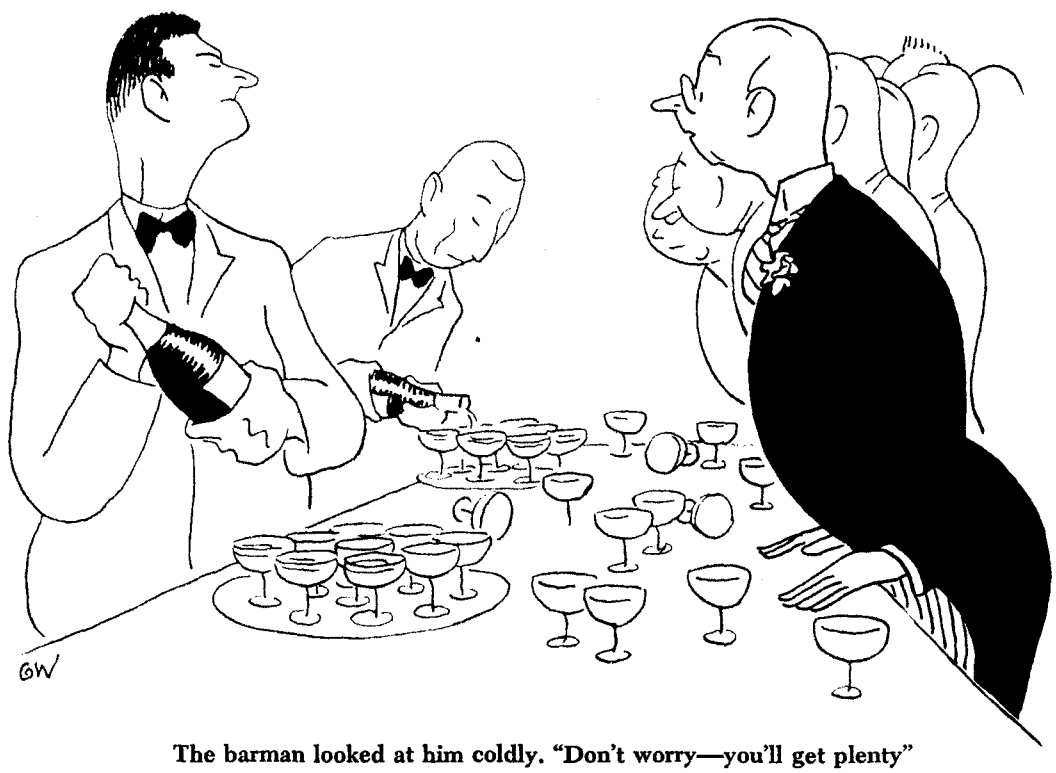
The Story: In the town of Fairview Manor a successful lawyer named STANLEY BANKS is finding to his horror that legal complications are nothing to compare with the complications incident to getting a daughter married. His daughter KAY is marrying young BUCKLEY DUNSTAN and now Mr. Banks learns that although Kay's closet is bulging with clothes, she needs to be completely reoutfitted. When Buckley asks him confidentially how much a girl like Kay spends on clothes in a year, Mr. Banks mumbles something about millions. But somehow, amid the furor created by the caterer moving all the furniture out of the house and the exploding of flash bulbs by a candid cameraman, Kay does get married. "Who giveth this woman?" asks REVEREND GALSWORTHY. *"I* do," Mr. Banks says. And he, the poor fool, thinks that it's all over. The best is yet to come—the reception.

CONCLUDING A THREE-PART SERIAL

MR. AND MRS. BANKS arrived at 24 Maple Drive a few minutes behind the bridal party. During their absence Mr. Massoula had taken over completely, in accordance with his promises. His Buckingham Caterers were darting about like Walt Disney gnomes.

Mr. Massoula met them at the front door. "Everything is in hand," he said. "Don't worry about anything. Go right into the living room. They're taking pictures of the bridal party."

Mr. Massoula firmly blocked the entrance



The barman looked at him coldly. "Don't worry—you'll get plenty"

In the living room Mr. Wisegold of Wisegold and Wisegold was perspiring freely and photographing the bridal party in various combinations. Those not engaged in being self-consciously photogenic stood about making pointed remarks about those who were, between deep draughts of Mr. Banks's champagne, which had already begun to flow. A Buckingham representative approached with a trayful of glasses.

Mr. Banks took one. He felt like those men in the whisky ads who go through nerve-shattering experiences in jungles or on mountain precipices, then, their job well done, settle down calmly with friends in the last picture to a glass of their favorite grog. He had also gone through his own private ordeal and, he thought complacently, not without distinction. Now it was all over but the shouting. "Don't go away," he said to the waiter.

The bridesmaids were being photographed. Finally the Bankses and the Dunstans took their places before the flash bulbs. Mr. Wisegold's ability to produce an endless supply of bulbs fascinated Mr. Banks. The man must have been a hand-grenade thrower in the war.

Over Mr. Wisegold's shoulder, he suddenly noticed a cluster of faces in the doorway of the living room. Behind them were other faces. Faces jammed the front doorway. Through the window he could see them stretching in close formation halfway down the walk. Mr. Massoula blocked the entrance to the living room with firm urbanity, like the headwaiter of the Persian Room on a busy night.

The faces that peered at him were not of the happy, laughing type traditionally associated with wedding feasts. They were, rather, the glum, frustrated faces of those who had broken their fenders to get there early and were now denied the fruits of their sacrifices. They were the faces of citizens who definitely wanted to get this runkydunk over with and proceed with the main business of the afternoon.

Mr. Wisegold stopped flashing. The receiving line suddenly snapped to attention as if at the bark of a phantom drill sergeant. Mr. Massoula stepped aside nimbly to avoid being trampled. Mr. Banks never had a connected memory of the next forty-five minutes.

No one had told him whether or not he was to be part of the receiving line. For a moment he decided against it. Then it occurred to him that if he just stood in the middle of the living room he might be mistaken for the caterer. He slid quietly into place between his wife and Mrs. Dunstan as the first guest began to pump Mrs. Banks's arm.

It became immediately apparent that one of his duties was to introduce the guests to Mrs. Dunstan. Introducing one old friend to another had always been enough to give him complete aphasia. On ordinary occasions when guests arrived he disappeared into the pantry and busied himself with the refreshment department, leaving to Mrs. Banks the task of making people known to one another.

Those who were now so eagerly pushing forward to shake his hand were, for the most part, lifelong friends. Nevertheless, he fell immediately into his accustomed groove and could not remember anyone's name.

Occasionally he would recollect their first names, but he couldn't very well say to Mrs. Dunstan, "This is Joe and Booboo." For once his retreat to the pantry was blocked.

Mrs. Banks felt herself jabbed from the rear with a thumb. She jumped slightly and turned toward her husband with the injured look common to all people when jabbed unexpectedly from the rear. "Sing out the last names," he whispered desperately.

Mrs. Banks glanced at him anxiously. She knew he had been going through a considerable strain, but she had hoped with all her being that he would hold together for another couple of hours. "Why, Jack and Nancy *Hilliard,*" she cried gaily. "My dear, you look adorable. Yes, wasn't it? I am so glad you thought so. And Grace *Lippincott,* I am so glad you could get here."

"Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott," mumbled Mr. Banks uncertainly in the general direction of Mrs. Dun-

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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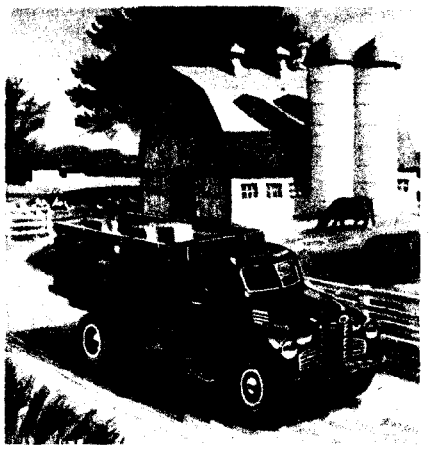
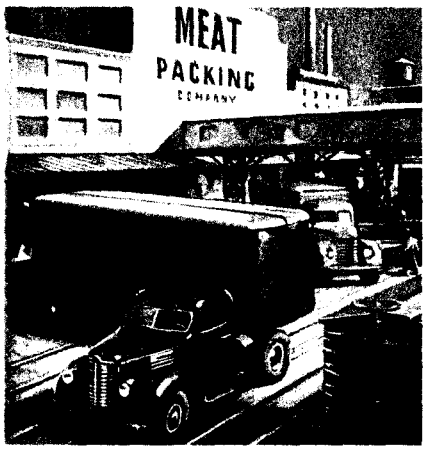


1. Look where your groceries grow!

How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm, and feed millions of city mouths? You're not! That's why the biggest basket of groceries in the world is hauled, truckload by truckload, from fertile fields to countless communities.

The American farmer is the world's biggest user of trucks. You depend on him for food. He depends on reliable low-cost trucking to deliver that food ... so he uses thousands of International trucks.



2. Look at your meat fleet!

It's headed for the stockyards, for the butchers, for the tables of America! That meat has come a long way, and has a long way to go, before you enjoy it. But you will enjoy it ... because a mighty fleet of haulers is working on that job, for you.

And many, many of those trucks are International Trucks designed, engineered and built for this particular job. Perhaps one brought the meat you're serving tonight!

3. Look how your canning is coming!

Count the cans on your shelves, multiply by 40,000,000 families, and you have a rough idea of the size job the canning industry is doing.

Yes, and when you push your next grocery cart remember this: many of the cans you're wheeling were wheeled to you via a gigantic network of trucking systems. Again, a big share of those trucks are Internationals – specialized trucks for specialized jobs.

4. Look how your bread rolls!

The staff of life rolls down many a street these days ... reaches many homes after being rolled miles from the bakery. You count on that daily delivery, don't you?

And in turn, bakeries count on trucks to speed their products fresh to you. Of course there are specialized International Trucks to do this job, too; this International-Metro model is a favorite among leading merchants who must make multi-stop deliveries.

It's millions of miles from markets to mouths...

5. So think how many meals-an-hour trucks like this must travel!

Millions of persons eat good, nourishing food every day only because American industry and commerce provide tools and services to keep the calories coming.

Our part in that picture is—TRUCKS. All kinds. There are 22 basic International Trucks. There are different engines (gasoline, diesel and butane), wheelbases, axles, transmissions and other components for efficient specialization-of-truck-to-job. Gross weight ratings range from 4,400 to 90,000 lbs.

For trucks to haul food, for trucks to haul *anything*, for trucks that are the "Standard of the Highway," see your International Dealer or Branch.

Other International Harvester Products
Farmall Tractors and Machines
Industrial Power . . . Refrigeration

Tune in James Melton and "Harvest of Stars," CBS, Wednesday evenings

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY · CHICAGO

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The circulation was terrible

stan. "I mean—that is to say—Mr. and Mrs. Hilliard."

He gave it up. He found that, by turning to the next pair of guests before they left Mrs. Banks, it was possible to pass up the whole business and let Mrs. Dunstan rock along as best she could. After all, she would probably never see any of these people again. Maybe she had something there.

Mr. Wisegold struggled through the line. "Look," he complained, "you told me you was goin' to have somebody with me to tell me who to shoot. I can't shoot no specials if I dunno who they are."

Mr. Banks looked despairingly around for his sons, Ben and Tommy. He had covered this point with the greatest care. Both had assured him that they would not leave Mr. Wisegold's side come hell or high water. Now they had disappeared. "Good Lord!" he said. "Find one of the boys. Find one of the ushers. I've got my hands full here and besides I don't know who these people are any more than you do. Shoot anybody, for all I care. Shoot them all. . . . How do you do? So nice to see you. Wasn't it? Yes, she *is* a grand girl."

"Okay," said Mr. Wisegold. "You'll get what you get. I ain't no mind reader."

A veritable battle-ax of a woman was wringing his hand. "Buckley is my sweetheart," she was saying. "I have known him since he was a little boy." She released his hand to indicate how very tiny Buckley was. "He used to visit us at North Deering, you know. I expect he's told you all about me. I am Mrs. Butterton. Mrs. *Matilda* Butterton. Buckley was a darling little . . ." Mr. Banks took her great hand in both of his and transferred it to Mrs. Dunstan.

If only people wouldn't stop and talk. There should be a law requiring them to pass silently in front of receiving lines the way they did before the biers of statesmen. They were still pouring in the front door. Glancing through the window, he could see the line extending beyond his field of vision. God knew where it ended. Had someone issued a general invitation by radio?

"Well, well, well." It was Joe Bludsoe and his diminutive wife. Joe was exuding good fellowship and looking as if he might have apoplexy at any moment. "So you're on your way to joining the grandfather's club, eh? Well, well, well, I'm glad you lived through the wedding. You certainly looked awful when you came down that aisle. I said to Martha, 'Let me go out and drag him off the course. He's never going to make it.' You don't look so good now, either. Still look green. When Mary was married . . ."

He continued to pump Mr. Banks's arm rhythmically. Mr. Banks transferred him to Mrs. Dunstan without causing him to miss a beat. "How do you do, Mrs. Karp?" Mr. Banks said. "It was good of you to come. Oh, excuse me. Of course, Mrs. *Park*. Why, of course I knew it. Yes, we couldn't be happier about the whole thing."

It was over at last—and not a minute too soon. If another person had injected himself into the living room the receiving line would have been squeezed into the fireplace.

Something was wrong, very wrong, with Mr. Massoula's "circulation." Theoretically the guests were supposed to slither off the end of the reception line, through a French door, and into the marquee, where Mr. Massoula had set up his bar and buffet tables. It was all laid out like a pinball game.

The first few couples to come off the line, however, had chosen the French door in which to hold a long, eager conversation. Those who followed had merely rebounded from this obstacle back into the living room. The pinball idea still held, but it was not working according to plan.

Mr. Massoula's gnomes were so efficient that no one needed to go to the bar anyway. They slid like eels through the melee, mysteriously carrying trayfuls of champagne glasses where no amateur could have transported an uncorked bottle.

It seemed to Mr. Banks that these busy little figures must be paid on a piece basis—so much per glass dispensed. Never had he seen men more devoted to their work. The moment a guest tilted his glass they were at his elbow waiting eagerly with a fresh supply. It was true that he had told Mr. Massoula to keep things moving. He had merely been thinking of other weddings where he had stood around for hours with an empty glass, talking to someone whose name he did not know. It was one thing to avoid that

The gnomes were very efficient

and another to hurl the stuff down people's throats every time they opened their mouths.

The sickening idea occurred to him that at this rate it would be all gone in half an hour. He decided to go to the marquee and investigate. As he started for the door he tripped over a dog which, he noted, was being followed by another dog. To the best of his knowledge he had never seen either animal before. However, even if they had been his two favorite canines this did not seem a proper place for dogs.

A lovely young creature approached. "*Mr.* Banks," she cried. "What a darling, *darling* wedding! Kay looked too, *too* beautiful. You should be so *proud*, Mr. Banks. And Buckley's just *divine*. We are all crazy for him. And Mrs. Banks looked too, too—"

"Where the hell are all the dogs coming from?" interrupted Mr. Banks. He had just noted a brown-and-tan number entering the room through the legs grouped in the French door. It was apparently in search of some friend. "Is this a Bide-a-Wee Home or a wedding?" He wondered if the Buckingham caterers were beginning to pour his champagne into the neighborhood crossbreeds.

His unknown companion gave a silvery laugh. "Oh, Mr. Banks, that's *cute*. The place does seem to be getting filled up with pooches, doesn't it?"

"Listen," said Mr. Banks. "Do me a favor. Get hold of Tommy or Ben, if they haven't left town, and tell them that part of an usher's job is to throw out livestock."

"Oh, I will, Mr. Banks. I will. That's darling. She gave him a look that might have meant anything—but didn't—and disappeared into the crowd. He made another start for the marquee, but the impromptu reunion in the French door had grown to such proportions that he gave it up for the moment and pushed his way about the room at random.

Later, he could remember a roar of voices, and people making faces at him—and making faces back at people—but it was a scene which would remain forever out of focus in his memory. Eventually he felt a tug at his sleeve. Kay and Buckley were standing behind him, Kay holding her crumpled train over her arm and grinning.

"Hi, Pops. We're going to get ready now. Don't you want to see me hurl my bridal bouquet?"

He followed them to the front hall while the wedding guests whooped noisily after. Kay and Buckley were already looking down from the landing.

Mr. Banks was astonished to discover an entirely new expression on Kay's face. The ethereal look she had worn as they started down the aisle had vanished. Now her ordinarily placid features radiated a self-confident, roguish gaiety that he had never seen.

Here was Kay, who only a few days before had been telling him that she didn't have the nerve to go through with it, standing beside Buckley on the landing, looking over the faces below her with all the happy, relaxed assurance of a hunting dog which has just retrieved a bird.

His eye rested balefully for a moment on Buckley. Ordinarily a shy fellow in crowds, he now had a look of smug possessiveness that sent an unexpected wave of irritation down Mr. Banks's spine.

The maid of honor was jockeying for position under the landing. Kay was waiting for her with the bridal bouquet poised. Small chance for the eager virgins clamoring with outstretched arms, their faces expressing in half-light what glowed, so bright and unashamed, in Kay's.

There was a shrill yelping as the bridal bouquet came sailing over the rail and fell, with its usual precision, into the outstretched arms of the maid of honor. Then Kay and Buckley disappeared around the corner of the stairs, followed by the bridal party.

The crowd began to spread out again and Mr. Massoula's walking dispensaries, apparently refreshed by the pause, went into action with renewed enthusiasm. Again Mr. Banks was struck by the need for taking inventory and he turned once more toward the marquee. Ralph Dixon collared him at the French door. He was a lawyer who took two things in life seriously. One was Ralph Dixon, the other the law.

"Hello, Banks," he said.

Mr. Banks wished Ralph Dixon wouldn't call him "Banks." He considered himself equally successful as a lawyer and they were the same age. He realized that the English all addressed one another this way, but he wasn't English and when addressed as "Banks" he always felt like a stage butler.

He should, of course, have said, "Hello, Dixon." Instead he said, "Hi, Ralph."

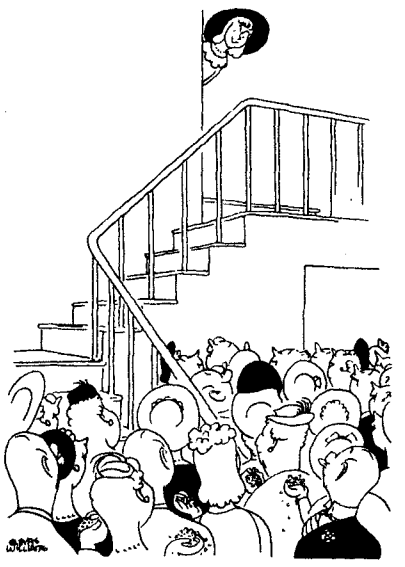
"Nice wedding," said Mr. Dixon and apparently considered that he had thereby paid his tribute to the amenities. "Got a minute?"

"Well, the fact is—" began Mr. Banks, with a sinking heart.

"It's about that Shatton matter," said Mr. Dixon. "I don't like to be on the other side of the fence from you, Banks, and I think in this case you're all wet. Now just take the facts."

Mr. Dixon then took the facts and laid them out in orderly rows for Mr. Banks's appraisal. A waiter appeared with champagne and as Mr. Banks drank it he suddenly realized that he did not have the slightest idea what Ralph Dixon was talking about. Perhaps this stuff was getting him. He decided to hold his glass quietly and not touch it for a few minutes.

It was all the same to Mr. Dixon, however, whether Mr. Banks understood him or not. He was marshaling his facts and he would have marshaled them with equal gusto if Mr. Banks had been



Someone cried, "Here they come!"

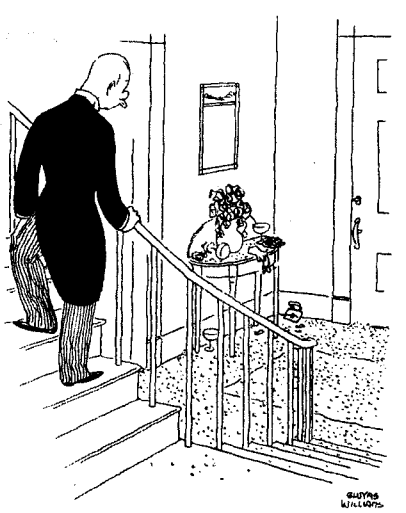
stretched out insensible on a window seat.

"Hi-dee-ho, hi-dee-ho. This *is* a party." A pasty-faced gentleman with jowls like a bloodhound's injected himself into the summation. It was Uncle Peter, who had come all the way from Sioux City and was obviously not going back empty. Although Mr. Banks had always privately considered Uncle Peter an old bum, at the moment he was delighted to see him.

"Peter," he said. "I want you to meet a friend of mine, Mr. Dixon. Ralph, this is Peter Quackenbush. He's related to my wife," he explained parenthetically.

Mr. Dixon glared silently at Uncle Peter and gave evidence of being about to move away. This would have been merely a transference of evils for Mr. Banks. Danger made him alert. Within the bat of an eye he had disappeared through the French door.

Judging by the crowd in the living room, he had expected to find the marquee half empty. On the contrary, it was



The last guest was gone

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Seagram's
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CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
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THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
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CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

TIME: *NOW* . . . PLACE: *GREAT SPORTS CENTERS CREATED BY MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW*

Very Obviously . . . Timely

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

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jammed. The temperature was midway between that of a Turkish bath and a greenhouse.

Mrs. Banks had hired a push-and-pull man to circulate among the guests. Mr. Banks discovered him standing unnoted by one of the tent poles, dressed in his interpretation of a Neapolitan costume, obviously bursting his lungs and his instrument in the public weal. The din in the tent was so great, however, that he might have been squeezing a blacksmith's bellows and gargling his throat. Mr. Banks wondered why, from an economic viewpoint if no other, his wife had considered it necessary to pay someone to add to a confusion which was contributed gratis.

In spite of the Buckingham boys, who were getting rid of Mr. Banks's champagne just as eagerly here as in the house, there was a crowd of eager customers in front of the bar table. He shouldered his way in and tried to get the attention of one of the sweating men behind it. They were engrossed in snatching bottles from huge tubs of ice water, uncorking them and dividing their contents between massed glasses and the tablecloth.

A strange man next to Mr. Banks watched them with the tense concentration of a bird dog. "Lousy service," he said finally to Mr. Banks in what was obviously meant as a friendly opening.

"Terrible," agreed Mr. Banks.

"About on a par with the champagne," said the stranger.

"I thought the champagne was pretty good," said Mr. Banks defensively. "For American champagne, of course."

"Bilge," said the genial stranger. "I regard all champagne as bilge, but some comes from a lower part of the hold. This comes from just over the keel." The young man took two dripping glasses and backed away.

Mr. Banks beckoned to one of the barmen.

"How is the champagne holding out?" he asked.

The bar man looked at him coldly. "Okay, okay," he said. "Don't worry, mister. You'll get plenty." Mr. Banks found himself blushing. Then he remembered the old Chinese proverb and decided to relax and have a look at the garden. It would be interesting to find out if it, too, was filled with people.

His progress through the tent was slow. Near the entrance he spotted his secretary, Miss Bellamy, talking to a group from the office. She detached herself and came toward him balancing a glass of champagne without too great success. He had never seen Miss Bellamy dressed like this before and it rather startled him. He didn't know just what to say, but she was obviously quite at ease.

"Boss, we certainly put on a wonderful wedding. Yes, sir. If I do say so, it was beautiful. I want to drink a toast. I want to drink a couple of toasts. First, to the bride. Say, you were swell coming down the aisle. No one would ever have known you were scared."

"Thank you," said Mr. Banks. Somehow or other this was not the self-effacing Miss Bellamy he had left at the office yesterday afternoon. They drank solemnly.

"And now I want to drink to the best boss in the world. Yes, sir, the finest boss in the world." She had certainly never looked at him quite like that before.

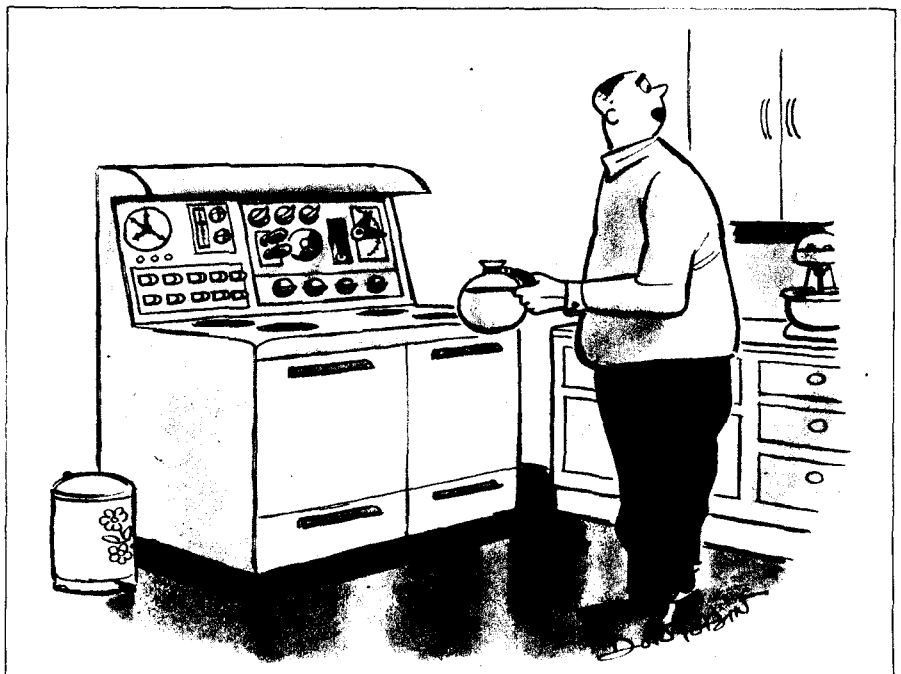
"And I'll drink to the finest secretary," said Mr. Banks, embarrassed.

"Oh, you're just saying that," said Miss Bellamy, her large brown eyes searching his face intently. "You're just making that up, I know you are. Got a cigarette?" As he lighted her cigarette he wondered if the world could ever again be forced back into its comfortable old normalcy.

"You got to watch this stuff," said Miss Bellamy, gazing thoughtfully into her glass. "You got to watch it every minute. If you don't, it'll get you. No question about it. Want to know something?" She leaned toward Mr. Banks's ear. "That Miss Didrickson's plastered. She's the new one with the dyed hair. Come on over. The bunch will want to see you. She's a silly ass though. I didn't like her from the start. She was saying—"

A young man in a cutaway approached. "Mrs. Banks is looking for you, sir. She sounds as if she wants to see you right away."

Mr. Banks made a mumbling noise and forced a passage into the living room. Mrs. Banks pushed toward him through the crowded room. "Stanley Banks, where have you been? I'm almost crazy. I suppose you've been in that tent telling stories. Now come. Kay and Buckley will be coming down any minute."



COLLIER'S "Lois! How do you dial to boil water?" DON TOBIN

COLLIER'S "How does it feel to have a father who predicted Truman would take office today?" BANDEL LINN

Again there was a dense crowd in the front of the house. Mr. Massoula's henchmen moved through it bearing salad bowls filled with confetti. At least they were distributing something inexpensive for the moment.

People were self-consciously grabbing handfuls, most of which they immediately let slip through their fingers to the floor. Everyone was watching the stairs tensely as if they expected a couple of whippets to come streaking down and out of the door before they could get rid of the balls of damp paper in their clenched fists.

This was the scene that Mr. Banks had visualized so often during the last twenty-five years—the moment when his first-born would come running down a broad staircase on the arm of a muscle-bound stranger, to disappear from his life forever, at least in the role of his little daughter.

When he had stood at the foot of other people's staircases, waiting to throw damp paper at their daughters, his heart had been warm with sympathy for the fathers of the brides, who strolled with such brave nonchalance among their guests. He had hoped that he would have equal courage when his time came.

Now that it was here, he only felt numbness. He had rehearsed it all so often in his mind—he had hugged his private sadness to his bosom so many times—that its fulfillment was less real than its anticipation.

A bridesmaid peered around the corner of the stair landing, grinned sheepishly and disappeared. Someone cried, "Here they come," as if it were a horse race. Then Kay and Buckley, conspicuously new in every detail, were tearing across the landing and down the final flight of stairs with that hunched, headlong look of charging moose that Mr. Banks had observed in all brides and grooms coming downstairs.

They were on the front walk now, their shoulders covered with confetti, their heads still lowered between their shoulders. Mr. Banks was right behind them, running in form, the ushers and bridesmaids bringing up the rear in full cry. Buckley's car stood at the end of the walk. It was amazing how these details fell into place against all odds. They were in. Kay leaned through the open window while Buckley fought off ushers on the other side.

"Good-by, Pops. You've been wonderful. I love you."

The car lurched forward. Mr. Banks revolved off a rear fender into the arms of a bridesmaid. "Good-by, good luck." They were already half a block away. A few ushers, who had gone through the usual routine of being almost run over in the getaway, were brushing the dirt from their trousers.

When Mr. Banks returned to the house, he realized that the reception had entered a new and final phase. Its connection with the bride and groom had already been forgotten. For all practical purposes the bride and groom themselves had been forgotten. The Reception had become a Party and only a few cutaways and bridesmaids' dresses recalled the event that had brought it into being.

The more conservative element began to leave. A few said good-by. The majority took advantage of the confusion and merely walked away. Officer Mullins, who had undertaken to act as parking attendant, had long since left his post and retired to the kitchen, where one or two other members of the force were already at work on material furnished by the ever-thoughtful Mr. Massoula.

Officer Mullins had packed the parking field efficiently and solidly before he left. This had been quite satisfactory during the parking, but unfortunately the guests were not departing on the modern accounting basis of last in, first out. If there was any order to their leaving it appeared to be just the opposite.

And so it came about that, while Officer Mullins exchanged views on wine and women with his fellow craftsmen, the more prominent citizens of Fairview Manor locked bumpers and cursed in the scarred field behind the house.

Mr. Banks felt restless. A sudden desire seized him to speed his parting guests. He wandered out of the house and across the lawn in the direction of the parking field, carefully balancing a glass of champagne as he walked. The scene which burst upon him as he rounded the lilac hedge reminded him of a picture in an old geography book of sampans milling on a Chinese river.

For the next half hour, disregarding the dangerous snugness of his cutaway, he leaped up and down on entwined bumpers, directed backing cars into other backing cars and helped angry citizens to pull their bashed fenders free from their tires.

Then, retrieving his glass, which he had left on a fence post, he returned to the house, dirty but satisfied, feeling that for the first time in many hours he had been of some practical use in the world.

The bitter-enders were in full swing. The Neapolitan push-and-pull artist was hard and soundlessly at work in the liv-

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We are certain that, all things considered, you could not do better than to say to yourself—"From now on, I'm driving a Pontiac."

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION — GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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Pop Strikes Back

By CARL H. WINSTON

That low, rumbling sound you hear is the squawk of the average American husband and father against the Bum Deal he has been receiving from Radio

POP is pretty sick and tired of being portrayed through the nation's loud-speakers as a bungling, bumbling, butterfingered old bubblehead who is everlastingly being outsmarted and outmaneuvered by his wife, outguessed and outlucked by his son, twisted around the little finger of his daughter, overworked and abused by his boss and periodically punched in the nose by passers-by.

His protest comes not a moment too soon. If this sort of thing is to continue, the American male might in time begin to think that this distorted portrait of himself is a true likeness. He might even start to act like it.

It is with the lofty purpose of forestalling such a calamity that the Association for Restoring the Dignity of the American Male is proposed. The ARDAM would be purely a propaganda bureau, designed to break down the currently popular belief that the words dope, husband, jerk and father are synonymous.

First on the ARDAM agenda would be the sponsoring of a televised show to be called, tentatively, Just

He's portrayed as a bubblehead

Plain Dad, or possibly, Father Can Be Beautiful. Here might be a typical episode:

The scene is the Driplett home, where we find Arson the teen-age son, Candy the bobby-sox daughter, Ma Driplett and Pa seated in the living room. The radio, to which they have been listening, suddenly goes Br-a-a-a-a-a-a-ck! and quits.

Ma Driplett is first to speak. "Land sakes," she says, "I do believe the radio's out of order."

They are stunned by this intelligence, but Arson recovers quickly. "I'll fix it," he volunteers; "I know all about radio." Arson grabs a screw driver and a hammer and soon has ripped the set apart. He quickly reassembles it and turns on the switch. Nothing happens.

Up to here, there is no surprise. After all, Arson is an apprentice American male, an incipient husband and father. In proving himself a boastful ass, he is merely running true to form.

Ma Driplett then lays down her needlework with a sigh. "Land o' Goshen," she says, "you men are all alike—so helpless." She whips a hairpin from her white head and pokes about the radio's interior.

Right here is where we have the surprise switcheroo. The radio refuses to function. In this epoch-making scene, Ma works her feminine intuition right down to the bone, to no avail. She shakes the radio, jiggles wires, pushes here, pulls there, but nothing helps. The radio is as

His son rips the radio apart

cold as a penguin's tail. The family clusters about the set clucking and poking.

Suddenly Pa Driplett, a fine figure of a man, rises and lays down his pipe. "Get away from the radio, you pack of idiots!" he snarls. The family slinks away. Daddy goes dramatically to the telephone and slowly dials a number. A musical break signifies the passage of 45 minutes.

Next scene: A radio repairman is saying to Daddy: "All she needed was a new tube—$2.25, please."

The episode closes on a triumphant note as the rejuvenated radio powerfully blares an ARDAM commercial which ends with the announcer chuckling cheerfully, "Leave it to Just Plain Dad. Who else in the entertainment world would have the intelligence to call a radio repairman to repair a radio? Be sure to listen next week, folks, when Just Plain Dad, all by himself, hangs a picture without mashing his thumb with the hammer!"

Another ARDAM project would be a folksy little radio thing revolving around the mad doings of a pair of juvenile delinquents known as Zip and Goo-Goo. These are such a natural and lovable set of youngsters

"You pack of idiots!" he snarls

that—Heaven forfend!—they might be your kids or mine. As this one opens, we hear Zip speaking through his nose—as all radio adolescents do—with his parent.

"Dad," he squeaks, "I have a date to take Goo-Goo to the school dance Saturday night."

"Oh, well," says Daddy, "maybe the little gargoyle will get parrot's disease or something."

"But, Dad," persists Zip, "I *want* to take Goo-Goo to the dance."

"Then what's stopping you?" asks his father. "No other boy in his right mind would want to take her."

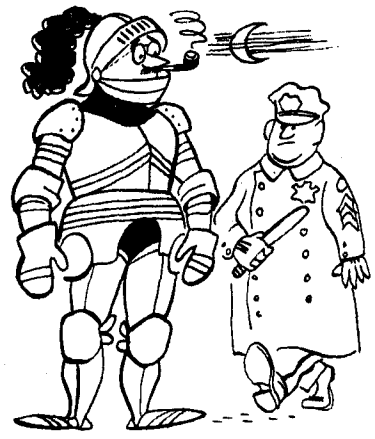
"I need a few bucks," Zip whines.

Daddy laughs. "Well," he says, "if that's all, here's five dollars. Have a good time, if possible."

At this point the announcer cuts in swiftly. He explains that if Daddy had not taken this unprecedented action, the following chain of events would have occurred:

Zip would have pawned his father's false teeth to get money to take Goo-Goo to the dance. His father would have accused his mother of hiding the teeth to make him look silly for the masquerade ball to take place Saturday night. Mother would have telephoned Aunt Nellie to say that she wanted a divorce.

Father, clad in knight's armor, would have gone to the pawnbroker's at midnight and been arrested. Zip and Goo-Goo would have had a flat tire and left the car on the railroad



He'd have been arrested

tracks. The whole mob of them would have milled howlingly around the house until the writer of the show finally straightened everything out.

"However," concludes the announcement, "all this horror has been averted by the sensible action of just one man—Daddy. It was Daddy who had the courage, the generosity and the common sense to let his son have five bucks when he asked for dough."

The ARDAM won't find it any picnic altering the father-conception of the American public. There is much work to be done. The task calls for acute intelligence, a sense of proportion and an inspiring leader.

Looks like a job for a rather smart woman.

DRAWINGS BY HANK KETCHAM

ing room, which was jammed with people, all of them obviously prepared to see the thing through to the last drop.

* * * * *

THE LAST GUEST had gone. The last damp hand had been wrung. The bridal party had disappeared noisily to seek bigger and newer adventure. The Dunstans had left. The relatives had returned to the oblivion from which they had emerged. Mr. and Mrs. Banks were alone with the wreckage.

They sat limply in two armchairs which Mr. Banks had dragged down from upstairs. The rug was covered with confetti. The few casual tables which Mr. Massoula had left in the living room were garnished with gray rings. Here and there on the white paint of the sills were the dark signatures of cigarettes. The floral background of the reception line obliterated the fireplace. They stared at it in silence.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Banks finally, "we ought to get out the vacuum cleaner and not leave this whole mess for Delilah tomorrow. I'll go up and change my dress."

Mr. Banks followed her upstairs glumly. Like a fog blowing in from the sea, he could feel the first wisps of depression fingering into his soul.

Here was the place where she had stood. He paused and looked over the rail at the confetti-strewn hall. Queer about places and houses. They remained the same, yet they were never the same. By no stretch of the imagination was this the spot from which Kay had tossed her flowers to the waving arms below.

He continued up the stairs, thinking of all the money and energy that was wasted each year visiting the scenes of great events under the impression that they were still the same places.

At the door of the spare room where the presents were on display, he paused, then lighted the light and went in. This morning it had been a gay, exciting place, full of anticipation and promise of things to come. The animating spirit was gone. Now it was just a bare room with card tables along the walls covered with china and glassware. It was as impersonal as a store.

He tried to shake off the cloud that was settling over him. In the bathroom a single bottle of champagne rested quietly in the washbasin. It had been put there by someone just before Mr. Massoula ran out. Heaven knew what for. It was still cold. For a moment he debated whether to open it. Then he turned, went downstairs and got out the vacuum cleaner.

An hour later the last particle of confetti had been transferred to the bulging bag of the machine. They sat once more in the living room, gazing with exhausted faces at the banked greens in front of the fireplace.

On the floor near the edge of the rug Mr. Banks spied a few bits of confetti that the cleaner had overlooked. He rose to pick them up. There seemed to be more just under the edge. He turned back the corner and disclosed a solid mat of multicolored paper.

Without comment he dropped the rug back into place. Mrs. Banks was watching, but said nothing. He went quietly up to the bathroom and drew the cork in the last remaining bottle. From the spare room he selected two of Kay's new champagne glasses and returned to his wife.

Carefully he filled the two glasses and handed one to Mrs. Banks. Behind the floral background, the clock on the mantel struck twelve. The whistle of a train from the city hooted in the distance as it rounded the curve into the Fairview Manor station. A dog was barking somewhere.

Mr. Banks raised his glass. He felt that he should make some sort of toast, but he couldn't think of anything to say.

THE END

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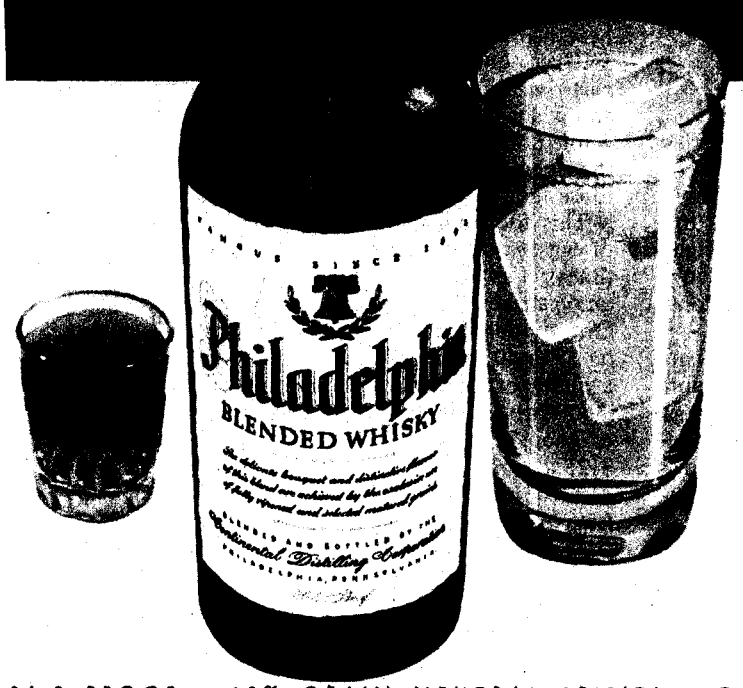
CRICKET MATCH IN NORTHERN LIBERTIES, PHILADELPHIA, ABOUT 1773*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky



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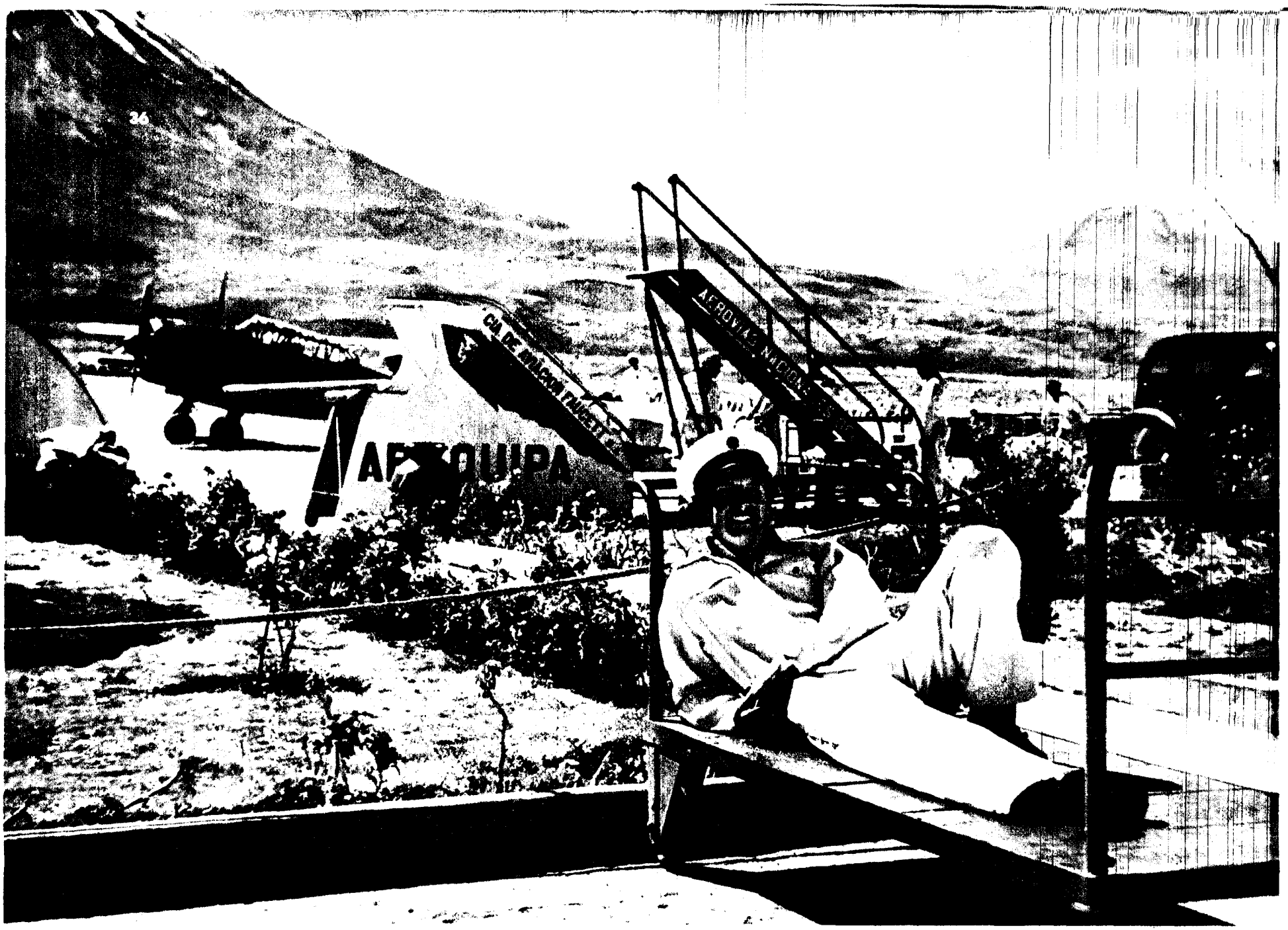

Photographic proof that paradise is up to date: The airport at Arequipa, Peru, down where $125 a month makes you as rich as a Rockefeller and as lazy as a lizard

Arequipa, I Love You

THE place has a peculiar fascination. I don't know just what it is. The climate is so perfect that you get bored with eternally blue skies and sunshine. There is never anything to do except play golf or tennis or go horseback riding or climb a *cerro* or go to the races or the cockfights or the movies or soak yourself in a hot spring on the slope of the nearest volcano or explore the Inca ruins up in the highlands or stop off at the Club Arequipa for a fast one with your friends or accept one of the friends' invitations to an enormous dinner that begins at nine o'clock and goes on until 4:00 A.M., or read or play cards or plunk a guitar or just lie around in the sun and push a button whenever you want somebody to bring you something tall and cool.

You can even soil your hands with honest toil, if you feel like it, but it isn't necessary if you have a few loose dollars in your breeches. Because Arequipa, the White City of Peru, is the place you have been dreaming about all your life, the original bargain-basement Garden of Allah. Milk and honey, 3½ cents a quart.

I have to slip in one quick qualification to keep my *arequipeño* pals from riding me out of town on a rail. You can board this gravy train only with dollars. Inflation has hit here the same as it has everywhere else, and *peruanos* on fixed salaries scream like eagles over the rise in living costs.

A nickel buys a pork chop in this Peruvian paradise, but the gringos don't have to be satisfied with such commonplace food. They get plenty of everything

All I can say about Arequipa is that it must have been a wonderful place a few years ago, to hear the local citizenry talk about the good old days. Right now it will do until something better comes along. And if anything better *does* come along, I won't believe it.

It's all in the exchange rate. As nearly as I can figure it out, Peru is short of dollars, a common complaint in South America. The government pegs its currency at 6½ sols to the dollar for purposes of international trade, such as selling wool and buying machinery. To confuse matters there is also a legal free market in dollars for domestic purposes which usually hangs around 14 or 15 to one. But most of the time the sol costs about seven cents, American. On that basis, here are current family budget figures translated back into dollars. Read 'em and weep.

Rent, $28 a month. (Seven rooms, one and a half bathrooms and *terraza*, with garage, garden and servants' quarters attached *and* an electric water heater, one of half a dozen in town.) Servants (3), $4.60 a month each, plus $1.50 a month extra for a part-time gardener. Water, light, power, telephone and what not, $5 a month. Food and drink for the whole household, including our son Kendal, who at the ripe age of eight years eats like a prairie fire let loose in a patch of dry grass, $60 a month.

This food bill includes only a nominal number of eggs, say half a dozen a day, because eggs sometimes get as high as 40 cents a dozen when the hens go on strike. But there is plenty of prime beef at 15 cents a pound, milk is under four cents a quart, butter 35 or 40 cents a pound, beer five and a half cents a quart, bread and vegetables not worth considering. With incidentals, including an occasional case of good Peruvian wine ($3), the total runs about $125 a month.

Arequipa (pop. 80,000, altitude 7,500 feet, the Lions Club meets on Wednesdays) has plenty of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HETTY HOSTETLER

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Incredible Year

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

The jet plane's supersonic victory was amazing, but the average man (and woman) did better in 1948. Just listen

WHAT with helping to straighten out the house and myself after the holiday parties, I've been unable to attend to a newspaper clipping I've been carrying around for the past few weeks. It has made several trips to the dry cleaners and got mixed up with some peanut brittle and I can't read the items any more, but the news story had to do with the most significant and important scientific advances made last year.

Now, while I do not wish to deprecate science in any way, I feel I should point out some 1948 deeds of non-scientific citizens whose achievements, not heretofore publicized, make scientific feats seem pathetically inadequate. What I mean is:

Last September a Mrs. Thomas P. Shambell entered a Pittsburgh butcher shop, ordered a large porterhouse steak and paid for it without commenting on the price. After she had gone away the dazed butcher walked into the refrigerator and took a healthy swig from a bottle. "I never thought," he told his wife that night, "I'd ever need a quick shot except after a holdup or a fire, but that dame got me."

One night last summer a baby sitter named Bedelia Crumm, of Boston, put away all the phonograph records and cola bottles and washed the dishes

The dazed butcher took a swig

before her employers, the Nelson Duckboards, returned home. They flew down to New York the next day to tell me about it.

In Minneapolis, two small boys named Mickey and Rusty offered to shovel the snow off a Mr. Thromdecker's sidewalk for one dollar. They finished sooner than they expected and refused to take more than 80 cents for the job. The story was pushed off the front pages by a murder in St. Paul.

At the corner of Broad and Chestnut streets in Philadelphia last October, I heard part of a conversation, as follows:

SAM: "Nasty cold you have, Bill. What are you doing for it?"

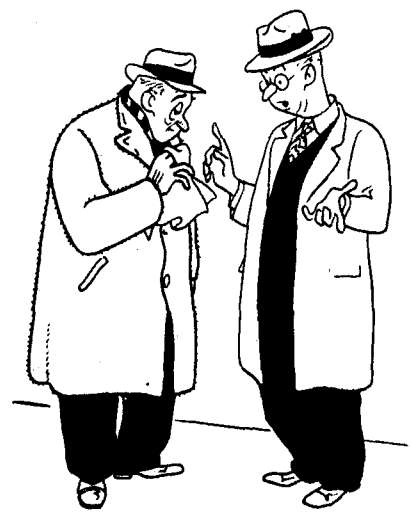
BILL: "Choo-o-o! Ah-h-h-h-h! Duh."

SAM: "Tell you what to do: First you take—" (At this point some fire apparatus went by and I couldn't hear the rest. However, I saw the same two men at the same place the following week.)

BILL: "Hello, Sam. Say, I followed your advice and my cold disappeared in three days!"

SAM: "You what! You followed my advice about a cold? Well, I'll be—imagine that!"

In New York, on April 4th, a taxi



"What are you doing for it?"

driver named Herman Pusher sat in a traffic snarl for more than two minutes without once touching the horn button. You'll have to take my word for that one, too—I was in his cab at the time.

Mr. Humphrey L. Broody, of Denver, promised his wife on Labor Day that he'd have all the leaves raked, the storm windows up and the garden tools oiled and put away by November 16th. He finished all this at 4:32 P.M., November 15th. I have Mrs. Broody's affidavit on file and it may be examined by responsible parties.

And in Providence, Rhode Island, a man named Bert Pulley paid all his insurance premiums when due throughout the year without taking the slightest advantage of the 30-day grace period. This so upset the routine of the various home offices that two of them declared extra dividends by mistake. I got one for $9.72.

These, then, are the real high lights of a fabulous year. More spectacular feats may have been accomplished, but I'd rather not hear about them. There's a limit to anybody's credulity, especially yours.

He didn't touch the horn button

DRAWINGS BY LARRY REYNOLDS

Sis, I'm Tired of Fighting for You!
DON'T TRY TO BLAME THAT BLACK EYE ON ME, BOBBY! THAT TALE I JUST WON'T BUY!
LOOK, SIS! MY GANG SAYS YOU AND TOM SPLIT UP BECAUSE YOU HAVE BAD BREATH! SO I GOTTA FIGHT—OR YOU GOTTA SEE OUR DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
BOBBY HAS NO MORE BLACK EYES SINCE HE PUT HIS SISTER WISE!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
NEW! ECONOMY SIZE
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

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Here They Come!—

White sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Hydra-Matic Drive standard equipment on Series "98," optional at extra cost on "76."

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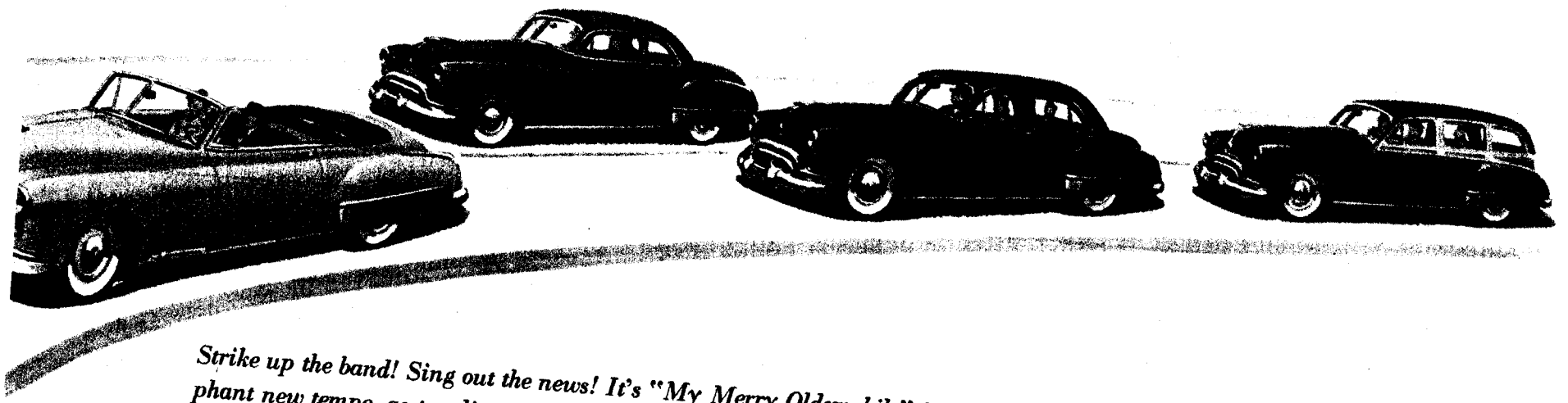
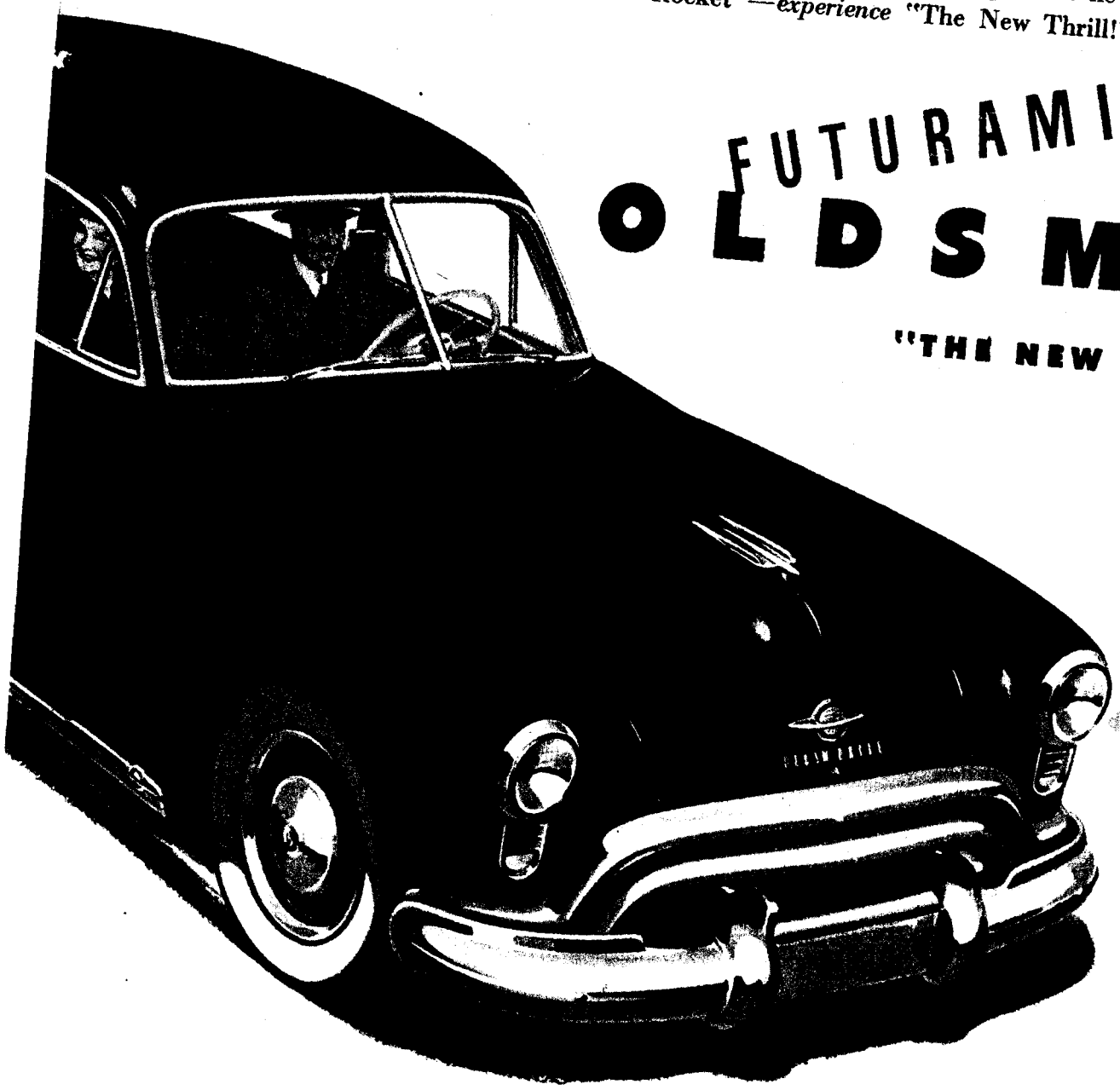
The New FUTURAMICS!



Strike up the band! Sing out the news! It's "My Merry Oldsmobile" in a triumphant new tempo, as two lines of Futuramics swing by on dress parade! There's a brand new Oldsmobile Futuramic "76" . . . with Fisher's newest body, panoramic vision, plus a remarkable new "Big Six" Engine. And leading the parade, a newly styled Futuramic "98" . . . with the revolutionary new "*ROCKET*" Engine! This is the engine you've heard so much about—a completely new, high-compression, valve-in-head eight that actually gives you *more* power on *less* gasoline! Combined with GM Hydra-Matic Drive, the "Rocket's" performance is so incredibly smooth, silent, and spirited, *you've got to try it to believe it!* Your Oldsmobile dealer invites you to *inspect* the new Futuramics—*examine* the new "Rocket"—*experience* "The New Thrill!"

OLDSMOBILE "ROCKET"



FUTURAMIC

OLDSMOBILE

"THE NEW THRILL!"

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The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

Paul Douglas, junk dealer in Born Yesterday, graduates with honors to the role of lucre-laden husband of Linda Darnell in A Letter to Three Wives

Lovely Linda and hard-jawed Paul, acting like heels, practically steal the show from a pretty capable cast

YOU'D hardly say that Paul Douglas, who for years so convincingly played the role of a junk dealer in that Broadway perennial, Born Yesterday, was exactly pretty. Yet here he is, hard jaw and all, making his cinema debut in, of all things, a romantic role in Twentieth Century-Fox's very human little comedy of life in the suburbs called A Letter to Three Wives. Cast as the husband of Linda Darnell, Mr. Douglas not only gives a good account of himself as a lover, but looks as if he may well become a Hollywood fixture—if they can find the parts to suit his talents.

In Three Wives he plays Porter Hollingsway, who owns seven chain stores and is a sort of rhinestone in the rough. You might say he's a heel about town. Miss Darnell meanwhile plays his heel of a wife. Between them this pair of heels practically steal an excellent picture from a capable cast.

Mr. Douglas began hardening his exterior to life about 40 or so years ago in West Philadelphia. His dad, a doctor, and his mother both died so Paul had to work his way through school. He found time to debut in the drama as Shylock, and he went in for athletics when he found more time.

After a year at Yale, Douglas departed the campus to play pro football with the Frankford Yellowjackets. Then, after trying to crack Broadway via the little theaters, he gave up and settled for radio. For a time his golden tonsils hawked commercial wares for Easy Aces, Fred Waring, Burns and Allen, and Fred Allen, and later he got himself into sports broadcasting. On the side he began to dub newsreels for Fox Movietone.

Meanwhile the ham in Mr. Douglas refused to die. In '35 he served briefly in a floppola called Double Dummy—as a radio announcer. Then came Born Yesterday—and he was made.

Chief competition on the Fox lot will come from Tyrone Power and Clifton Webb. But Douglas isn't too worried.

"If I don't click," he says, "I've got Born Yesterday up my sleeve. It's good for 20 years on the road. I'm not worrying."

Douglas, by the way, has brown hair, blue eyes, is exactly six feet and the gabby type you'll find at any bar ready and able to shoot the breeze on any topic from bebop to baseball. He is very friendly, collects celebrities, and is unmarried.

In A Letter to Three Wives, one bright spring morning, three married ladies of the station-wagon set of a small New York City suburb go off on a picnic up the Hudson with the town's underprivileged kids. Each wife is having no more than the normal marital troubles with her husband. As they board the excursion boat, a nice note comes from one Addie Ross, the Town Bewitcher, stating she'll be unable to help with the picnic, as at that very moment she is busy leaving town—taking with her as a sort of souvenir, the husband (whom she does not name) of one of these good ladies.

None of the wives wishes to admit her lack of faith in her spouse so all three climb the gangplank airily and the boat takes off. But their thoughts go back . . .

Wife No. 1—Deborah Bishop (played beautifully by Jeanne Crain)—remembers how she married the town's rich boy (Jeffrey Lynn) and how one evening the marriage fell apart when she saw husband Brad mentally compare her with the very perfect Addie Ross. Addie is on her way with somebody's husband. Could it be Brad . . . ?

At the picnic grounds, pretty, fluffy, pushy Rita Phipps (Ann Sothern) recollects how her husband George, instead of going fishing as usual on Saturday morning, was off somewhere in his best blue suit. Rita and George have quarreled. "Why didn't he go fishing?" Rita wonders. "Why the blue suit . . . ?"

Lora Mae Hollingsway (Linda Darnell), a Cold Fish from the Wrong Side of the Tracks, who married the Seven Chain Stores, isn't worried. "Even if it is my man," she murmurs, "I've got everything I want!"

Her mind goes back to the days when she was a shop girl with ambitions to marry the boss. She retraces the steps by which she landed this gent, so ably played by Douglas. Suddenly it's a hollow victory for her. She knows she's been a louse and that she loves the dope.

Besides he's an admirer of Addie . . .

So the wives return home shakily, each silently trying to kid herself that it wasn't her Dear Heart who lammed with the smooth Addie. At the club dance that night, in the picture's last 60 seconds, they get their answer.

At this point, thanks to a clever cast, scriptist Vera Caspary's fine blending of human interest, humor and a whodunit-like suspense, the viewer of this picture has arrived at a considerable state of excitement.

Three Wives carries quite a wallop, and while it isn't a great picture, it'll do till better everyday movies come along. Director Joe Mankiewicz has made his suburbs recognizable—average homes look like average homes, not courts of the French kings. His funniest effect comes where the passing trains shake Lora Mae's ancestral home, which is alongside the railroad tracks. It shakes, as Kin Hubbard used to say, like the fender on a Model T—it'll rattle your back dentures.

Addie Ross, by the way, doesn't actually appear in the film. She remains an elusive, taunting off-screen Voice—the siren on a dream boat with whom a husband might imagine himself drifting away from a marriage from which the shine has worn off. Say, I wonder how a chap could get to meet Addie . . .

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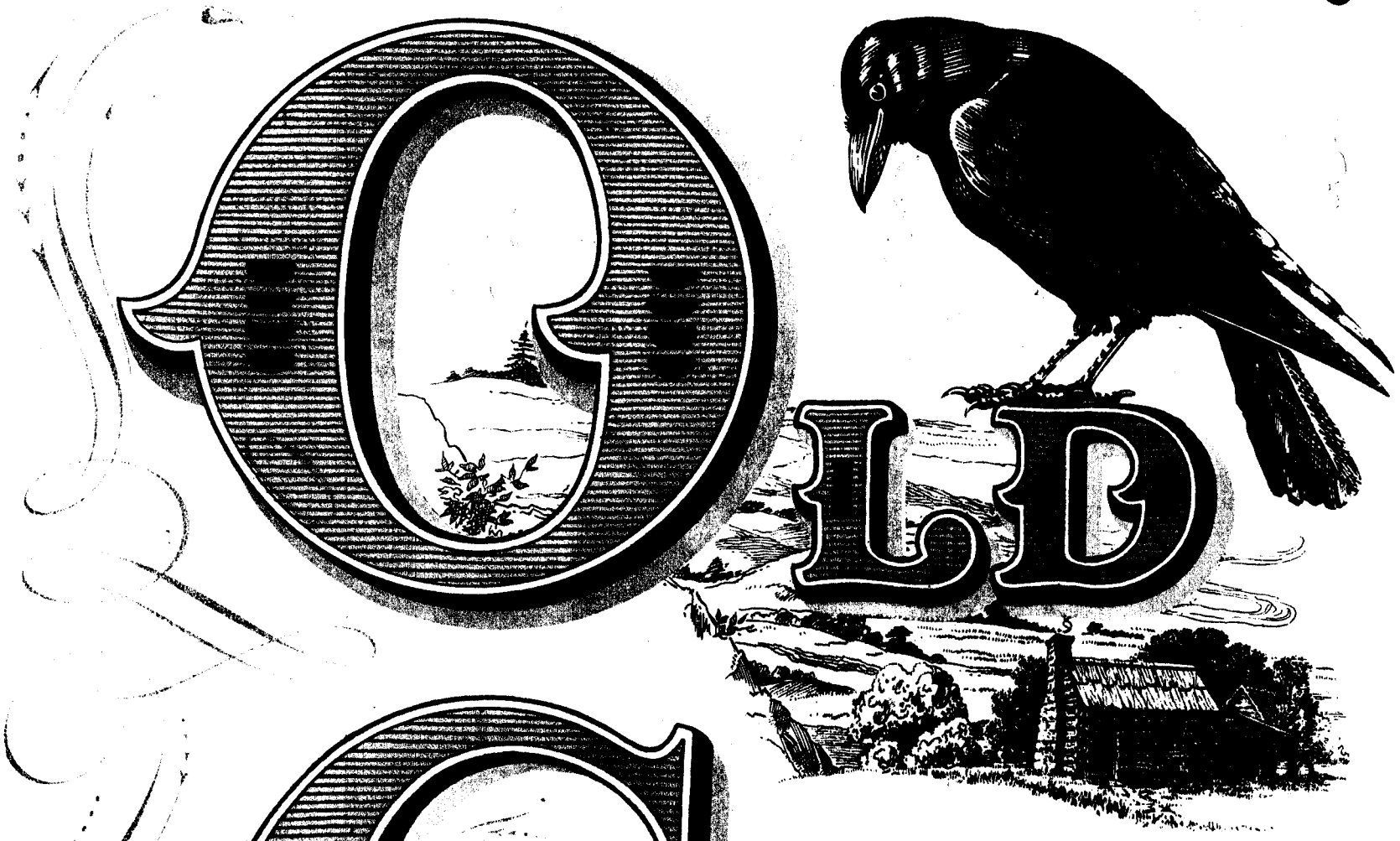
A Truly Great Name

Among America's Great Whiskies



From its very beginning, the whiskey James Crow made in his little log distillery on Glenn's Creek near Frankfort, Kentucky, won the acclaim of his neighbors. In the century that followed, Crow's whiskey achieved world-wide fame. Today, this glorious bourbon is still pleasing the exacting taste of those who know fine Kentucky whiskey.

CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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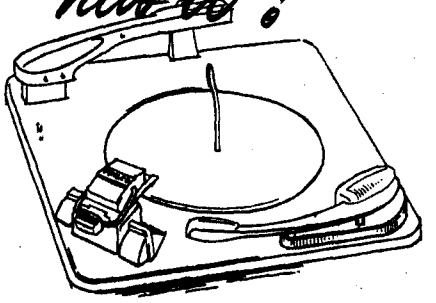
DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST INVITE YOU TO

Celebrate January

Store wide values and special events!

January belongs to Philco as dealers everywhere celebrate Philco's 18th year of leadership with the most spectacular selling event in radio history. Here *now* is your opportunity to see the sensational new Philco radio-phonographs with the double tone arm . . . to hear the glorious "concert hall" realism of 45 minute records played through the *exclusive* Philco Balanced Fidelity Reproducer . . . to enjoy genuine Philco FM-AM radio and to buy a Philco console or table radio at a price that fits your purse . . . because during January *your* dealer is featuring many surprises and money-saving values. Visit your Philco dealer today . . . get the full details . . . share in the savings . . . *buy Philco!*

Only Philco has it!



"Concert Hall" Fidelity with new exclusive tone arm

The new Philco double tone arm radio-phonograph plays present records automatically . . . and 45 minute records with the sensational Balanced Fidelity Reproducer which only Philco provides. Finest tone ever achieved . . . nothing else like it!

Newest Philco Value Sensation

PHILCO 1607. Stunning, full-size console. Plays 45 minute records with revolutionary new Philco Balanced Fidelity Reproducer . . . plays your present records automatically. Powerful radio with Built-in AM and Line-Cord FM Aerial. Mahogany cabinet with ample record space.

TUNE IN Philco Radio Time with Bing Crosby Wednesday evenings . . . Philco Television Playhouse Sunday evenings. See your newspaper for time and station.

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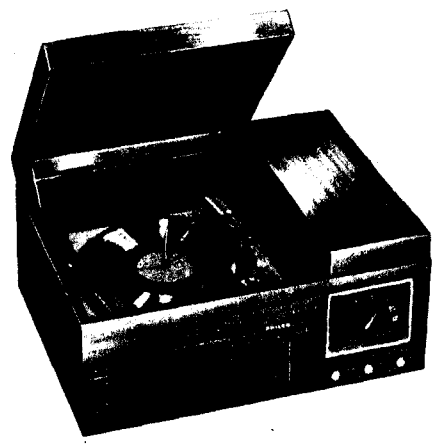
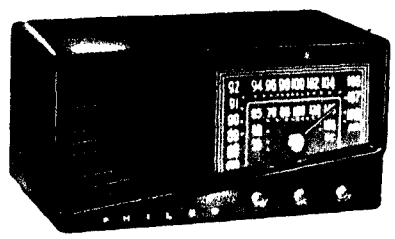
with PHILCO



FOR LONG PLAY & STANDARD RECORDS

PHILCO 1405. "Console Tone" Acoustical System with Balanced Fidelity Reproducer for 45 minute records. Automatic changer for your present records. Powerful radio. Handsome mahogany cabinet.

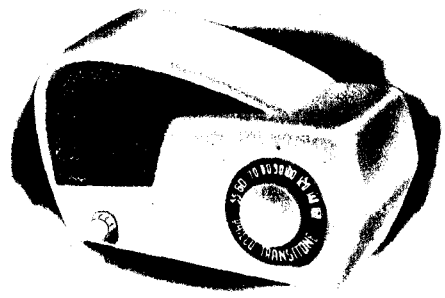


FM-AM VALUE LEADER

PHILCO 905. Finest FM at this price! Full noise reducing FM qualities are preserved. Sensitive! Rich plastic cabinet.

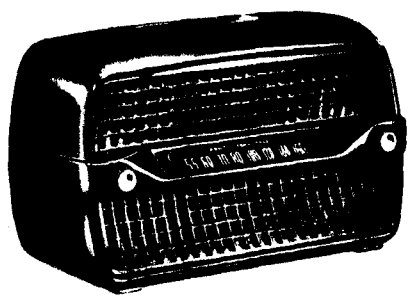
De Luxe FM-AM Combination

PHILCO 1613. "Concert Hall" realism is now yours with Philco Balanced Fidelity Reproducer for 45 minute Vinylite records . . . Automatic Changer for present records. Genuine Philco FM-AM . . . 12-Inch Concert Grand Dynamic Speaker. Mahogany cabinet with generous record space.



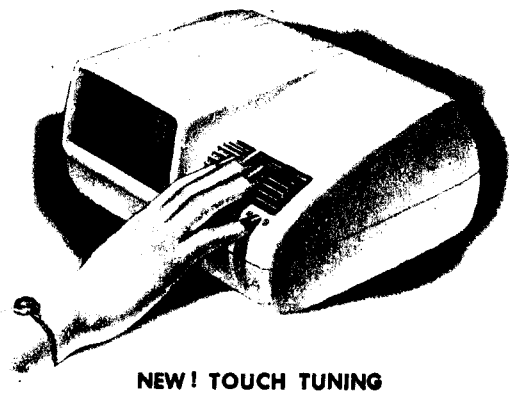
NEW, MODERN DESIGN

PHILCO 501-I. Surprising power and beautiful tone. Powerful PM Speaker. Modern Ivory Plastic cabinet. AC-DC.



FINISHED ALL AROUND

PHILCO 505. Stunning from any angle. Brown plastic cabinet. Built-in handle. A pleasure to see, to hear and to own.



NEW! TOUCH TUNING

PHILCO 901. No dial! No buttons! Simply press the drum tuner for choice of 6 stations. Cabinet in Ivory or Green.

ALBUM LENGTH RECORD PLAYER

PHILCO M-15. Equips any radio or phonograph to play 45 minute records. Easily attached. Mahogany plastic cabinet.

Your Philco Dealer has a complete line of Philcos from $19.95 up

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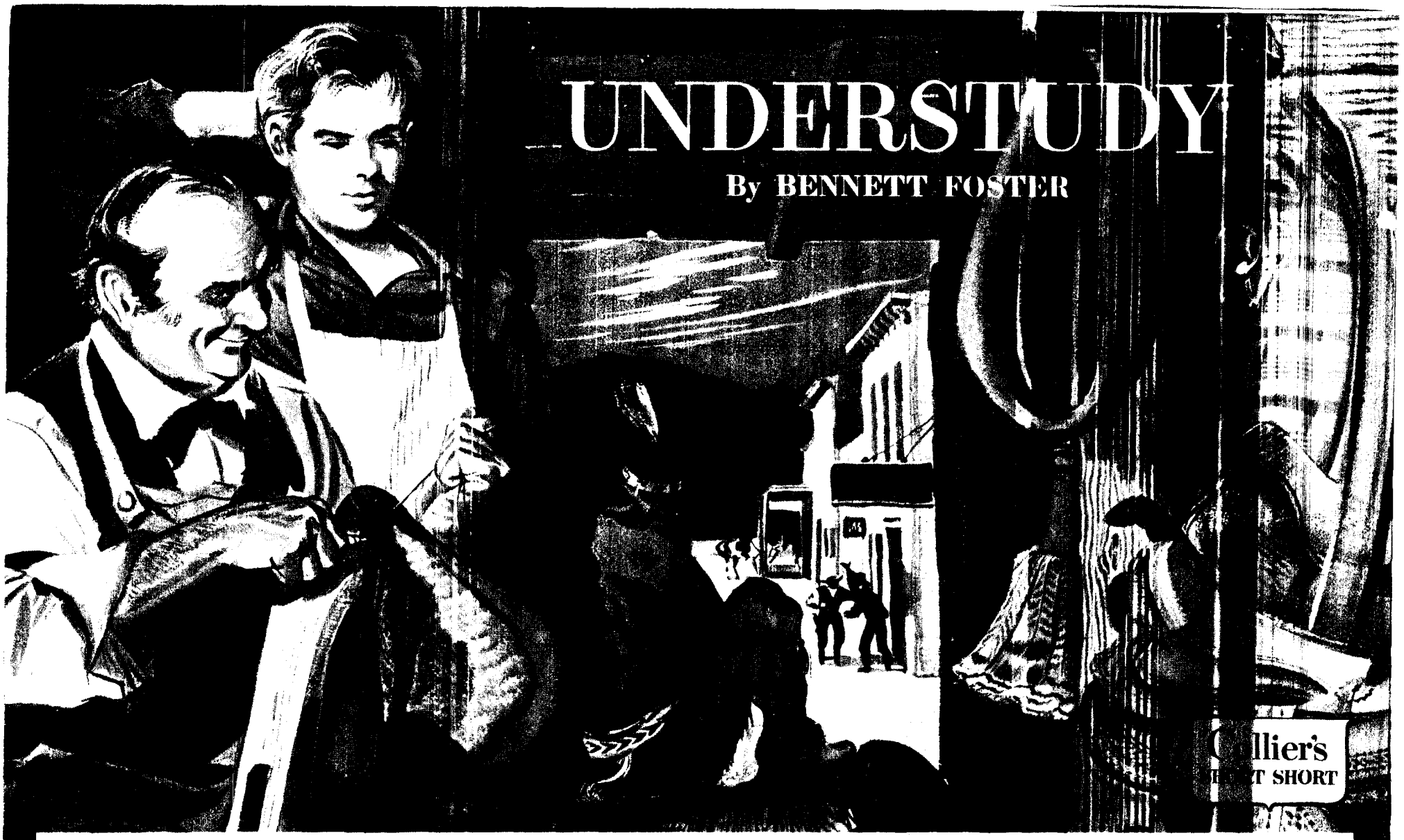
UNDERSTUDY

By BENNETT FOSTER



A SADDLER'S shop smells of leather and neat's-foot oil and, more faintly, of horse. David Workman was a saddler; his shop smelled like that. Beyond the shop door the street of Franklin stretched—Franklin, in Missouri, in 1826. An Indian, a Sac, rancid with grease, face streaked with paint, blanket wrapped about his shoulders, squatted with his back against the building's logs.

Downstreet a group, hairy men in jeans and homespun, chattered violently in French, and a mountain man lounging past in greasy buckskins, Green River knife at belt and Hawken rifle across his arm, spoke his contempt.

"Engagés! Mangeurs de lard!"

At the back of the shop a boy made wax ends. At the shop's front seated astride a stitching horse, Dave Workman sewed a saddle skirt.

"Got those wax ends finished?"

The boy brought the wax ends, hung them from a peg, stood idly watching. David Workman backstitched, selected another wax end, twisted in the hog bristles that served for needles, and thrust them through an awl hole.

"Hot," he said.

"Kind of," the boy agreed.

"How long you been here now?" Workman looked at his apprentice.

"Year."

"M'mmmm." The wax end pulled in and out. "Sorry your maw apprenticed you to me?" David Workman asked.

Frank gray eyes met Workman's steadily. A foot shod with a cowhide boot, rubbed embarrassedly against a jeans-covered leg.

"Sometimes," the boy said.

"What'd you do if you wasn't my apprentice?"

The gray eyes lighted. "I'd go upriver an' find Mose. He's trappin' up there someplace. Or else I'd go with Bill to Santa Fe. They're leavin' out today." The gray eyes became wistful. "Him an' Hamilton an' Bob."

"Think they'd take you?"

"They're my brothers," the boy began. Then, his words slower: "Naw, I guess not. Maw wants me to be a lawyer. I got to finish my apprenticeship an' then she's goin' to send me away to learn."

"Four more years," David Workman said. "The law's pretty strict about apprentices runnin' away. A man's got to advertise if his apprentice leaves, an' offer a reward to get him back. The reward comes out of the apprentice's pay. Pretty strict they are." Workman stitched steadily.

"Yeah," the boy agreed.

"Santa Fe," Workman said. "That's a long ways. There's the plains, an' bad water, an' Injuns. An' at the end what have you got? A little Mexican town where nobody talks good sense, nothin' but Mexican. Mountains all around it, they tell me, an' nothin' to do but trade, like in a store." He freed the saddle skirt from the jaws of the vise, stood up, and carried the leather to the bench. He stood beside the bench, hand resting on a saddle tree, looking out of the door. His eyes were as wistful as the boy's.

"Nothin' for you or me in Santa Fe," David Workman said.

Ox-drawn wagons came along the street, canvas-covered, tar buckets swinging below the back axles, wheels stirring up the dust. Broad-hatted men walked beside the oxen, gads in hand, shouting exchanges to the wit hurled at them from the crowd that lined the street.

"Give my regyards to Santy Fe! Tell old Armijo I'm a-comin'!"

"Sure, we will, an' kiss the girls for you."

"Don't let them *señoritas* take you in!"

"Watch out you don't leave yore ha'r out on the plains."

"Santy Fe or bust."

A horseman, the wagon master, whirled up his hand and shouted unintelligibly as he rode past the saddleshop. From the doorway David Workman and the boy called answers.

"That's Bill," the boy said wistfully. "That's my brother, Bill."

The wagons went on by. The creaking of their wheels diminished, and dust settled in the street. The Sac sat against the wall again, the mountain man went into a saloon, merchants returned to their stores and shops, and downstreet the St. Louis men resumed their jabbering in French.

"Got to lace up that saddle," David Workman said. He and the boy went back to the bench.

For a time there was silence in the saddle shop, then Workman said, "I always planned to go myself. Somehow I never did."

He laced a stirrup leather with a rawhide thong, stopped and surveyed his work. "But if I was younger," he said, "if I was a boy like you an' had a horse or a mule, I'd go. I wouldn't stop for nothin'."

"I got a mule," the boy said. . . .

On the morning of October 6th, David Workman walked down Franklin's street to satisfy the law. In the office of the Missouri Intelligencer he spoke to the editor. "I want to put a notice in the paper. My prentice ran away and I've got to advertise him. How much for this?"

The editor took the written page and counted words. "Dollar six bits," he said, looking up.

Workman counted money from his purse. When he was gone the editor read the notice again.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL PERSONS

That Christopher Carson, a boy about sixteen years old, short for his age but thickset, light hair, ran away from the subscriber, living in Franklin, Howard County, Missouri, to whom he had been bound to learn the saddler's trade, on or about the first of September. He is supposed to have made his way toward the upper part of the state. All persons are notified not to harbor, support or assist said boy under penalty of the law. One cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back the said boy. DAVID WORKMAN, Franklin, Oct. 6, 1826.

"It doesn't look like Workman thought a lot of his apprentice," the editor said, as he handed the notice to his printer. "He waited a month before he advertised him and he's offering one-cent reward. Nobody's going to stop the boy for one cent."

BACK in his saddleshop David Workman skived leather with a sharp knife and, like the editor, he was thinking that no one would stop a runaway apprentice for a reward of one cent, particularly when that apprentice had been gone a month. No one would even look for a boy whose value was placed so low. The saddler grinned and put down the knife and looked toward the door.

Beyond the door was the street, reaching out of town, and at the end of the street the trail began. The trail that stretched away to Council Grove and Diamond Spring, to Plum Buttes and Pawnee Rock and the crossing of the Cimarron, to Big Timber and Bent's Fork and Santa Fe.

David Workman could not go himself, but he could send Kit Carson.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm so proud of my boy!"

If you could see this son of mine, you'd know why I'm so proud. Tall? He's taller than his dad — grown two inches since he enlisted. And gained fourteen pounds. Can you imagine? And he actually acts sort of protective about me.

It never occurred to me that he might choose the Army for a career. But I'm glad he did. Like any youngster, he was a little uncertain about the kind of work he wanted to do. But the tests given him in the Army made it easy to decide. He's doing the work he's best suited for in the Infantry — and he loves it!

He says the Army technical schools are the finest in the country and that, with the training and experience he's getting, he can start his own business if he decides to get out of the Army later.

Just think, at nineteen he's making his own way — saving money, too — and getting ahead in work he likes to do. He's had one promotion and says he'll be a sergeant soon because there's plenty of chance to advance in the U. S. Army if you really want to get ahead.

I've done plenty of stewing and fretting — you know how mothers are — but I feel satisfied now that he's growing up the way I wanted him to grow. And I'm so proud of him!

PEACE IS AMERICA'S MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS

The new peacetime Army and Air Force offer young men...

- ★ WIDEST CHOICE OF CAREER JOBS
- ★ BEST OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT
- ★ UNUSUAL RETIREMENT BENEFITS

U.S. ARMY and U.S. AIR FORCE
RECRUITING SERVICE

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Orbitan showers you from all angles with ultraviolet rays. While you doze or relax in any restful pose, Orbitan conditions you for a restful night's sleep and tans you to the "picture of health." Orbitan's unique Talk Timer either awakens you or switches power off.

5-DAY TRIAL OFFER

As you visualize this lazy, beneficial way to that "glowing look," you may accept our 5-day trial offer . . . money back if the ease of Orbitan doesn't sell you on year-round tanning. You'll see the unique mechanism that moves the "sun" in a straight, level path, body length or shorter . . . the finger-tip adjustments of travel and height, whether for relaxing at floor level or higher. Our booklet "The How of the Orbitan" is free on request.

Orbitan plugs into any outlet (110 volt AC), uses GE or Westinghouse 275-watt sun or heat bulbs which you may already own or can order with your lamp. Its attractive, ocean-green finish contributes to decorative harmony. Talk Timer plugs in like any lamp.

Remove Orbitan from the package, place its feet in base and it is ready for service (no tools required). It's quality built by a pioneer airplane manufacturer . . . returnable prepaid, within the five day trial period, in new condition for full refund.

STANDARD ORBITAN $29.75
less bulb and timer.....

Include check or money order in full amount or a $10.00 deposit (balance C.O.D.) with each order. Add $1.00 west of Denver; 3% sales tax in Ohio.

WACO PRODUCT

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WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY
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AREQUIPA, I LOVE YOU

Continued from page 36

everything. It's an oasis in the high desert—if you can imagine an oasis with streetcars (fare, one cent). The volcanic soil is so rich under irrigation that farmers get nine crops of alfalfa a year, and the *cholo* who owns a strip of land lying along the irrigation ditch behind our back fence feeds four cows, three burros and a horse all year around off a single patch of land smaller than a football field.

Behind the town stands a spectacular line of snow-capped volcanoes nineteen or twenty thousand feet high, put there by the local chamber of commerce for atmosphere.

The town is full of old churches and big Spanish colonial mansions. (A friend of mine rents a nice little fourteen-room hundred-and-fifty-year-old bungalow in the center of town for $13.60 a month, but he's had it for years and the law prevents his landlord from jacking the rent up on a steady tenant, or it would certainly set him back at least $20.)

Arequipa's entire *gringo* colony includes only about 40 people, but the *arequiveños* are the friendliest Latins in the world.

The minute you put down a root, they slap you silly with invitations to join the Club Arequipa, the Jockey Club, the Club Tiro al Blanco, the Golf Club and a few others, and you can see yourself going bust keeping up with the social whirl—until you discover that golf club dues are 56 cents a month. The really fine Club Arequipa, complete with library, restaurant, bar, barbershop (haircut, a dime), billiard room, card-rooms, and what have you, sets you back $1.75 a month for a guest membership with full family privileges.

Everything is geared to the same scale. Remember the dear dead days when $10 was the price of a big Saturday night out with your best girl? It still is in Arequipa. Here's how the money goes:

You Spend Only the Evening

You call a taxi to take you around the first lap. Fare for two people to any point within the city limits, 8½ cents. Maybe you start with an early movie. The best seats in any four or five theaters showing first-run Hollywood pictures with Spanish subtitles set you back 17½ cents each, although you can sit in the balcony of a flea-bin for a couple of pennies.

Leaving the theater, you decide to stop off at the club and knock back a couple of drinks. Pisco sours, made with the best Peruvian pisco and sweet lime juice, hurt you to the extent of a dime each. (The same dime will buy three bottles of Coca-Cola if you don't care about the hard stuff.)

Finally you wander down to the Hotel Sucre or the Grill Room on the plaza and look over a dinner menu a yard long. It doesn't offer anything particularly exciting, only the same old run of appetizers and cocktails and clear soups and thick soups and cream soups and pickled fish and boiled fish and baked fish and assorted salads and steaks and chops and eggs and roast chicken and fried chicken and duck and squab and roast beef and sweet corn and buttered beets and fresh peas and string beans and potatoes cooked eight different ways and *tortas* and *pasteles* and *helados de varias clases*, ho hum.

The most expensive single item is a Chateaubriand steak the size of your shoe, with fixings, for 50 cents, so you order that along with half a dozen big chilled *camarones*, river crayfish, with mayonnaise; a bowl of *chupe*, half soup and half stew; a salad or two and a kind of crepes Suzette called *panqueque relleno* for dessert, with plenty of incidental potatoes, vegetables, rolls, butter, coffee and so forth. The bill for you and your girl comes to $2.75—this is a really high-class eating joint—with ten per cent added on, according to law, for the tip.

You haven't spent half of the original ten, and it's already eleven o'clock.

You can get rid of the rest of your roll at the single night club in town, if you feel like it, but it takes practically all night and the place isn't that good. The best thing is to try to find a *fiesta* going at one of the private clubs. These clambakes begin at eleven or twelve and go on until next Tuesday.

Your remaining five bucks will carry you through the night with enough left over to take you and honey child to the races the next day (entrance fee, ten cents each unless you belong to the Jockey Club).

But let's stick to "necessities." You have to buy clothes once in a while. A tailor-made suit of imported wool, male or female style, sets you back thirty-five or forty dollars. Peru produces a big wool crop of its own, but they don't know how to process it. If you are lucky enough to find a good piece of domestic yard goods, your suit can be made up for about $25.

Ready-made shoes are $3, but they don't fit your bunions and you have to have them (the shoes) made to order for $5—$7.50 if you want the best imported leather and your family coat of arms hand-stitched into the vamp.

I'm not so sure about women's wear, but my wife has made a standing offer to save me $2,000 any time I want to give her $500 to spend on a fur coat that would cost at least $2,500 in New York without counting the federal tax. I have not yet taken advantage of this offer, but I think about it frequently, since a penny saved is a penny earned.

On the strictly practical level, a seamstress' average bill for whipping up a little dotted-swiss number out of material supplied by the customer is around twelve sols—84 cents. The rest of it depends on the material. Anything imported runs the price up considerably, because imports cost dollars.

You might reasonably expect that a *gringo* taking advantage of an exchange gimmick to live like a king in a city where the natives themselves feel the economic pinch would draw a sneer now and then. Not a bit of it. Having dollars is like having blue eyes or red hair; it doesn't happen to *peruanos* very often, but they don't hold it against you because it happens to you. You have the money, they need it, and what could be more natural than for them to make it easy for you to spend?

Tourists are as welcome, as the flowers in spring. The Hotel Arequipa, which is clean and modern, charges terrific rates, $5.70 a day per couple for room and bath with three meals, but you can get the same thing at the best *pensión* in town for $3.50, and the next best *pensión* charges about 85 cents a head for the same deal minus private bath. There are even scratch-houses around the central market where you can get by for 40 cents a day, but nobody recommends them very highly.

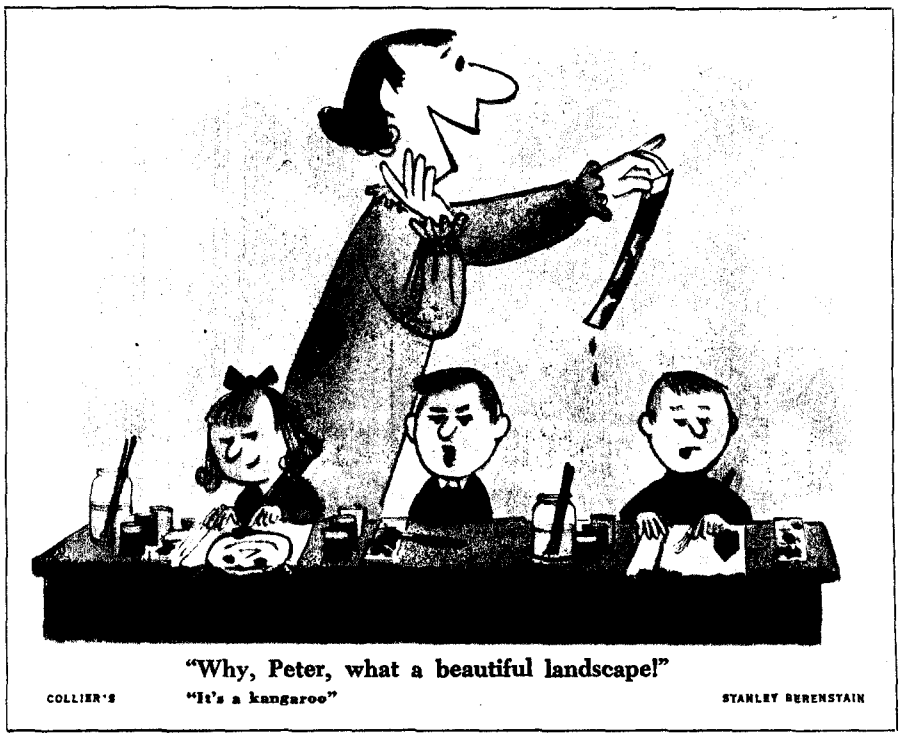
Just a Few Disadvantages

A few drawbacks exist, of course. When the weather isn't perfect, it's lousy. There is never much rain, but about two months out of the year the *nevada*, a gloomy, low-lying cloud bank, hangs over the town like a bad headache.

Houses are hard to get. Plenty are building, but after the walls are up and the roof on, everybody knocks off for the year because it's impossible to get plumbing fixtures and doorknobs (dollar trouble again). Other thorns on the rose are earthquakes (mild), and smells (strong). The earthquakes rarely do more than rattle your upper plate loose in the middle of the night and set sixty-two million dogs to yawping their silly heads off, but the smells are something unique even to an insensitive nose, believe me.

The poorest and next-poorest citizens on this side of the mountains seldom bathe, because many of the houses don't have running water any closer than the nearest irrigation ditch and even some of the best homes have only cold water on tap. But for all the smells, earthquakes and *nevadas*, Arequipa is still heaven on earth, the only place left in the whole wide world where a nickel buys a pork chop.

The only catch is, nobody knows how long it can last. The government still wants dollars, and they aren't going to do anything to drive dollars away, but they're trying to cure the spread between the free rate and the fixed rate. This will help Peru's financial situation, according to the experts, but it may make things tougher for the *gringos*. In the meantime —Arequipa, I love you! ☐☐☐



"Why, Peter, what a beautiful landscape!"

COLLIER'S "It's a kangaroo" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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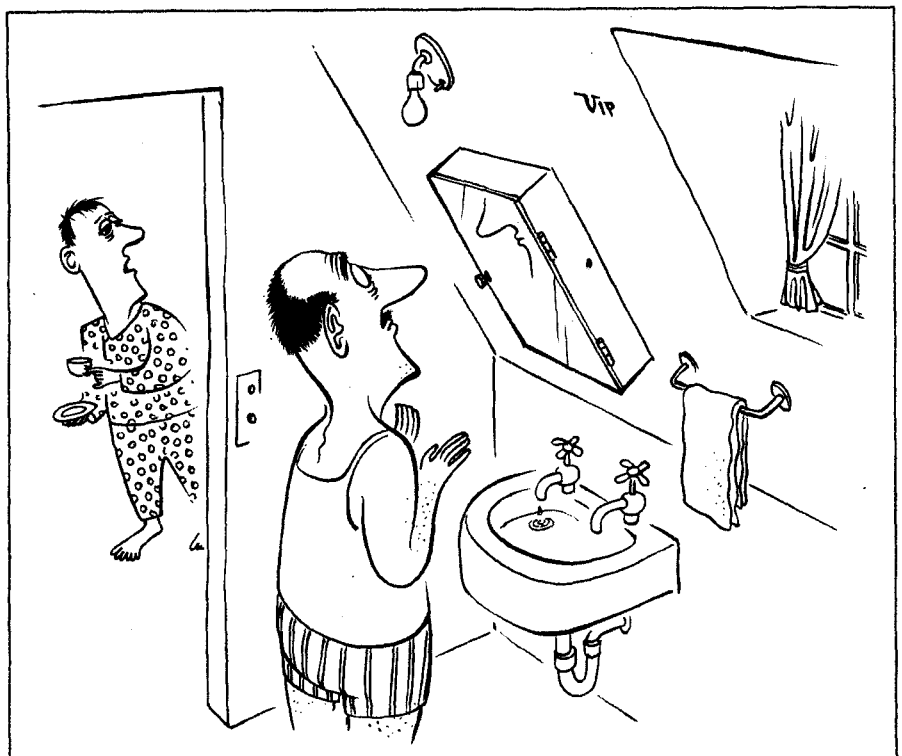


"Be kind of careful when you open that medicine closet, Sam"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

COLONEL JONES'S PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

Continued from page 15

will all terminate in a single tiny van. Think of it! There, in just a few square feet of space, American girls will help their men find their way home out of the murky air."

"It does sound rather like what you call a soap opera," Hutton admitted.

"Hutton," the colonel went on, and now his voice was almost a whisper of awe, "do you know what it will be called? It will be called Radio City."

Hutton shrugged but did not speak.

There was more talk between British pilots over the loud-speaker, and Colonel Jones turned deliberately in his chair to listen.

WHEN the airplane transmitters clicked off and only the low-pitched stir of static came over the loud-speaker, he turned back to Hutton.

"To get to the main point of our little conversation," the colonel said. "Am I right in thinking that you used to work on a newspaper?"

"It seems a great while ago," Hutton smiled, thinking of 1938.

"Good," the colonel said. "You'll be our public-relations counsel, Hutton. I want you to write a pamphlet, and we'll have it multigraphed at this headquarters and sent out to every single American pilot in the United Kingdom. A control center is no use unless the fly-boys *use* it, is it?"

"No," Hutton said.

"It will be your job," Jones said, "to sell this thing, and, Hutton, I want you to *sell it big*. The pilots don't know anything about radio direction finding. Tell them. No technical language. Talk straight to G.I. Joe. Let him know what we and our girls from Ohio can do for them when they're lost in the thick stuff. Make every pilot feel: This thing was set up especially for *me*, to save *my* life. The identification angle. Understand, Hutton? Do you get my drift?"

"I get your drift," Hutton said.

"Tell them," Jones said, "that if they're entirely lost above a ten-tenths overcast, all they need do is call our station, and we'll set them down on a dime. On a dime, Hutton."

"We can't do that, sir," Hutton said quickly. "We ought to let the pilots know the limitations of the equipment. It's a simple fact that the equipment we have can't locate a plane any closer than two or three square miles. If we tell them we can set them down on a dime, we'll end up setting them down on a hillside in flames."

Again the colonel leaned back, patiently to explain a point to a backward pupil.

"I thought not," he smiled. "You don't quite get the point, Hutton. I'll fall back on analogy. In New York, let us say, we announce over the radio that a certain soap will take lipstick stains out of clothes. Your wife or my wife privately protests to us that she has tried it, and it does not take lipstick stains out. Yet that same week, hundreds of letters flow in to the station, thanking us for telling them about the wonderful product that takes out lipstick stains so well."

Hutton murmured, "I don't know much about that. Over here we have the B.B.C., of course, but it doesn't take advertising—"

The colonel stirred restlessly and interrupted. "The control center, then. Sell it to them, Hutton. Tell them it will set them down on a dime. Let them have confidence as they listen to the voice of the girl from Ohio, working to save their lives in the tiny van. And when they come down through the cloud, I tell you, Hutton, *the runway will be there!*"

It may, Hutton thought, or it may not.

"Say it often enough," the colonel mused, "often enough, and in the proper way, and it'll be true."

Hutton was not accustomed to trifle with superior officers, but the colonel's openhanded manner emboldened him.

"I think I've heard something like that before, sir," he said. "But when I heard it, it went 'People will believe a lie if it's big enough.' "

Colonel Jones looked at Hutton with the barest shadow of a smile. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Maybe, Hutton thought, he did and maybe he didn't. At any rate, he knew very well that this was a point that wouldn't bear pressing. The conversation was ended, and Hutton had the sense of having been beaten in spite of superior resources on his side. . . .

The control center was set up in the van, the pilots were informed by circular that it could set them down on a dime, and the name "Radio City" came into common usage. The Wacs talked over the radio—although not all of them were from Ohio—and Hutton told them what to say.

The control center located several lost pilots who were grateful enough to come in later and personally express their appreciation to Hutton and the Wacs, and Hutton liked his job. Its drawbacks were chiefly two. One was the Wacs—Hutton could not seem to find a satisfactory relationship with them. If he made passes at them, they immediately tried to take advantage of him and would do nothing he told them to. If he did not make passes at them, they became surly and uncooperative.

THE other drawback was the colonel. Although he had many other duties at the headquarters, he could not seem to stay out of "Radio City."

What with the plotting map, the enlisted men who did the plotting, the Wacs, and Hutton, it was already crowded; but Colonel Jones loved to drop in.

He seemed to be at his happiest when he was sitting at the nexus of hundreds of communication lines, radio and telephone, with an instrument in his hand, able to call up people on land or in the air for hundreds of miles around. When talking to an airplane on the radio, he particularly liked to sit with his feet up on a corner of the plotting board.

There was a day when several hundred planes were out on a raid over the Continent, and while they were returning to their bases in East Anglia, the weather closed in badly. Nearly all got home in time; but one, battle-damaged, limped back across the Channel after the heavy rolls of fog had already arrived.

Just when Hutton and the Wacs, listening on the emergency radio channel from the control van, had thought that every plane was home safe, over the loud-speaker there came the voice of an alarmed and unhappy young man. It was a voice that seemed only recently to have changed. Hutton could picture the pilot—one of those choirboy faces.

"Hello, Homebase, hello, Homebase, this is Brightface twenty-one; we're lost, we're lost. Can you get us home? Over."

The various direction-finding stations scattered across East Anglia and connected to the control center in the van by telephone lines, took bearings on the pilot's transmission, and sent them to the van to be plotted on the map. Trying to be careful and confident at the same time, Hutton gave the Wac a compass heading that would direct the pilot back toward his fogbound base.

On the board the plot moved gradually toward the base, but the pilot was flying low, and the plot was not accurate. Where the strings intersected on the plotting board, they formed a triangle that took up several square miles. All that could be said for certain was that the plane was somewhere within that triangle.

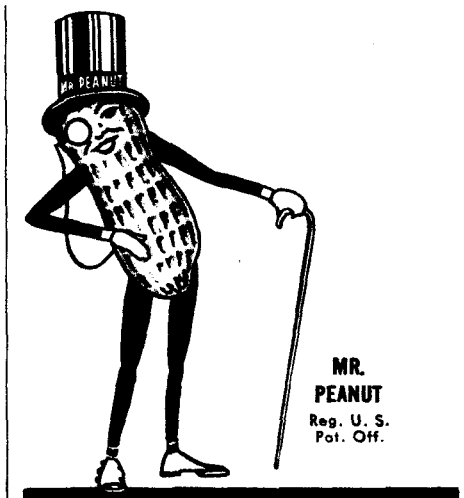
And then the colonel arrived.

He sized up the situation quickly, and decided that he had better take over the control position from Hutton.

"Hutton," he said, "you're not showing enough confidence in your equipment. We know where that plane is." He looked at the triangular plot on the board, and selected a spot exactly in the center of it. "Tell the pilot," he said to the Wac at the transmitter, "that he is now directly over Chipping Ongar. He will be at his base in five minutes. And put some feeling in your voice, girl. Sound as if you cared."

The girl did as she was told. The pilot's voice came back in a moment. "Roger, Roger, Homebase, and thank you very much. Thank you very much."

And it was true, Hutton had to admit,



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that the pilot sounded a good deal less panicky now.

"I'd better take over the transmitter," Colonel Jones said. The Wac climbed out of the transmitting seat in the van, and the colonel climbed in. He put his feet up on the corner of the plotting board and leaned back. It struck Hutton that for a man holding other men's lives in his hand, he was remarkably unruffled.

"Hello, Brightface twenty-one," he said into the microphone. "Hello, Brightface twenty-one, Homebase here." (The colonel relished that "Homebase here," Hutton thought. That was the British way of answering; it had a truly cosmopolitan flare.) "We have you plotted, boy, you're going to be all right. Continue your present course and start letting down. When you get down to five hundred feet you'll be able to see the runway ahead of you."

The pilot answered, "Hello, Homebase, hadn't I better call the control tower at my field and let them bring me in?"

"Hello, Brightface," the colonel said. "No, stay with us, boy. We'll bring you in all the way."

HUTTON could no longer contain himself. "Colonel, the equipment isn't designed to do it! It's merely designed to bring the pilot near his field and put him in contact with his local control tower!"

"Hutton," Jones said, "the equipment will do what we make it do. What we said it would do."

The plot on the table now appeared over the pilot's base, but it was still a large triangle. The pilot might be missing by three miles.

Jones sat with his feet crossed on the corner of the board, the microphone cradled between his shoulder and his chin. This left his hands free; he was lighting a cigarette.

"Hello, Brightface, you're now over the field," he said. "You'll be able to see it when you get down to five hundred feet." And Hutton, for just a second, found himself fighting with the shadow of a sinister wish.

Then the choirboy's voice blared into the van.

"Hello, Homebase, this is Brightface. I'm at five hundred feet, I see the runway. You brought me straight to it. And I want to thank you, Homebase. I want to thank you. I want to thank you. I want to thank you . . ." The voice trailed off, inarticulate with gratitude.

In the van there was a general exhalation of breath, and for a moment nothing was said. Then the colonel spoke, not to Hutton but to the wall above Hutton's head. There was no slyness or malice in his voice, only an infuriating innocence.

"There's a lesson for all of us in this," he said, speaking piously to the wall. "When you have a good product, there is no such thing as overselling it." . . .

The colonel's job did not include flying in combat, but when he had to make a trip to some other part of England he always went in the Dakota plane which was assigned to the headquarters for such trips.

On these occasions, even though his pilot did not get lost, the colonel always got on the aircraft radio and called Homebase for a check. So often did he do this that everyone who worked in the control van came to recognize his voice instantly over the air. Whenever he called, it meant a trying, exacting hour of experiments and position checks, for the colonel, when he was up in the air, treated the whole control system as his personal toy.

"He's my unfavorite radio commentator," one of the Wacs joked.

Hutton wondered what would happen if the colonel's plane *actually* got lost. And then one day, in a sense, it did.

On a clear August afternoon the familiar voice came over the loud-speaker in the van.

"Tell him to put his aircraft in a tailspin, close his eyes, and hold his ears," Hutton said to the girl at the microphone. She sighed, and answered politely over the radio.

"Hello, Homebase; Jones here," the casual voice over the loud-speaker said. "We're going to try a little experiment today. I've brought along some material and some tape, and the pilot and I are putting a blindfold over the windshield of our plane—to simulate bad weather conditions, you see. Now, Homebase, I want you to give us headings straight to Marks Green airfield. We're going to let down to the field on your instructions, and we aren't going to take off the blindfold until we're down to five hundred feet. And when we look, Homebase, we want to be heading straight down the runway. Is all that understood?"

"Heading two seven three," Hutton said laconically, to the girl at the microphone. "Tell him he's twenty-one miles from Marks Green."

What were the others in the van hoping? How did they feel about the colonel and his "experiment," Hutton wondered. And: What was he himself hoping?

On the plotting map the triangle moved toward Marks Green. It was the pilot on the radio now, not Colonel Jones.

The pilot did not seem so sure that all this was a good idea, but apparently Jones had browbeaten him into doing the "experiment."

"Hello, Homebase," the pilot said, and his voice had something the quality of Brightface's now. "Give me another heading, will you?"

"Tell him his present heading is all right," Hutton said to the girl. "Now eight miles to the field."

"Continue present heading," the pilot repeated. "Are you sure that's right, Homebase?"

"Tell him you're sure," Hutton said. "And sound as if you cared, girl."

Hutton leaned over the plotting map, looking at it closely. The triangle was bigger now; Jones's plane could conceivably be half a mile off course either way. Marks Green was in a depression, and the plane was approaching down a shallow valley. The hill to the north of the course rose six hundred feet above the airfield level.

"I'm letting down now," the pilot's voice came. "I'm below a thousand feet, continuing on course. Any further instructions?"

"Tell him," Hutton said, "that we think everything's going to be all right."

Hutton said to the girl, "Let me have the microphone a moment." Then, over the air: "I don't think that's wise, Colonel."

There was a moment of dead air. Then, patient, but edgy, the loud-speaker answered: "Homebase, Jones here. If you wish, old chap, we'll discuss the wisdom of it later. Now, if you'll just give me a heading to Marks Green—"

I'll be damned, Hutton thought. He has actually convinced himself. He gave the microphone back to the girl. "All right," he said. "Tell the colonel we'll set him down on a dime. Be sure you use that expression—on a dime."

At the plotting board, the enlisted men got bearings from the direction-finding stations, and pulled out strings to plot Jones's plane on the map. The strings crossed in a triangle—a small triangle, perhaps three or four square miles.

Then he squeezed his way past the plotting board to the field telephone in the rear of the van, and began grinding the ringer violently. "Marks Green flying-control office," he demanded. "A priority-one call, operator."

A very calm British voice came weakly over the military telephone line. "Flying control, Marks Green," it said.

"Listen, chap," Hutton said without identifying himself. "Look out to your east and tell me if you see an American Dakota approaching. Do it fast!"

"Yes, I see him," the weak voice said. "Good Lord, the man must be blind, he's hell-bent for the top of the hill!"

To the girl at the microphone Hutton said, "Give him a new course, *fast;* one eight zero. Tell him we finally got an accurate radio fix. And tell the ass to take that blindfold off."

After the girl had transmitted, a great many seconds went by—seconds which the people in the van occupied in considering the various possible outcomes of the situation. When the loud-speaker finally spoke, the voice was Jones's.

"Hello, Homebase, Jones here, all right, chaps, we're down to five hundred feet, the blindfold's off and the runway's dead ahead of us. Not bad, eh, Lieutenant?"

Hutton could think of many things to say, many of them better not said in the presence of young American ladies. He resisted an impulse to grab the microphone and get in the last word before the colonel landed. Instead, he relaxed all his muscles, which he suddenly discovered had been taut, and repeated the colonel's words: "Not bad."

AN HOUR later the colonel walked in. He was just back from Marks Green, and he still had on the fur-collared flying jacket and the crushed pilot's cap that he liked to wear. He gave the van the once-over, and this time there was a smirk of satisfaction on his face.

"Well," he said, "we managed to do it. Radio City brought us in, as I knew it would. But, Hutton, the way you handled it! You *think* everything's going to be all right!" the colonel mocked. "You *think!* Do you realize you people were so nervous you got my pilot all excited? Do you realize how close you came to running us into a mountain, all because you didn't have confidence in Radio City? Do you realize, Hutton, that you almost killed me?"

Hutton drew a very deep breath, and held it. So that was the colonel's version, was it? He considered setting the colonel straight without further ado. It would be rather a pleasure. He would have every fact of the case, every statistic, every witness, and every bit of solid, granitic logic on his side. The only trouble was that he knew he would lose the argument.

He was surprised to find himself not angry—to find himself, in fact, faintly amused. Five years of service life had made him practically immune to exasperation.

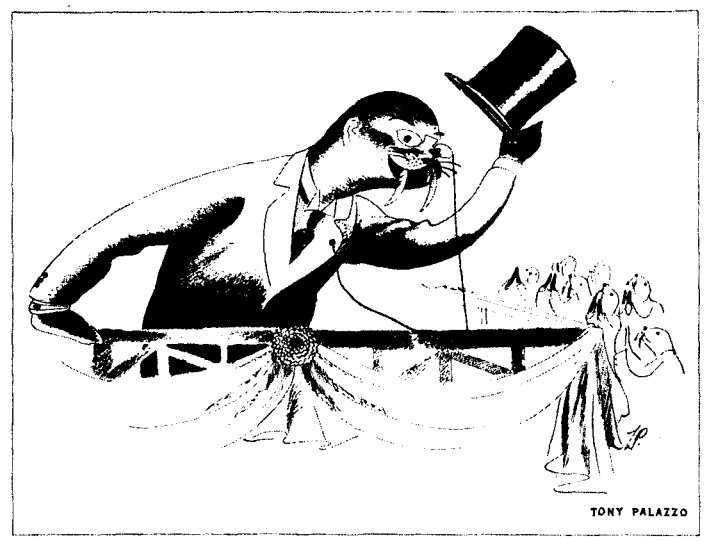
He let out his breath slowly, and said nothing.

Meanwhile Jones, his crushed cap at a jaunty angle, had been standing in the door of the van, smiling just a little, waiting. Now it was his turn, and he was not a man to pass his turn. He walked around the van slowly, throwing an approving glance to each girl at her post, and patting the van's walls in a proud, proprietary way. With a friendly little wave, he indicated to Hutton that he would take over the controller's position for a moment. Hutton moved, and the colonel sat down, pushed his cap further back on his head, and put his feet on the corner of the plotting table. He fixed a disinterested stare on the wall opposite him.

"In today's little occurrence, there is a lesson for all of us chaps," he began.

SENATOR WALRUS:

on Inaugural Hoop-la



Ceremony,
Ceremony,
Put me down for ceremony!

Put me down for fuss and feathers,
Soup-and-fish, and patent leathers;
Gimme pomp—and plenty of it;
Ostentation—*oy!* I love it! . . .

I, no unofficious phony,
Sing anew ye oulde baloney,
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—AL GRAHAM

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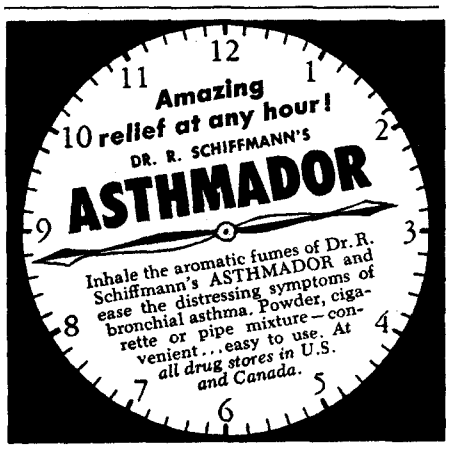
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ROLL ME OVER GENTLY

Continued from page 18

"I have only one boy friend who's stupid," Janet snapped. "And it isn't Harlan."

Quincy's head raised in pained wonder. Then bruised pride kindled a flame of irritation, and without another word he marched through the door. Outside, he missed the top step and crashed off the porch into the shrubbery. He lay there silently for the longest, bitterest moment of his life. Then he jammed his hat on backward and struck out through the flowers toward his car.

The next few days proved nothing to Quincy except that trying to master skiing in the confines of his small apartment was exceedingly rough on the furniture. With a regard for punctuality which he found most depressing, Sunday arrived as scheduled.

A high fog hung listlessly over the city and drooped lower as he drove the long highway to Tall Pines. Such weather was tailored perfectly for his spirits. Riding in a solitude that had a lonesome and faintly ominous air, he found himself wondering which came first—pain or unconsciousness.

In a fog which now could have been chopped into blocks, he located Otto Foegger at the base of the chair lift.

"Quincy!" Otto yodeled cheerily into the dank ghostliness. He was the hearty type who should have been born, Quincy suddenly felt, with a ski pole in his mouth. "I was afraid you would not get here in time. It's *gut, ja?*"

"And what's *gut* about it?"

"The snow is very *gut,*" Otto offered. "It is fast."

"Oh, that's just dandy," Quincy observed moodily. He jabbed a pile into the snow. "Seen Schwarzenkopfer?"

OTTO beamed. "Harlan was one of the first. No chair left for him. He climbed up, so he could study the course. You know one t'ing?" Otto leaned closer. "I t'ink our Harlan is going to win."

"Fletcher!" came a bellow through the fog. "Is that you? Fletcher!"

"Over here," called Quincy. In a moment, Al McGonnigle puffed up to him. "Where is everybody?"

Quincy gestured with a ski pole. "The finish line is over there about a hundred yards. The racers are up on top."

McGonnigle eyed the clanking chair lift skeptically. He was wearing snowshoes, Quincy observed. Ice skates might have been more suitable. "I'll see you at the bottom," McGonnigle said. "I want to see you come down. On skis."

"For once," Quincy told him earnestly, "we are in complete accord." He slid in front of a moving chair, sank back with fortunate timing, and was whisked into dark and misty space. Behind him he heard a familiar feminine voice: "Otto, wasn't that Quincy Fletcher?"

He shrank in the chair. He should have known that Janet would be on hand to see him make a sap out of himself.

At Ski Peak, he groped his way toward a dim orange glow in the cape of fog. A few skiers were huddled around a fire which rapidly was sinking into its own well in the snow. Other figures, less distinct, were waxing skis.

A freshening breeze lifted patches of fog occasionally, like tattered tent flaps. In a momentary rift he saw a multitude of pine trees staggering away in ragged formation, and a wide, wet banner stretched between two poles. In red letters, it encouraged: START.

Crouched beside the gate were three men, one with a field telephone. The forerunner was leaning forward tensely, braced on his ski poles. Beside him stood a starter, his hand on the forerunner's arm.

"Three—Two—One—Go!" snapped the starter. The word hung where the forerunner had been. In an instant, the fog had closed around the skier as though he had been dropped into a hole. Quincy winced.

One of the officials glanced up. "Well, Quincy, just in time." He grinned. "Say, I read your column this morning. Going to try it, huh?"

"It looks pretty rugged."

The official nodded. "Otto had to put up some more flags, to mark the course.

PRINCESS MARGARET OF HOLLYWOOD

By GEORGE FRAZIER

Little Miss O'Brien loves her role in the film capital almost as much as she adores wild Westerns and worships handsome matinee idols. Her life history is short and altogether fantastic.

In Collier's *next week*

Once you get on the hill, though, you should be able to see from one to the other. We can sandwich you in any time, boy. We're starting one every minute."

"He's down," the man with the telephone announced calmly. "Not bad. They figure it at fifty-seven point four."

For half a mile, Quincy calculated hastily, that meant the forerunner had traveled nearly forty miles an hour, in spots. He shuddered.

"Van Ettisch up—Woolard on deck—Linton in the hole," an official called.

Quincy watched them slide nervously into place, watched them tighten their lips, watched them plunge out of sight. As each racer vanished, the knot tightened in his stomach. "This," he observed to no one in particular, "is non-habit-forming."

He heard a patronizing laugh, and turned. Behind him stood Harlan Schwarzenkopfer, leaning hipshot against a ski pole like a professional waiting for the amateur auditions to end. He was wide-shouldered, narrow-waisted and sun-bronzed, and his ski pants had been perfectly tailored.

"You must be lost," Harlan remarked with an amused air. "Just racers up here."

LOSING its grip on the slick carpet, Quincy's downhill ski went sideways perhaps two feet. As he floundered back to an upright position, Harlan inquired sweetly, "Having trouble, old man?"

"Absolutely none," replied Quincy, through clenched teeth. "I'm just loosening up."

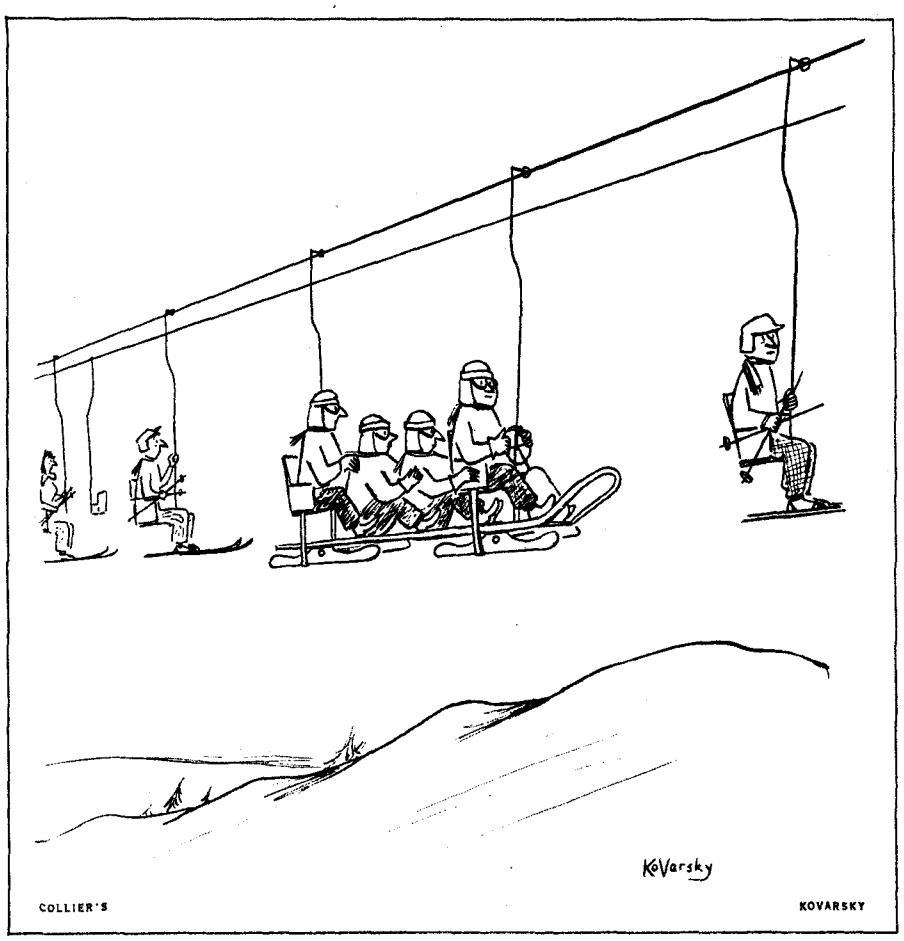
Harlan guffawed. Quincy managed an irate and awkward kick turn, and faced him.

"Well," said Harlan, "that was interesting. But you might find a kick turn would work just as well." He wrinkled his nose. "Say, old man, don't you think you should reconsider? I believe Janet mentioned something about your skiing the course, when we were having dinner last night." He frowned in mock concentration. "Or was it the night before, when we were dancing—"

"Janet?" echoed Quincy. A dull ache was born somewhere inside him, draining his anger.

"Of course, it may help you to know how an expert would take this hill," Harlan went on with immodest pride. "I have it all figured out. By swinging high going through the first gate, I can *schuss* the next two. Just cut them very close. Then—"

"Schuss?" asked Quincy with disbelief. "You mean take it straight? Just point them downhill and let them go? Listen, bird-brain, you try that in this fog and you're liable to wind up with a pine tree for a pillow." His eyes narrowed. "On



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COLLIER'S

"I've always liked this theater. There's no little bar near by to run to between acts"

PERRY BARLOW

second thought, I'll buy that. It couldn't happen to a worser guy."

"There is no such thing as a worser guy," Harlan corrected loftily.

"There wasn't," agreed Quincy, "until you came along."

They heard the call. "Peterson up—Dennis on deck—Schwarzenkopfer in the hole—"

"I'll tell Janet you got this far," said Harlan. "On our way home." He shoved once with his poles, and glided toward the gate.

Quincy stared after him. He tried to swallow caution. It stuck in his throat. *Let us not lose our heads,* Quincy urged. *The guy would dearly love to see Young Fletcher, Intrepid Reporter, splatter himself all over the hill.*

But new thoughts plagued him. It was bad enough that Janet had been seeing Harlan. Harlan's superior attitude simply and suddenly made the situation intolerable. Quincy dug poles into the snow, lost equilibrium, floundered, regained it and struggled toward the gate. In him burned reckless decision, the will to combat.

Harlan, poised, raised his head. "See you around," he called mockingly, as the starter counted. "That is, if the chair lift is still running when you decide to leave!" He lunged, and was gone.

The starter looked up expectantly. Smarting, Quincy jerked his head. "I'm past caring," he said, and took position.

"Take it easy," advised the starter. "You're not racing, you know. You don't have to go fast."

"I know it," admitted Quincy, "but do my skis know it?"

"We'll have them time you, just for fun."

COURAGE slipped a notch as Quincy stared into the fog masking the steep slope beneath him. "Just for fun," he repeated hollowly. "Maybe they have an eight-day clock?"

"Five—Four—Three—Two—One—Go!" The starter dropped his arm.

Quincy stood there.

"My skis are stuck," he moaned.

"Didn't you wax?" cried the starter.

"Maybe I can walk down," suggested Quincy eagerly. He heaved hard, and one ski came off the snow. In the next moment wind was rushing past him, fog was dampening his face and he had a hysterical feeling of having fallen off a tall building.

His arms windmilled wildly as he tried to get forward, over his skis, to control them. A dark shape loomed abruptly. He tried to go somewhere else. As he fell, the snow banged a ski pole against his head, savagely twisted his knee and stuffed a wet gag into his mouth.

He struggled to his feet. He was suddenly cold, wet and very lonesome in a dark world all his own.

He braced quiveringly on his poles and spread his legs wide in a snowplow position, the front tips of his skis together. In this awkward V he hoped to find a measure of control.

He glided slowly, gingerly through the pine trees until he located some flags and the dim figure of the first gatekeeper, to his right and below. Still in snowplow, he wound up his body like a left-handed batter preparing to swing. The skis began to turn as he unwound. Then they slipped together in parallel fashion, and he shot through the gate and beyond it so fast he had only a glimpse of a blurred, awe-struck face.

Friction clutched his downhill ski as he tried to turn, having forgotten the windup. A moment later he was collar deep, and wetter, and colder. The throbbing sensation at his knee was developing a temperature. As he got despairingly to his feet he found a new multitude of aches and bruises sawing at him. It seemed he was faced with a hopeless task. His head hurt, his lungs were coated with fire, and his arms trembled. Then, just standing there, he fell again.

Face down, Quincy groaned, "That does it."

He fumbled with the ski bindings. Weariness, the futility of it all, had banished every thought but one. Right in front of McGonnigle, Janet, Schwarzenkopfer and the whole wide world Quincy Fletcher was going to walk down. It might be something he wouldn't want to live with—but right now he didn't care.

A moan brought his head up sharply. He certainly was in the mood for it, Quincy realized—but it hadn't been his moan. He peered over his shoulder. Grim, shapeless forms of dripping pine trees floated up into the fog.

Beneath the nearest one, he thought he detected a clump of darkness that twitched.

Swiftly shouldering his skis, he plowed a knee-deep path through the snow. Exhaustion pulled at him, tipping him off balance. He fell squarely athwart the clump. It moaned again. Head in the snow, skis across his neck, Quincy grunted, "Harlan."

Moan.

Quite accidentally, but feeling a faint relish, Quincy rested an elbow on Harlan's face. "Having trouble, old man?"

A moan.

Quincy frowned. Struggling upright, he inspected the recumbent form. Where Harlan's feet stopped, an indomitable pine tree began. The left foot jutted at an awkward angle. Quincy sucked in a breath.

Quickly, he slid one hand under the foot, cradling it. He unfastened the ski to release the strain, then carefully lowered the foot into the snow.

His head swiveled frantically. "Hey!" he hollered at the ghostly pine trees. Damp cold silence crowded him. "Hey!" he tried again. No answer.

Harlan needed assistance badly—but he couldn't be moved without a toboggan. There would be one at the finish line, with ski patrolmen who would know what to do. Mindful of his painful progress thus far, Quincy shook his head.

He had already exiled himself to Nome; or, at least, to becoming Bugleless. He had vowed he wouldn't ski this slope for McGonnigle, he wouldn't ski it for Janet, he wouldn't even ski it for his pride. "And now," he flared at the slumbering Harlan, "I have to ski it for you. *Schuss* the next two, he says! Oh, you fathead!"

AS QUICKLY as it came, he dismissed the thought that he might still walk down. It would take too long.

His mind raced. The straightest, swiftest route, he knew, was the fall line. That was the course a free-rolling snowball would follow. A free-running ski would choose that route, too.

Muttering to himself, Quincy prepared. He flopped his skis around until they were pointed across the slope in the general direction of the race course. He compressed his lips and released the weight on his poles. The skis began to move. Quickly, he sat down on them. Riding in this sled fashion, he had a measure of balance. That was all. He was completely vulnerable.

The slope unrolled with increasing tempo. Wind rushed past his ears, jerked off his cap. Dark shapes flashed perilously close. Hugging his knees, he heard the sound of his descent rise from a whish to a *whooosh.* He had never skied so fast in his life. A flag snapped at his face. Completely abandoning all hope of salvation, Quincy closed his eyes.

A sudden lurch brought them wide open. Now on the lower slope of the mountain, he saw the fog had lessened. In the same instant, he glimpsed blurred faces and figures in a huddle near the finish line, perhaps fifty yards below. He was aimed directly at them.

With a frantic, twisting motion, Quincy hurled his back into the snow. He was sacrificing his body as a brake. The world became a monstrous egg beater, thrashing his shoulder, jellying his legs, hammering the breath out of him.

Moments later, he opened his eyes. Otto's round face was anxiously over him. "Harlan," Quincy wheezed. "About fifty yards beyond the first gate. To the right, coming down. Ankle's busted."

"The toboggan," Otto called sharply. "Ski patrol."

Some kind soul removed Quincy's skis. As he got painfully to his feet, McGonnigle pushed through the crowd. "Quincy," he bellowed, "the Bugle's proud of you. You came down that slope like a V-2."

"I didn't have much to do with it," Quincy pointed out.

"Results, that's what counts," McGonnigle was saying. "Who cares how you get them?"

"Quincy," said a low, throaty voice. He felt a tingling sensation at the back of his neck. He turned, and Janet's eyes searched his face tenderly. "You're all right?"

"After a sad fashion," he said. He paused, feeling a sudden mastery of the situation. In sight of hundreds, including Janet, he had proved something, Quincy realized. And it had nothing whatsoever to do with racing ability. It was something he could live with.

Janet's eyes dropped. "About—about those ski pants I got too big for, Quincy. You were right. Harlan—"

His face reddened. "Why, that ape! I'll—"

She stepped close, raised her face and closed her eyes. She apparently didn't care how many people were grinning at them.

And neither did Quincy.

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Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

BEN HOGAN'S GOLF THRONE IS THREATENED BY NO. 5 PRO MONEY WINNER SKIP ALEXANDER, A POWERFUL MAN, BUT SO WEAK-EYED THAT A CADDIE HAS TO HELP HIM PLAY

Because he is also color-blind, Alexander uses trees and light-colored traps to line up the green

"TAKE this green up ahead." Skip Alexander, heir apparent to Ben Hogan's golf throne, reached for a nine iron. "It's surrounded by traps—a tough shot—but I'm glad the traps are there. Maybe I'd better explain that. I'm color-blind and my eyes are weak. On a course like this, where there's no vivid color contrast between greens and fairways, I have a hard time gauging the location of the greens. But those light-colored sand traps set it off like a bull's-eye."

Skip tossed up a fistful of grass to test wind speed and direction. "That flag on the stick must be red or orange because I can't see it. Color-blind people just can't see reds. But I've got the lay of the cup because the caddie lined it up for me with that big tree beyond the green. Here goes. . . ."

The nine iron dug a waffle-sized divot; the ball rocketed down on the green, five feet from the cup. Skip grinned at the caddie. "All right, son. Now you can lead me up to the green."

Despite 20/600 vision, Alexander (an ex-caddie, from Durham, N. C.) finished fifth among the pro money winners last year with $17,000 plus. Only Hogan, Lloyd Mangrum, Jim Demaret and Bobby Locke did better.

"Alexander's the coming champ," Mangrum predicts. "He's young, built like a fullback, has tremendous hands, and he's the longest hitter in the game—not only long, but straight."

Skip admits he'd like to be top money winner. "For one thing," he says, "my expenses are higher. I usually check in four days before a tournament, so I can play the course and find the greens. Everywhere except Tucson, that is. Out there, where the sun bleaches the fairways and the greens are kept dark by constant watering, I hit pretty good."

Pretty good is right. Skip finished 202, 62—264 to win the 1948 Tucson Open and thus confounded the whole pro golf picture. The veteran pros had been predicting, "Hogan's through; Ben's got a backache." Then with achin' back and all, Ben captured the U.S. Open and the P.G.A. Now, the veteran pros are worrying about both Hogan and Alexander. Between the lame and the blind, it's hard to make a buck on the winter circuit these days.

FRESH FROM FRISCH

Frankie Frisch's decision to quit broadcasting in order to take a coaching job with the New York Giants makes the big leagues an unhappier place for umpires, but a much happier place for baseball reporters. Frisch, umpire baiter extraordinary during his tumultuous career at New York, St. Louis and Pittsburgh, always has a story to tell.

On the train ride from Boston to Cleveland during the World Series, Frisch cornered Bill Terry in the club car. ". . . so there we were in the last of the ninth, Bill, one out, and they've got the tying run on third, the winning run on second, and it's dark, but the umps won't call the game.

"My pitcher throws a ball, way outside, and I yell, 'Come on, call it off before you get somebody killed,' and the plate ump walks over and says, 'Another squawk, and you're out.'

"So, just for fun, I got a flashlight and started blinkin' it toward the bullpen—like I was signaling to our relief pitchers, and that ump charges right back and gives me the heave-ho. Cost me $50, too, and I didn't even open my mouth."

"Say, Fr—"

"Bill, did I tell you about the time I was batting against Old Hollis Thurston? Well, he threw me three straight balls and he was yanked. In came Watty Clark, a left-hander. I was a switch hitter, so I turned around and batted right-handed against Watty, and he threw me three straight screwballs—all strikes.

"Guess that makes me the only batter in baseball history who ever looked at six balls—three right-handed and three left-handed—and struck out without taking the bat off his shoulder. Hey, you remember the time old Dizzy—"

EVERYBODY WINS

When big sports events are telecast in New York, many barkeeps place a cover charge on stools within squinting distance of the video screen. Sit-down customers must purchase $5 or $10 worth of drink coupons—good only during the event.

In many saloons, $5 buys 25 beers or 10 highballs. "On such a proposition I can't lose," a barkeep explained recently. "If they don't drink up the whole tab, I'm ahead what they don't drink. We don't refund. If they drink the limit, I still made a buck a head steering them around the corner to my pal who runs the Turkish bath."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

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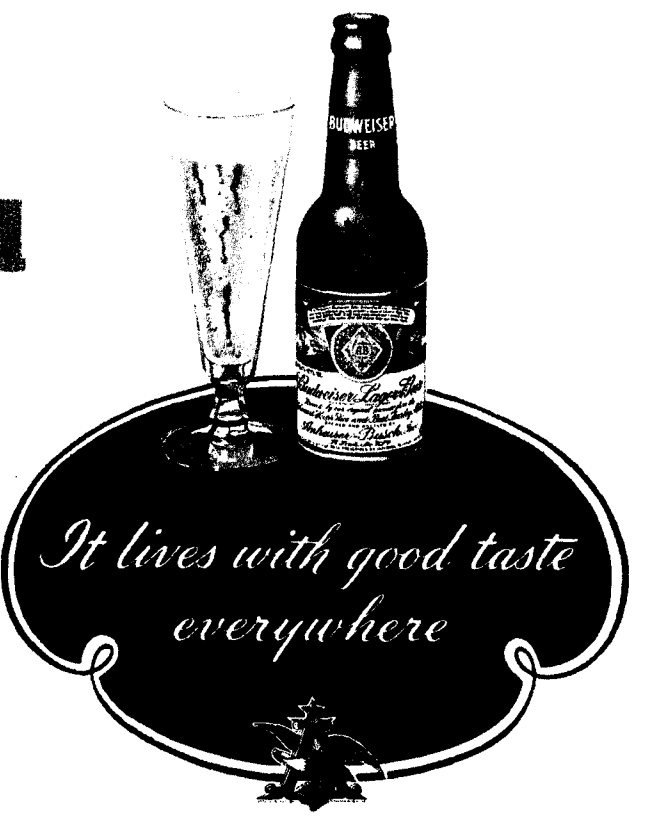

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DEADLY BACKFIRE

Continued from page 27

"Maybe nothing," the detective said. "Piece of red wool I found on the queen's pillow. This here is a piece of mud from under somebody's instep. Comes from a rug near the door. Number three is a chewed toothpick I found by the foot of the bed. The cigarette butts I collected from the queen's ash tray. And if you look close, this last bottle's got a dead mosquito in the bottom."

"Mosquito?" echoed Dr. Mookerji. "Am intimately acquainted with mosquitoes since earliest infancy in Bengal."

"This one ain't from Bengal," Ritter said. "It's a native of Northbank."

"America is fortunate country," said the Hindu. "Although 1,400 species of mosquito annoy rest of world, only few species of malarial Anopheles inhabit continental U.S. Moreover, am pleased to remark that lack of tiger stripes on legs of insect corpse indicates same is not Aëdes Aegypti, which has great liking for yellow fever."

"Anything else, Doctor?" Dan asked.

"Identification of mosquitoes greatly simplified when same are somewhat less moribund," the Hindu continued. "Gray-brown color and blunt abdomen indicate corpse is no doubt Culex fatigans. Culex is vicious biter and sings in high soprano while seeking succulent victims. Contrariwise, Anopheles has low-pitched voice. Both species elevate hind legs in air while resting, but whereas Anopheles also elevates rear end, Culex depresses afterquarters parallel with wall. Both—Ha! That mosquito corpse is female."

"Very interesting," Ritter said.

"Please observe," the Hindu went on, "that person who swatted same caused fatal injuries in vicinity of head while leaving abdomen intact. Also observe that abdomen is distended with blood. Among mosquitoes, bloodsucking is exclusive characteristic of female sex. Male mosquito seems quite content with vegetarian diet."

DR. COFFEE interrupted: "That gives me an idea. You'll leave the dead mosquito with us, Max?"

"Sure," said the detective. "Maybe you can make something of it. I found it on the night table, right next to the interphone switch box. You know the queen has a private phone system next to her bed so she can talk to her staff when she has nightmares or wants to give them one. This guy Parkinson was talking to her on the interphone when the gun went off. So she was probably shot by somebody she knew, because he would be facing her; the bullet went in from the front.

"The gun wasn't close up, because there's no burn. But it wasn't very far, either, because there's powder tattooing on her skin. The way I see it, Doc, the guy was standing just the other side of the interphone, and she reached out for the gun just before it went off."

"How do you figure that one, Max?"

"I think she had her hand stretched out and hit the switch keys on the interphone box when she collapsed," Ritter said. "The keys are labeled from left to right: Managing Editor, City Editor, Sunday Editor, Pressroom and Business Manager. She was talking to Parkinson, the M.E., so the key at the left should have been down, but it wasn't. It was up. The right-hand key was down—the business manager's line."

"Maybe she wasn't talking to Parkinson," Dr. Coffee said.

"I thought of that. The business manager was home playing poker at eleven, and I got some of the boys checking to see if anybody was in his office. But I think she just knocked the keys. Can you get scientific with my clues, Doc?"

"Dr. Mookerji will take care of the mosquito," Dan Coffee said.

"With utmost pleasure," said the Hindu. "You are perhaps wishing me to make microscopic dissection of salivary glands to determine presence of malaria parasites?"

"No," said the pathologist. "Just get what blood you can from the mosquito's innards and try to make a cell suspension in a saline solution."

"Quite ingenious," said Dr. Mookerji. "Am beginning to perceive dawn's early light of comprehension."

"There's one more clue," Ritter said, "an empty envelope that one of the nurses found stuffed into the bosom of the queen's negligee. It has a New Orleans return address in the corner, so I can do a little routine digging on that one myself. What about this other stuff, Doc?"

"The toothpick might mean something," the pathologist replied. "About a dozen people in the country could tell us. Doris?"

"Yes, Doctor?" Doris Hudson held a pipette between her lips and her words were thick as she spoke around it.

"Call the airport and ask about the next plane for New York."

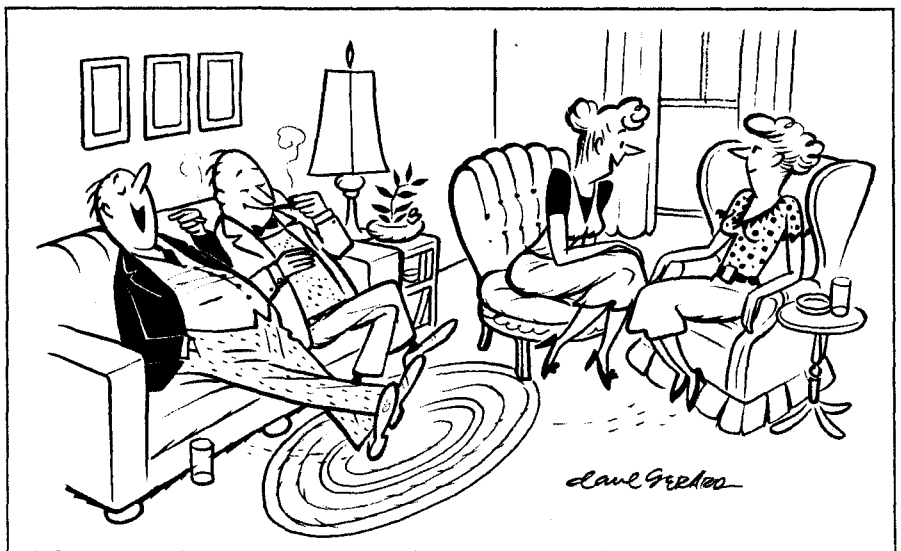
"The old kraut-head with the pumpernickel accent? He says he didn't hear anything, and I think I believe him. Of course, he probably hated his boss. She led him a dog's life. She used to ride hell out of his daughter Paula, too. Only Paula ducked out and married Lou Oliver yesterday."

"Is that Lou Oliver the columnist and feature writer?"

"Sure. Oliver used to be the fair-haired boy around the Tribune shop until yesterday, when he had a knock-down and drag-out fight with the queen and she fired him. Oliver and Paula took the eleven-thirty plane for Chicago last night—half an hour after the shooting."

"It doesn't take half an hour to get from Mrs. West's house to the airport," Dr. Coffee said.

"I know," said Ritter. "That's why I wired Indianapolis to have Oliver and his bride taken off the plane there. They both waive extradition and they're coming back on that four-o'clock flight. Come to the airport with me, Doc. You won't get any more sleep tonight anyhow."



"Those were the winters! Snow used to drift in on my bed—Got dressed in a cold room—Only heat we had was a base-burner—Walked three miles to school at 10 below—!"

"Our electric blanket refused to work and this morning the furnace was out. I just couldn't get George out of bed—"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

"I can answer that," Ritter said. "A flight comes in from Indianapolis at 4:00 A.M. and goes on to New York fifteen minutes later. I'm meeting that plane myself."

"Then put one of your men on that plane with your toothpick in a bottle," Dr. Coffee said. "Have him take it directly to Dr. Alexander Wiener at the Serological Lab of the Chief Medical Examiner's office in New York. I'll phone Dr. Wiener he's coming. Now tell me what you're looking for, Max."

"Well, the gun, for one thing," the detective said. "It's gone. And I'd like to find somebody besides Parkinson, who was two miles away, that heard the shot."

"Wasn't there anybody at all in the house?"

"There was the butler, who sleeps in the basement," Ritter said. "But he's stone-deaf without his hearing aid which he always takes off when he goes to bed or when the queen has very important people for dinner and doesn't want him to listen in on the conversation. He happened to be in bed. The personal maid has Thursdays off and anyhow she got married yesterday. The cook, the gardener and the second maid sleep out. The chauffeur and the housekeeper, who are lawfully wedded, sleep over the garage. They didn't hear a thing."

"What about this Dr. Gluck, Max?"

Dr. Coffee glanced at his watch. "Okay, Max, if I get these tests cleaned up in time." . . .

A chill wind was blowing across the Northbank airport as the landing lights of Flight 918 came boring through the darkness. The plane taxied up to Gate Three and the landing steps were wheeled out.

A frail, white-faced, dark-haired girl in a pink dress came down the steps, clinging to the arm of a stocky, unpressed, unshaven young man with a square face and old, cynical eyes. The man was chewing a toothpick which he spat out as he stepped to the ground.

Max Ritter nudged Dr. Coffee. "Still think we ought to send Brody to New York with that toothpick, Doc?"

"Definitely."

"Okay, Brody, have a nice trip." Ritter patted the shoulder of a blank-faced detective who was obviously trying hard not to look sheepish about flying to New York with a toothpick in a bottle.

As the stocky young man came through the gate, Ritter held out his hand. "Congratulations, Oliver," he said, winking at the bride. "You can sure pick 'em. I wish you happiness, Mrs. Oliver."

"I guess you want me to thank you, Ritter, for your thoughtful honeymoon arrangements," Oliver said. "Where are the handcuffs?"

"Don't rush me." The detective grinned and introduced Dr. Coffee. "Did you really shoot the old bag, Oliver?"

"Of course not. Is she dead?"

"Not yet. But she's pretty bad."

"She won't die," Oliver said. "That'd please too many of the wrong people."

"Mrs. West needs blood for transfusion," Dr. Coffee said. "Would you like to offer some of yours, Mr. Oliver?"

"Me?" Oliver laughed bitterly. "My blood's not good enough for Winnie. I had a Slavic grandmother. Winnie wouldn't want to risk having a drop of Slavic blood in her veins."

"Don't talk foolishness, Lou, darling," said Mrs. Oliver. "Of course we'll give our blood, Doctor."

"We certainly will," said Oliver. "So if she pulls through she can tell you masterminds who really shot her."

WHILE the police car sped through the dawn-quiet streets of Northbank, Max Ritter questioned Oliver.

"What did you do with the gun, Oliver?" he began.

"I gave it to the stewardess on the plane," Oliver said. "I didn't need it any more, and she said she collects them."

"What time did you go to Mrs. West's house last night?"

"I could let you go to the trouble of digging up the taxi driver who waited for us," Oliver said, "but I'm not vindictive. We stopped off at Winnie's château at about eleven o'clock to pick up Paula's bags."

"You know Mrs. West was shot at one minute past eleven?"

"How should I know that? I didn't shoot her."

"You were there," Ritter said. "So you must have heard the shot."

"I heard exactly nothing. I didn't even know there was a shot until your pals dragged me off the plane at Indianapolis."

"I ought to wash your mouth out with soap, Oliver. You saw Mrs. West lying on her bed, wounded."

"I wasn't near Winnie's bedroom," Oliver said. "We picked up Paula's bags at the servants' entrance."

"When were you in Mrs. West's bedroom last, then?"

"Ritter, that's not only irrelevant; it's ungallant. Let's just say I wasn't in her bedroom yesterday or the day before, or the week before, or the month before—not, in fact, since the night I met Paula outside Winnie's door, crying."

"Then where was the big fight with your boss?" the detective asked.

"In Winnie's private office in the Tribune building, between five and five-thirty yesterday afternoon."

"Why did she fire you?" Ritter asked.

"I think the real reason was that I married Paula," Oliver said. "Winnie hates to have happily married men on her staff. I tried to resign, but Winnie would rather give me two months' severance pay just for the pleasure of firing me."

"Why did you want to quit?"

"Well—" Oliver hesitated. "Call it a breach of oral contract. When Winnie hired me away from Kansas City a few years ago, she told me I could have carte blanche in my column, no holds barred. Maybe she was a little sentimental about me, maybe she had a slight attack of liberalism. Whatever it was, she got over it. She started by changing a few words in my copy. I'd change them back in proof. Then she began throwing away paragraphs. Two days last week she tossed out the whole column. Why shouldn't I quit?"

"Because you'd been with the Tribune for over two years," Max Ritter said. "And Winifred West is going to leave the newspaper to all her employees who

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were with the Tribune for two years or more. Why would you throw away a hunk of property like a share in the Tribune?"

"Okay, Ritter," Oliver said. "Maybe I rented my brains to Winnie West. But my soul's never been for rent or sale to anybody for any money."

"Max, will you drop me at the next corner?" Dr. Coffee interrupted. "You can drive Mr. and Mrs. Oliver to the hospital and take them to Doris Hudson if they want to give some blood. But I'm going to try to steal a few hours' sleep."

A RINGING telephone awakened Dan Coffee at ten thirty. Through the muffling residue of sleep he heard Max Ritter saying: "The queen's dead, Doc. Just now. Which means I got to book somebody for murder—today. The chief insists on it."

"Who's it going to be, Max?" The pathologist sat up.

"I won't make it formal till you give me word on those clues, Doc, but it looks like Lou Oliver. Timing and opportunity are against him, and the toothpick sure makes a liar out of him when he said he wasn't in the queen's bedroom. And he lied about the reason for his fight with Mrs. West. She didn't throw out any of his columns last week."

CASEY JONES

Time to Retire!

Dawn is so pretty
In country and city
It seems a great pity
To flaunt it so soon.
Why stage it so early
When people are surly?
Why be so unfurly
So long before noon?

—MARGARET FISHBACK

"I'll be right over, Max." . . .

Half an hour later the pathologist walked into his laboratory, slipped off his coat, and slipped into a white jacket.

"Doris," he said to his chief technician, "put through a call to New York. I want Dr. Wiener in the Medical Examiner's office. Let's see your blood-typing reports, Dr. Mookerji."

"Have assembled list in apple-cake order," said the Hindu resident. "Item. Winifred West, Group O, MN, Rh positive. Item—"

"I can read, Doctor," Dan Coffee said, reaching for the papers.

"Please note, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu continued, "that have prepared individual report on Culex fatigans. Must confess that have never previously performed isoagglutination test from deceased insect."

Dr. Coffee leafed through the reports, noting that all of Mrs. West's servants had contributed to the blood bank. Then he turned to Ritter.

"Where's your man Oliver now, Max? In jail?"

"Nope," the detective replied. "In the waiting room with his wife and office-boy father-in-law. Parkinson's out there, too, and the business manager. I haven't told 'em yet the queen is dead."

"New York on the wire," Doris Hudson interrupted.

Dr. Coffee picked up the instrument. "Hello, Doctor Wiener? This is Dan Coffee in Northbank. Did a detective named Brody—? You've already finished—? A secretor, eh? B cells? Will you give Brody a written report on that and send him back with the evidence? Thanks a lot, Doctor."

Dan Coffee hung up and stared pensively at the telephone for an instant. "Max," he said, "you'd better herd your people in here and break the news to them."

"Gents and lady," said Max Ritter, when the half-dozen people from the waiting room had filed into the pathology lab, "I got sad news to announce. Mrs. West is dead. And what's even sadder, I'm going to book one of you folks for murder by lunchtime. But before I make a pinch, Doc Coffee here wants to ask a few questions. Take it, Doc."

"I'd like to ask Mr. Parkinson if he was in Mrs. West's bedroom last night," Dr. Coffee said.

Parkinson shook his head. "I haven't been near Mrs. West's house for more than a week," he said.

"Were you in your office all last evening until eleven?"

"Yes," said the editor, "except for fifteen or twenty minutes when I went out for a cup of coffee. That was around ten thirty. When I came back, the proofs of the editorials had just come up from the composing room. I glanced at them and called Dr. Gluck to take them to Mrs. West's home. Then I called Mrs. West on the interphone to tell her they were on the way. While I was talking to her, I heard the shot."

"Have you any nervous habits, Mr. Parkinson—such as unconsciously chewing a toothpick when preoccupied?"

"No," Parkinson replied.

"Do you know anyone who habitually chews toothpicks? I ask that question because Lieutenant Ritter found a chewed toothpick in Mrs. West's room last night."

Parkinson glanced nervously at Oliver. "Nobody," he said.

"You're a gallant liar, Parky," Oliver said. "Everybody knows I've chewed toothpicks ever since I used to eat in one-arm joints when I was a cub police reporter in New Orleans."

"So you admit you worked in New Orleans," Ritter said. He produced the bloodstained envelope with the New Orleans address in one corner. "The nurse found this tucked in Mrs. West's negligee. This mean anything to you?"

Parkinson blinked at the envelope and shook his head.

OLIVER'S face turned slowly brick red beneath his stubble. "Nothing," he said.

"You were a reporter in New Orleans twelve years ago, Oliver. Right?"

"Right."

"Then I guess you remember the Creole Bank robbery," Ritter continued. "A one-man job by a handsome redheaded crook named Freddie Sample. He got a hundred grand in currency. Remember?"

"I remember," Oliver said. "But you don't. You were still in school, Ritter."

"Maybe you haven't heard," Ritter said, "but a guy named Bell invented a gadget by which the human voice can be made to run along wires. And I'm on speaking terms with the police chief in New Orleans. Sample pulled the Creole Bank job on his wedding night, with his bride waiting to sail next day on a honeymoon to the West Indies.

"Only she didn't sail, because the cops jumped Sample, chased him to the docks, opened fire when he tried to cross the river in a stolen launch, and hit the gas tank. The launch blew up and they never found enough of it to use for kindling. All they found of Sample was a burned piece of coat and a few thousand bucks in stolen bills."

"For twelve years," Oliver said, "the

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

New Orleans police have listed Sample as missing after explosion and presumed dead."

"That was until last week," Ritter corrected him. "You ought to know, Oliver, because you were in New Orleans last week, asking questions about Sample."

"The chief sure keeps you filled in," Oliver said. "I was down there for a few days on an assignment for the Tribune."

"What kind of an assignment?"

"Strictly confidential."

"Look, Oliver, I can have you put on the witness stand—"

"You can't put me on the stand if you're going to charge me with murder," Oliver interrupted. "Aren't you going to arrest me, Ritter?"

"I was," the detective said, "but Doc Coffee says I'm wrong."

"You were right about one thing, Max," Dr. Coffee said. "You were right about the murderer standing behind the interphone box when he shot Mrs. West. But you were wrong about Mrs. West striking the switch keys unconsciously. The murderer himself pushed down one key—consciously. He meant to push down the left-hand key, opening the circuit to the managing editor's office. Actually, although erroneously, he pushed down the key to *his* left, which was the right-hand key connecting with the business office.

"Mr. Parkinson therefore did not hear the shot over the interphone because the circuit was not open, and because the shot was fired about half an hour before he said it was. Parkinson fired it himself, Max, while he supposedly was out getting coffee. You can arrest him for murder, Max."

Parkinson took off his glasses and laughed uneasily. "You're joking."

DR. COFFEE shook his head. "Not at all. When you dropped that chewed toothpick in Mrs. West's room last night, Parkinson, you obviously did not know that certain body fluids, such as saliva, contain group-specific substances which correspond to the blood type of the secretor.

"We flew that toothpick to the serologist of the Medical Examiner's office in New York this morning. I've just been informed that a solution made from the toothpick gives a reaction establishing that it was chewed by a person with type B blood. One person in about ten has B type blood, Parkinson, and the blood which you volunteered for Mrs. West belongs to group B. Oliver has O type blood. So has Dr. Gluck. So had Mrs. West. Paula Oliver has A type blood. No other associate of Mrs. West belongs to the B group."

"But I wasn't in Mrs. West's bedroom," Parkinson protested.

"You have a pink welt on the left side of your forehead," Dr. Coffee said. "And while I can't prove it is a mosquito bite, we do know that there was a dead mosquito beside the interphone, and that the mosquito had been feeding on B type blood—your type, Parkinson."

"Fantastic!" Parkinson replaced his glasses. "You surely don't expect to convict me of murder on the basis of a mosquito bite—and without motive."

"We got a motive," Ritter said. He jerked his head toward the door. "Everybody out of the lab that don't belong here—except Parkinson and Oliver."

When the door had closed again, Ritter continued: "Parkinson, you committed murder to protect your wife and kid. But if you don't come clean now, you're going to wreck the very thing you wanted to save. Look. When I found this empty envelope with the address of the New Orleans Marriage License Bureau, I got on the phone, and I found that Mrs. West had requested and was sent a photostat of the application by Frederick Sample and Helen Starr for a marriage license twelve years ago. I also found that Lou Oliver had been in New Orleans asking the police questions about Freddie Sample and the Creole Bank robbery of the same date. Then, digging in Mrs. West's desk, I found this A.P. dispatch which I didn't see in the papers."

Ritter produced a torn scrap of teletype copy which read:

> WASHINGTON.—F.B.I. fingerprint experts announced today that George Roland, killed in an attempted bank robbery in Montreal last week, has been identified as Freddie Sample, who was thought drowned while escaping after the Creole Bank robbery in New Orleans twelve years ago.

"Then I went down to the Northbank county clerk's office," Ritter continued, "and I found that when Helen Starr married Edward Parkinson here ten years ago, she forgot to mention in her application that she'd been married before—a slip I can understand, since her first husband's name ain't much of a social asset.

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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

So since Sample was never declared legally dead, and in view of certain laws on bigamy and illegitimacy, I see why you dropped that toothpick to hang the murder on the man who dug up the dirt."

"Wait a minute, Ritter," Oliver broke in. "Parky, you're a fool. Even if your toothpick clue hadn't backfired, you don't think I'd have gone to the chair without opening my mouth, do you? Or maybe you don't know the real reason for my fight with Winnie. When this Freddie Sample story came over the wire last week, Winnie had nostalgic memories of the big Creole Bank story of twelve years ago. She sent me to New Orleans to find out what had happened to the little bride Sample left waiting on her wedding night while he robbed a bank, and how she'd react to the knowledge that he's been alive all this time.

"When I found that the maiden name of Sample's moll was Helen Starr, and knowing Helen Starr was the present Mrs. Parkinson, I came back and told Winnie I couldn't write the story. I told her the story would wreck the lives of three people, and that no human-interest yarn is worth that much. I didn't mention names, because I knew Winnie never cared how many lives she might wreck. So Winnie wired New Orleans for a photostat of the marriage-license application. It came day before yesterday, and of course Winnie recognized Helen Starr as the maiden name of Mrs. Parkinson.

"She fired me for dereliction of duty and insubordination—but not before announcing that she was going to break up the happy Parkinson home. She was going to offer Parky two alternatives: divorce his wife publicly and keep his job, or lose his job and face the scandal of a possibly bigamous marriage to a bank robber's moll, maybe a son born out of wedlock, a—"

PARKINSON'S voice was like a cry for help. He was trembling, and his face was ashen. "Lou, you won't give this testimony in court, will you?"

"Of course not," Oliver said. "And if Ritter is the kind of guy I think he is, he won't dig up another photostat to replace the one you killed Winnie to get. If you're smart, Parky, you won't even let the D.A. make a case. Say you killed Winnie in a jealous quarrel, or because she found out you'd embezzled fifty grand in Tribune funds.

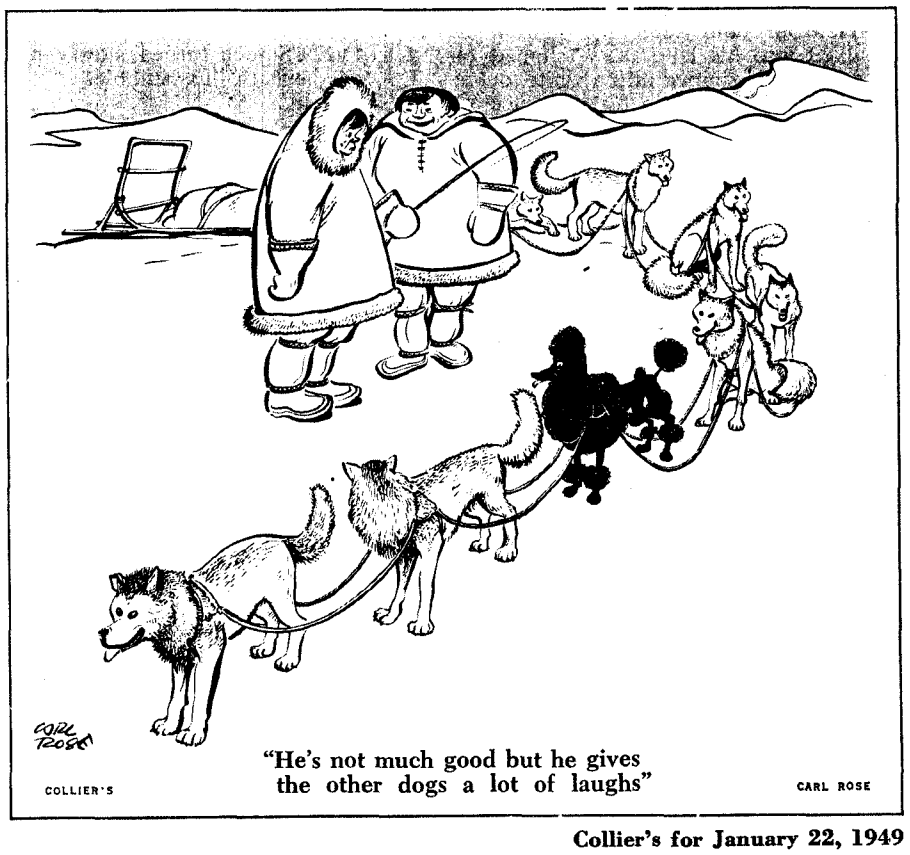
"Plead guilty to a second-degree charge. Helen and the kid could live down the fact that you might be a murderer or a thief, but the good burghers of Northbank would never forgive her for having lived in their midst as a respectable member of the community, when she was really Sample's moll, and perhaps not legally married to you. And they could never forgive the kid for being illegitimate, which a court might hold to be the case."

Parkinson turned to Ritter and said, "I'll do whatever you say, Lieutenant, if you'll give me a chance to remarry Helen quietly and legally, so there will be no question of legality and things will be all right for the boy."

Ritter looked out of the window. "I guess it can be arranged," he said.

Dr. Motilal Mookerji shook his turbaned head. "Hindu mind frequently bewildered by social customs indigenous to your stupendous country," he said. "Why, Doctor Sahib, is criminous murder less heinous than parturition outside perimeter of lawful wedlock?"

Dan Coffee could think of no answer to the question.



COLLIER'S

"He's not much good but he gives the other dogs a lot of laughs"

CARL ROSE

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COLLIER'S "My kid's been in there four hours. Do you mind if I hand him his lunch?" SIDNEY HOFF

NEW BONES FOR OLD

Continued from page 17

a sac of Cellophane to replace the useless bursa.

Orthopedists owe most of their newer knowledge of shoulders to Dr. Anthony DePalma of Jefferson Medical College. Dr. DePalma steadfastly refused to accept what he was taught about disabled and diseased shoulders until he understood normal shoulders. Together with Drs. Gerald Callory and George Bennett, of Jefferson, he laboriously dissected and studied the shoulders of every cadaver obtainable.

The results of his findings on 300 pairs of normal shoulders set other surgeons back on their heels. He showed that shoulder parts long supposed to be diseased, and which therefore were routinely removed during operations, were quite normal and serviceable. DePalma found that when a person reaches thirty, the cartilage of shoulder joints changes from elasticlike tissue to a yellow, opaque nonresilient tissue. And the tissues become progressively more furrowed, pitted and uneven to the age of sixty. But moth-eaten in appearance or not, they are still good, useful shoulders.

New techniques are also being used to repair arms. Years ago a Chicago girl became afflicted with a stiff elbow. Her physician didn't think anything could be done. But a few weeks ago an orthopedist operated, separated the bones, which had united and made a new elbow joint. Strips of muscle from her leg were fastened in between the bones, giving them something to ride on. She is able to use her arm for the first time in ten years and has got a job.

Bone surgeons now know that old-fashioned arm-setting methods left much to be desired. Sir Harry Platt of Manchester, England, found that many adults suffer arm disabilities because nerves were impinged upon when broken arms were set in childhood.

Doctors James G. Gay and J. G. Love of the Mayo Clinic followed up his observations by studying the fractured elbows of 100 persons an average of 22 years after the breaks had healed. These patients either were in pain, were unable to hold things in their hands or felt a numbness in their arms. In a few cases there was paralysis. But few associated their troubles with arms broken in childhood.

When the arms were opened up, however, they showed the same general condition: scar tissue pressing on nerves and the blood supply blocked. Loosening the nerves and transplanting them into new beds of muscle brought quick relief.

Clubfeet and clubhands can be made gratifyingly normal. Children born with these deformities in most cases have hands or feet like eagle claws, curving inward. Lightweight braces which are altered as progress is made train them in the right direction. Clubfeet are further helped by reverse curvature shoes.

If casts are applied properly the first week of life, the surgeon can almost guarantee normal-appearing hands or feet for the child by the time he enters school.

Two Boston surgeons, Drs. Joseph S. Barr and William J. Mixter, solved the riddle of what causes mysterious, incapacitating painful backs. Through their work, several hundred people have found relief after years of suffering. A practical application of their findings is shown in the case of an old Irish woman, who now goes about her affairs busily and happily after years of semi-invalidism.

She complained constantly of lumbago, but her physician could not find anything wrong. Another physician suggested she consult an orthopedist. The orthopedist recognized the cause, and told her she needed an operation to correct her *slipped intervertebral disk*.

"And what might that be?" she asked.

"Know what soupbones are?" said the specialist.

Yes, she knew all about the sections of backbone sold for soup, and about the pads of gristle between the bones.

"All right," he continued, "an accident or strain has caused one of those gristle pads to poke out of place in your soupbones."

He went on to explain that the misplaced gristle—physicians call it cartilage—was pressing on the nerves, causing pain and numbness in the woman's legs and feet. Had the spinal cord also been pinched, as sometimes occurs, her legs would have been paralyzed.

To relieve nerve pressure, the surgeon removed the misplaced disk of cartilage. To prevent friction between the two vertebrae thus left uncushioned and free to grind together, he fastened the vertebrae together. To join the vertebrae, he performed what is known as a fusion operation. He grafted a piece of bone across their finlike bumps. While the fusion operation is comparatively simple, it calls for enormous skill since the operator works in and around some of the body's most important nerve centers.

Even dread Pott's disease, tuberculosis of the spine, previously considered almost 100 per cent incurable, is yielding to new techniques. Streptomycin and bed rest stop the draining abscesses. Then a fusion operation immobilizes the diseased bones. From four to six weeks later the patient is able to walk. And while he must remain in a cast for four to six months, he can look forward to a normal life. The new treatment promises rehabilitation when tuberculosis has not already destroyed too much vital tissue.

Hope for Bone T.B. Victims

This method, so new it is just being reported in scientific journals, replaces the need for keeping victims of bone tuberculosis in heavy casts or on frames made of pipe and canvas for from two to six years. The chance is heart-warming since children are most susceptible.

Recently devised plaster jackets straighten spines in patients formerly considered hopelessly crippled. While adults with backs deformed from childhood cannot always expect normalcy, a large majority can have a distortion as great as 60 per cent reduced to an unnoticeable 20 per cent.

Dr. Arthur Steindler of Iowa City, Iowa, is the acknowledged Einstein of bone surgery and uses his mathematical wizardry to compute stresses and strains for special braces. This, together with a rare surgical know-how, enables him to relieve crooked backs and other bone abnormalities in children. The Steindler technique employs exercise and massage, and temporary braces, used only certain times each day during what he terms "muscle development" periods. Spine-stiffening operations help paralytics to maintain corrected positions.

Of course, bone surgery is not all sweetness and light despite the tremendous advances. Trained orthopedists deplore the fact that deformities far too often reach them only after the entire body is out of alignment. And these new techniques require skilled surgeons who have orthopedic training. Happily, however, there is already a large number of top-notch bone surgery centers in this country. It is only a matter of time before the improved techniques are generally available in hospitals everywhere.

A very real worry of some orthopedists has been bone healing. You remember the old apple tree with the knobby joint that formed when a break was needed? That joint was the strongest part of the branch, and some of that strength was due to unevenness in mending.

Human bones heal better, too, if set a wee bit out of line. When bones are not perfectly aligned, the defense mechanism of the body works doubly hard to repair the damage. Scar tissue and new bone are more quickly and plentifully produced.

Knowing this, an orthopedist may deliberately set a bad break the minutest fraction out of line. But when he does it he knows it can be tricky business. What he has done so carefully for the patient's welfare can be misinterpreted by an unscrupulous lawyer when explaining X-ray films before an uninformed jury.

Strangely enough, today's bone surgeon worries because his patients are often too much at ease. "They are too blamed comfortable," one said recently. "They don't realize that no matter how much we have speeded recovery, Nature must have time to accomplish healing.

"Here I get palpitation of the heart, hardening of the arteries and ulcers trying to keep them quiet for the necessary length of time. Then the patient says, 'What's the matter, Doc? You sick or something? Ought to be like me. I feel great.' "

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There is a new highroad to culinary adventure for both amateur chef and housewife with the emergence of beer as a versatile and zestful cooking ingredient

Now You're Cooking with Beer

A universal beverage enters the American kitchen in a new and tantalizing guise

By CHARLOTTE ADAMS

FOOD cooked with beer is lusty, hearty fare. And in addition to the aroma and flavor which it adds to dishes, it has a rich taste after it's cooked that is distinct from that of the beverage. It offers a subtle yet vigorous quality which probably will appeal to every member of the family.

Almost everybody knows that beer is used in making Welsh rabbit, but few of us American cooks go further than that with beer in our cooking. We miss a lot. Of course, beer cookery is primarily Germanic in origin and, like most German food, beer dishes are inclined to be not only hearty but somewhat heavy—and yet very good!

If you are interested in experimenting with beer cookery beyond the suggestions I've made on the opposite page, you'll find that almost any entree ordinarily made with wine will come out entirely different, but exceedingly tasty, if cooked with beer.

Adventuring in food preparation is one of the greatest thrills that can happen to a cook, man or woman. And beer is something to be adventured with. It can be used with vigor, unlike herbs and spices, without overwhelming the dishes in which it is used.

Try some of these dishes in your experimenting. For a salad of macaroni, green pepper, pickles and bologna cubes, make a dressing of beer fixed with mayonnaise—½ cup each. Baste a baked ham with beer. Try using half beer, half consommé in making onion soup.

In preparing chicken aspic use half beer, half chicken stock—wonderful flavor. Try softening bleu, Roquefort or Brie cheese with beer to spread on *canapés*. And put a little beer into chopped beef with the other seasonings you like, before forming hamburger cakes.

Remember that in *all* beer cooking you should open the can or bottle and let it stand fifteen minutes before using the beer. And remember, too, that beer to drink goes well with any dish cooked in beer.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RAWLINGS STUDIO
DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM C. LAURITZEN

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Link Sausages in Beer

1½ pounds link sausages; 1 medium onion, sliced; 1 tablespoon bacon fat; 2 cups beer (about); 1 bay leaf; 3 peppercorns; salt; 2 tablespoons flour. Brown sausages and onion in bacon fat. Add 1 cup beer, bay leaf and peppercorns. Bring to boil and continue cooking until half the beer has boiled away. Salt to taste. Add enough beer to cover sausages. Simmer for 15-20 minutes. Remove sausages. Strain sauce and thicken with flour. Pour over sausages and surround them with mashed potato ring.

Beer Soup with Milk

1½ cups beer; 1 pint milk; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 1 stick cinnamon; 2 egg yolks; salt to taste; 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel; croutons. Cook the beer with lemon juice and cinnamon until well heated. Heat milk (do not let it boil) and beat egg yolks into it. Combine the milk mixture with the beer, and add salt. Remove the cinnamon stick. Serve with a sprinkle of lemon peel and crisp croutons on top.

Veal Stewed in Beer

2 pounds of breast of veal, cut up; seasoned flour; 2 bay leaves; 1 green pepper, chopped; 1 large onion, chopped; 2 tomatoes, quartered; ½ pound mushrooms, quartered; 2 tablespoons salad oil; 1½ cups beer. Roll veal in seasoned flour. Brown in deep pot in hot fat. Add all other ingredients and simmer, tightly covered, until done (about 2½ hours). Thicken gravy, if desired. Excellent served with mashed sweet potatoes.

RECIPES SERVE 4

Beef-Beer Pot Roast

4 pounds of rump of beef; 3 tablespoons sugar; 1 tablespoon salt; 1 teaspoon powdered clove; 2 ice cubes; grated rind 1 large lemon; 1½ cups beer; ½ cup salad oil; 1 large onion, minced; bacon fat; 6 medium onions, peeled; 6 carrots, whole; 3 white turnips, halved. Mix sugar, salt, clove and cayenne. Add ice cubes, lemon rind and enough beer to make smooth paste. Add salad oil slowly, beating it in. Add remainder of beer and onion. Marinate beef in this mixture 24 hours, turning occasionally. Remove beef, reserving marinade. Brown beef in deep pot in bacon fat. Add marinade and enough water to cover. Cover pot and simmer 3 hours, adding vegetables during last hour.

Fish Fillets in Beer Sauce

3 pounds fillets of cod or haddock; 2 large onions, chopped; ¼ cup butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1½ cups beer; 2 tablespoons brown sugar; 5 peppercorns; 2 cloves; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 tablespoon vinegar; pimiento strips; parsley. Cut fillets for serving. Brown onions in butter; add flour, cook 3 minutes. Add beer and remaining ingredients except fish and vinegar. Cook over low heat, stirring, until thickened. Add fillets, cover and cook until fish is done. Add vinegar and cook 2 minutes longer. Remove fish. Strain sauce and serve over fish. Decorate with pimiento strips and parsley bouquets.

Squash-Beer Pie

2 cups cooked squash; ½ cup brown sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon powdered cloves; ½ teaspoon ginger; ½ teaspoon cinnamon; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 cups beer; 3 eggs. Combine dry ingredients and mix well into squash. Add beer and mix well. Add 2 eggs and 1 egg yolk, lightly beaten. Line 9-inch pie plate with pastry and fill with above mixture. Bake the pie at 350 degrees for a half-hour, or until set. Make meringue flavored with nutmeg and pipe a 1½-inch border of meringue around the edge of the pie. Turn the oven up to 375 degrees and return the pie to the oven until the meringue is lightly browned.

If you wish to receive file cards with these recipes printed on them, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Collier's Food Editor, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

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THE SHAME OF OUR LOCAL HEALTH DEPARTMENTS

Continued from page 13

the University of North Carolina, was engaged to investigate conditions in 1947.

Across the country, there are 6,000 communities with no public water works systems and 9,000 other towns and villages which need sewage systems. In rural areas, according to a recent report by Dr. Abel Wolman, of Johns Hopkins University, there are "more than 33,000,000 people who lack satisfactory sewage or excreta disposal facilities of the simplest type."

These primitive conditions could be eliminated through establishment of a network of well-staffed local health departments. But of all governmental services, this is the most forlorn and forgotten.

Why this nation-wide apathy toward a service that is the cheapest possible insurance against disease and death? The answer, probably, is YOU. What do you know about your local health department? It records your baby's birth and Uncle John's death and it tacks up a warning sign on the house up the block where the kids have the measles. But if you think—as many people do—that it's primarily a charity organization, you're wrong. It's a legitimate and vital part of your community government. As a taxpayer, it owes you definite services. You should see that you get them. Your life can depend on it.

Study the check list of seven basic services shown on opposite page. If you don't think your local department is providing them, find out why. Ask your councilman. When he sees you're concerned, he'll get concerned, too.

Smallpox Scare in New York

A good local health department is your ounce of prevention against communicable diseases. New Yorkers found that out two years ago when a visitor with smallpox imperiled the city's 8,000,000 inhabitants. Fortunately, the New York City Health Department staff was geared for a mass vaccination campaign. It checked the contagious terror before it could get started.

It took a typhoid epidemic in Alameda County, California, last year to secure funds for the elimination of a known polluted creek. And Grafton, West Virginia, had to be shown, too. Its taxpayers refused to spend $10,000 to start a local health department until the U.S. Public Health Service showed that illnesses that could have been prevented had cost the town more than $112,000 in the previous year alone.

An outbreak of diarrhea terrorized a hospital nursery in a Kansas town in late 1945. Twenty-six helpless infants were stricken. Nine died. An investigation revealed that polluted milk was responsible. It had been contaminated by water which had dripped into the milk through a dirty rag used around a leaking pipe joint. Great Bend had no local sanitarian to check the conditions under which the milk was produced. The epidemic was not checked until the State Board of Health took over. But that was small comfort for grieving parents who stood over coffins instead of cradles.

You think none of this death-dealing sudden terror could happen to you or your community? Don't be too sure. Your town may be next. Disease-carrying flies, mosquitoes and rats don't discriminate—the right or wrong side of the tracks, and city and state borders mean nothing to them. The germs born on the alley garbage tomorrow morning can be on your plate by lunchtime.

Delegates to a recent public health conference dinner in Mitchell, Indiana, were stricken by food poisoning. One of the most common complaints, you can get food poisoning from almost any dish prepared in an uninspected eating spot. It can come from vermin in the pantry, a dirty dish, a chef with an infected finger, or the sneezing waitress with a germ-laden handkerchief.

Another easily caught infection is ringworm, usually traceable to your barber's unsterilized combs and clippers. But there are other sources, too, as the parents of 500 school children in a Maryland town discovered three years ago. The youngsters' ringworm was traced to germ-infested back rests on the seats of the local movie theater.

Despite the genuine need for greater public health protection, many towns still pay more attention to the health of pigs and pets than of human beings. The dog pound often boasts a more attractive building than the local health department. And the average jail is a show place compared to the usual health department's dilapidated, or even condemned, quarters.

Dr. Reginald Atwater, head of the American Public Health Association, told a U.S. Senate Committee in 1946 that "less than 10 per cent of the health departments in this country are provided with physical facilities even approaching reasonable standards of decency."

Today the health department picture is complicated by a desperate personnel problem. More than 30,000 vacancies exist all over the United States for full-time health officers, sanitarians, nurses, technicians, health educators and other public health workers. Staff members are resigning faster than they can be replaced chiefly because of the scandalously low salaries. Only true missionary spirit keeps present public health workers in their underpaid, and often unappreciated, positions. Few new people are entering the field.

In a northwest town recently, a tuberculosis X-ray technician quit his job because he could make more money as a dishwasher. Dr. A. L. Chapman, of the U.S. Public Health Service, warns, "Too many health department employees are now being hired solely on the basis of how little pay they will accept—even though experience and efficiency should be the only yardstick for employment."

The shortage of public health nurses has been widely publicized. But the scarcity does not end there. Twenty-two states have no public health dentists. Twenty-eight states lack nutritionists. Sixteen states need health educators in their local health departments.

Many Jobs; Few Applicants

The most critical shortage is in health officers. There has been a 75 per cent turnover in state health officers alone in the past six years. When a Kellogg Foundation executive in Michigan asked a federal agency for help in filling a health officer vacancy, he got this reply: "Can you help *us?* We need nine hundred!"

Because of sweatshop salaries, qualified doctors spurn health officer posts. The job too often attracts only the idealistic, inexperienced youth or the aged, infirm pensioner. Until recently, a ninety-six-year-old doctor was the one-man health department of Hendricks County, Indiana. Though unable to leave his home without assistance, the health of the county's 20,000 residents was entrusted to his care.

Florida, however, has no health office vacancies. Able state health officer Wilson T. Sowder has raised salaries. But Kentucky, for example, has a constitutional limitation of $5,000 for the state health officer's annual salary.

Most authorities agree that the health officer for a state, or even a county, should have this background: four years of college, four years of medical school, at least one year of internship for his M.D., one year in postgraduate public health school, and three or four years' experience in public health work. At

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today's prices, $96.15 a week in return for 14 years' preparation is not likely to attract a swarm of candidates.

Another serious drawback to expert public health protection is the fact that many full-time, as well as part-time, health officers are not even doctors. That is especially true in three of our most heavily populated states, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Instead of a doctor, the man who guards the community's health may be a farmer, baker, butcher, salesman, or any untrained person who will take the job. One such untrained health official in Maryland tried to check a milk-borne typhoid epidemic by banning the sale of watermelons.

Even among medically qualified officials, there is a tendency to regard public health jobs as sinecures. Pittsburgh physicians have a stock gag when a fellow doctor is appointed to the city health department, "I didn't know he had a heart attack." Another by-product of the underpaid public health office is the part-time official who conducts his private medical practice along with his public job. Too often, under such conditions, the health of a comparatively few private patients is purchased at the cost of the community's well-being.

Politics, unfortunately, also hampers efficient administration of health departments in many communities. Not only in preventing competent people from being hired and incompetents from being fired, but often interfering directly with vitally needed preventive measures.

One "public be damned" case happened in a large Eastern city which has been plagued by food poisoning and polio outbreaks. Within the past six years, that city has fired three health officers. Well-substantiated evidence indicated the first health officer lost his job because he tried to enforce local milk ordinances opposed by a powerful dairy company. The next official was asked to resign when he attempted to carry out restaurant sanitation regulations. The third was ousted for trying to clean up rivers around town which might have been responsible for polio outbreaks.

Yet it need not be that way. An aroused citizenry can remove public health from political control as Dr. Florence R. Sabin proved in Colorado four years ago. The seventy-six-year-old internationally famous bacteriologist, back home to retire after a brilliant scientific career, was appalled by the primitive health conditions she found in her native state.

She began stumping the state to awaken Coloradans to the value of sanitation and preventive medical services. She cited the state's shameful death rate from preventable diseases, its miserly 10 cents per capita allotment for public health, its politically controlled state health department, its 58 counties (out of 63) which had no local health bureaus.

Public indignation mounted and the politicians began to see the light. They withdrew their opposition to the new, health-protecting legislation; and today, Colorado has begun one of the nation's most progressive public health programs.

Colorado's former pinchpenny approach to local health protection is still standard procedure in many states. Eleven states contributed absolutely nothing to the support of local health departments in 1946. Some of our richest and most populous states— Pennsylvania, for example—fork over only a few mills per capita to local health units. Although the American Public Health Association recommends a minimum of $1.50 per person for health protection, local governments have been spending an average of 61 cents.

However, money is not the only problem. Teamwork between neighboring towns and counties is badly needed. Many city and county health departments, often located within a few blocks of each other, provide overlapping and confusing services. Some city bureaus are forbidden to extend their services to unprotected county areas. Recently, an old man was found dead in the outlying regions of a Middle Western city. Doctors said he might have been saved by competent nursing care. But his district had no visiting nurse service. Fifteen minutes away in the city, there were 74 public health nurses.

We have almost 20,000 local health departments of varying degrees of proficiency in the U.S. but need only 1,200 really good ones to protect the nation, according to the A.P.H.A. Common-

How Does Your Local Health Department Rate?

These seven basic services are the minimum your local health department should give to your community according to recommendations of the U.S. Public Health Service and the American Public Health Association. For a picture of the adequacy of your local health department, check "yes" or "no" in the boxes opposite the description of each of the basic services. Remember, seven "yes" checks mean you are receiving only minimum health protection.

1. VITAL STATISTICS *yes* ☐ *no* ☐

Record births, deaths and sickness and make such records available for use in planning community health programs and drives.

2. CONTROL OF COMMUNICABLE DISEASES *yes* ☐ *no* ☐

Perform the necessary activities for the control of communicable and preventable diseases such as tuberculosis, venereal diseases and communicable childhood illnesses.

3. ENVIRONMENTAL SANITATION *yes* ☐ *no* ☐

Provide pure water, milk and food and maintain standards for healthful housing, working conditions, proper sewage disposal and safety in home, school and shop.

4. MATERNAL, INFANT AND CHILD HYGIENE *yes* ☐ *no* ☐

Supervise the health of the mother and child from pregnancy through the child's school years. Maintain a check on remediable defects in children's eyes, hearing, teeth, nutrition and posture, and provide for their correction either directly or through existing community facilities.

5. LABORATORY SERVICE *yes* ☐ *no* ☐

Provide a public health laboratory service both to carry out the work of the health official and public nurse and to assist local practicing doctors in diagnosis and treatment.

6. HEALTH EDUCATION *yes* ☐ *no* ☐

Maintain a program for community education in modern biology and public sanitation.

7. CHRONIC DISEASES *yes* ☐ *no* ☐

Determine the cause and means of controlling chronic diseases existing in the community, and teach proper living so they may be avoided.

wealth Fund study, Local Health Units of the Nation, headed by Dr. Haven Emerson. Many health units are in such tiny tax districts that they cannot afford the most rudimentary services. Georgia's 159 counties, most of them rural, and Minnesota's 87 counties, many with scattered population of less than 10,000, are good examples.

Without heavy taxation no community or regional unit with much less than 50,000 population can adequately support a well-equipped health department today. Since only one seventh of our 3,000-odd counties have that many residents, authorities recommend that sparsely settled counties form joint health departments designed to cover areas of 50,000 or more population.

That would permit the employment of this model staff, recommended by the American Public Health Association: one public health doctor for every 50,000 people, one sanitarian for every 25,000, one clerk for every 15,000, one nurse for every 5,000.

A logical argument for the joint, integrated health department is that advanced by public health expert Martha Luginbuhl: "When your county wants a highway, it doesn't build it and then hope by some miracle it will connect with the highways of other counties."

Alert communities, like Seattle and King County in Washington, Buffalo and Erie County in New York, and Charleston and Kanawha County in West Virginia, are now pooling their services to provide a connecting highway to health.

Among the states now working toward integrated programs are California, Colorado, Washington, Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, New York and Indiana.

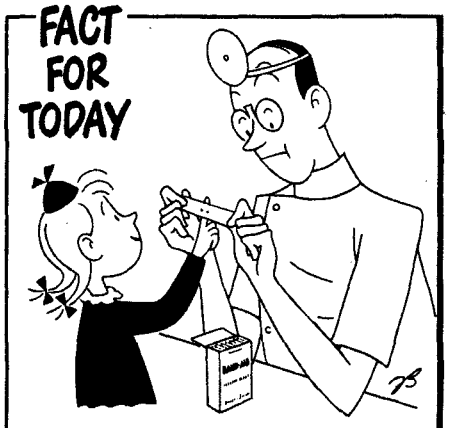
Representatives of 65 national organizations met in New York last month to draw up a blueprint for a truly nationwide public health program. Their dual objectives; more unified health services, and more public interest in local health conditions. But they can't do it alone. A real grass-roots movement for better public health is the only sure way to success. It must start with you.

You can do your part by helping organize a "health council" in your community, composed of professional and volunteer health groups and local civic organizations. The National Health Council in New York City, which is coordinating the public health department streamlining movement, will help you start one. Write them at 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Additional support for better public health services is provided in a nonpartisan bill to be introduced in the 81st Congress. It would call for federal aid to local health departments, perhaps up to 50 cents per capita. Whatever the sum, it would be matched by both the state and local community, making a total of $1.50 per capita, or the minimum amount recommended for adequate protection by the A.P.H.A.

Chief sponsors of the proposed legislation are the approximately 30,000 chapters and 5,000,000 members of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. PTA president Mrs. L. W. Hughes says, "This nation is looked up to for its pre-eminence in medicine, sanitation and cleanliness. Yet so long as millions of our people live under primitive public health conditions, we must bow our heads in shame."

These are thought-provoking words for a nation whose first public health law dates back to the one quarantining eighteenth-century merchant ships entering Boston Harbor. How far have we come since Paul Revere headed Boston's first board of health? Has our concern for the physical well-being of our people kept pace with our progress in industrial effort, scientific achievement and cultural development? Or have we forgotten Ben Franklin's reminder that "public health is public wealth?" ☐☐☐



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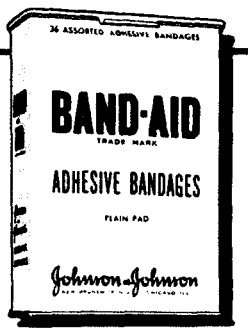

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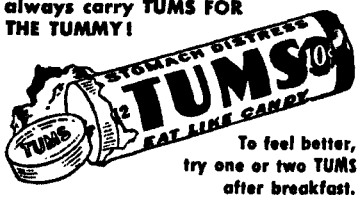

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Snow is a cold, relentless enemy to winterbound sparrows like these

Let's Feed Mr. and Mrs. Hungry Bird

By HELEN GERE CRUICKSHANK

During these bitter winter days our feathered friends need help. If they don't find food they will die. The Post Office Department is co-operating in carrying out an idea which will save untold numbers of birds who do so much to aid mankind

THIS is the season of the year when one of man's best friends, the bird, comes upon hard times. In many parts of the northern states, from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, its natural food is buried under snow or encased in a coating of ice too hard for probing bills to penetrate. Thousands of birds will die of starvation before the warm spring sun releases the hibernating insects and uncovers the burgeoning weeds.

To survive, birds need help. And they deserve it, because every bird that dies during the winter represents an actual cash loss to American agriculture and a decline in the health of our fields, gardens and forests. Throughout most of the year, birds consume astronomical numbers of insects and weed seeds, and cram fabulous quantities into the gaping mouths of their young, which sometimes require almost their own weight in food each day.

For example, consider the chickadee, a tiny bird weighing just a few ounces. Scientists have estimated that in Michigan alone the chickadees gobble up eight billion insects annually. During the laying season for cankerworms, one lone chickadee will destroy 5,000 eggs every day. Cankerworms do enormous damage to fruit and shade trees.

The Department of Agriculture says that without the birds, the damage done to trees and crops by insects each year would be increased by some $400,000,000.

This is really a very conservative estimate of the value of birds to mankind. Many scientists go much further. The famous French historian and naturalist, Jules Michelet, said long ago that "if it were not for birds no human being could live upon the earth, for the insects upon which birds live would destroy all vegetation."

There is now a new way, made possible by the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELEN CRUICKSHANK AND W. BRYANT TYRELL FROM NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

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"I'm from Milwaukee—and I ought to know . . ."

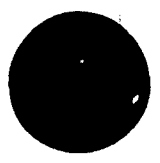
says *Hank Marino*

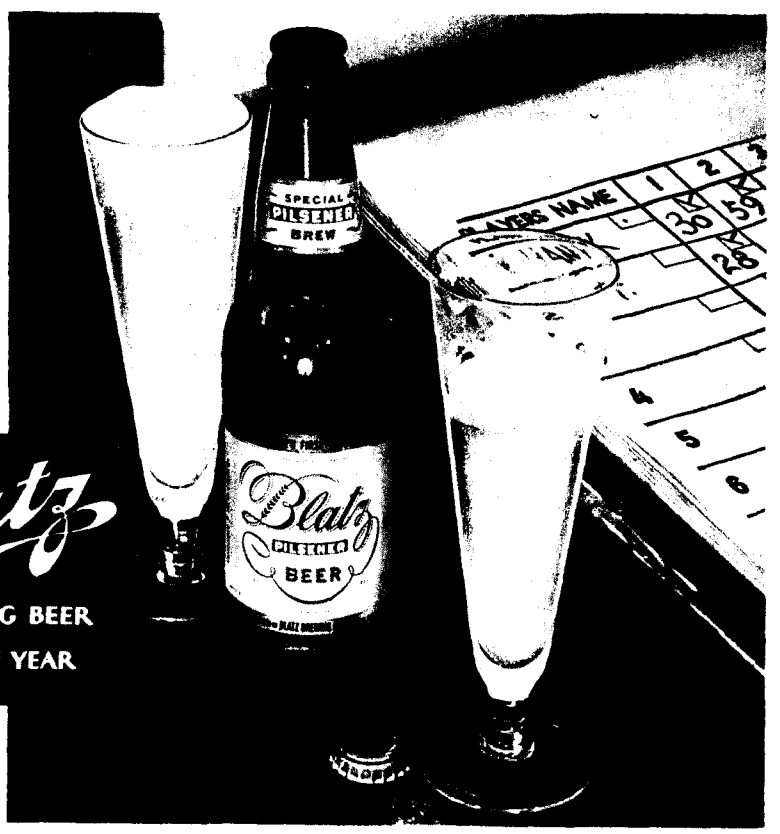
Four-time National Match Game Bowling Champion of 536 W. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer"

Hank is now retired from competition, but he still bowls with championship form.

"And between games, I still enjoy a glass of Blatz, my favorite beer," says Hank.





"I always bowl my best when the competition is keen," says Hank Marino. "And I have a hunch that same principle accounts for Blatz Beer's championship quality. For, of all the fine beers brewed here in Milwaukee, premium-beer capital of the nation, the very *finest* is Blatz. I'm from Milwaukee, and I ought to know!" Hank Marino has had his pick of the best, so why don't you profit from his experience? Try Blatz today . . . and taste for yourself why it's Milwaukee's *finest* beer!

Blatz

BETTER TASTING BEER FOR THE 98TH YEAR

BLATZ IS MILWAUKEE'S *first* BOTTLED BEER

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THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUMAN

Continued from page 23

and the war began. Out of that war came peace among the States and unity.

"The Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan might be a little like provisioning Fort Sumter. They might lead to war. Now, as then, there are appeasers everywhere, hollering for us to get out of Europe, knuckle down to Russia. But Truman's mission is clear to him. His job is bigger than Lincoln's ever was. Old Abe merely had to save the Union. Truman is called on to save the world."

History will judge whether Truman is a Lincoln, or an Andrew Johnson, the tailor who succeeded Lincoln, or an even lesser figure in the Presidential succession. The important thing is that back in Kansas City and in Missouri, which comes closer than most states to being America in miniature, people aren't worried about the future.

Harry Jobes isn't worried and neither is Monsignor Tiernan whom everyone, including the President, calls Father or Padre. Jobes is a tall, leathery man who is getting on in years to the point of being touchy about his age. He is an assistant director of the local Reconstruction Finance Corporation and what Truman calls "a damn' Republican" when introducing him to others.

Father Tiernan is a big, hearty Irishman with blue eyes, a pug nose and a round head as bald as a cue ball and, in some matters, just as hard. He was chaplain of the 129th Field Artillery of which Battery D formed a part. Truman captained the battery and Jobes was its paymaster. Neither can remember when they didn't know the man Truman.

We sat and talked in the parlor of Jobes's comfortable home along Brush Creek. Both agreed that if it is humanly possible "to make peace with those Russians," and to keep America safe and prosperous, the President will do it. They never referred to their friend as "Harry" or "Truman." It was always "the President" or "Mr. Truman."

"He is a sharp one in a deal," Jobes recalled. "Joe Stalin will have to step some to get ahead of the President. He sure got the best of us once, didn't he, Padre?"

Father Tiernan removed an aromatic stump of a stogie, leaned back in his rocker and laughed hard enough to make the glasses and decanter tinkle on the tray at his elbow. "You mean those durn' sweaters?" he said.

Jobes nodded affirmatively, smiling his thin smile.

"He was Lieutenant Truman then," Jobes said, "and boss of the regimental canteen back in 1917 before the unit went overseas. During the six months he ran it he showed a net profit of $15,000.

"He had some sweaters that weren't moving. One day he passed the word around, giving us to understand he was doing us all a special, personal favor, that he had an unusual bargain in sweaters at six dollars each. We mobbed the canteen like women at a piece-goods sale.

"Before the day was out, Lieutenant Truman had unloaded his entire stock of sweaters. I forget how many dozens he had. But I do remember that I audited the books. Those sweaters had only cost him $36 a dozen, only three dollars apiece, for a neat 100 per cent profit."

While Jobes fetched more ice from the kitchen, Father Tiernan took up the Truman saga. No, he had never had even the faintest idea that his friend might one day be President. But he wasn't surprised when it happened.

"Harry Truman had integrity," the padre reflected, "and more than normal intelligence. There is no limit, in a free society, to what men with those attributes can attain.

"We noticed, those of us who were close to him, that as he went up to district judge and then presiding judge, the Senate and finally the Vice-Presidency, he developed. He became increasingly well-read, easier with people."

Jobes returned and resumed the Truman story.

"All I ask of a man is integrity," he said, "and Truman's got it. I loaned him $500 once. He paid me back, on the nail. And if you can't take my word for Mr. Truman's honesty, just look at the record hereabouts. He built miles and miles of roads and the county courthouse, prettiest in the state. Guess he spent about $30,000,000.

"Seven times his political opponents audited his books. They never found a penny's worth of graft. Sure, Mr. Truman was helped by Tom Pendergast and Pendergast was no good.

"But this is true, too. Pendergast needed Mr. Truman a lot more than Mr. Truman needed him. There were no strings on Mr. Truman. He never once gave a job to a Pendergast man which called for handling money. Believe me, if he had, the Kansas City Star would have hanged him."

They couldn't have rehearsed what followed. Both fell silent. I asked them to tell me, simply, just how big a man their friend was or might be. Father Tiernan spoke first.

"He might," the padre said, "be another Ben Franklin, both self-educated, humble, intelligent. Mr. Truman, it seems to me, may have more moral stability than Franklin did. But I guess he is more like Lincoln than any President I've read about. . . ."

Eddie Jacobson added his brush strokes to the Truman portrait. Eddie is what in the men's clothing and accessories business is known as a "short stout" with a generous nose, gray-blue eyes, and a kindly, patient mouth. He is a bald and fastidiously neat man of the Jewish faith.

After both were mustered out of the Army, in 1919, he and Truman became partners in the haberdashery on Twelfth Street. But Eddie knew Truman long before that.

The National Guard, Battery D and a red convertible of a make long since discontinued, a Stafford, brought the two together.

We talked in a room barely large enough for a small desk, two chairs and a filing cabinet, in one corner of his big, up-to-date store at Thirty-ninth and Main. An enormous blow-up of a Truman campaign picture was on one wall. In the photo the President waves a hat. Truman had borrowed the hat from Eddie—size 7⅛.

"I guess," said Eddie, "that I remember that red roadster best about the Truman of 1917. He dashed about town in it, wearing his first lieutenant's uniform. He was courting Bess Wallace then. He was the envy of every young blood in town. He had a pretty girl and the best-looking car. I wanted to drive that car the worst way—and I did—but I'm getting ahead of my story.

"Truman had organized the battery, mostly of volunteers. We had barracks in the old Kansas City Convention Hall and the food was monotonous. We wanted steak once in a while and ice cream, maybe, instead of beans and hash. So I got an idea.

"We were slated to go on maneuvers for a few days. Every man and woman, boy and girl in Kansas City was interested in the battery. So, I figured, it would be a swell idea to make movies of the maneuvers, show them when we returned and have a dance afterward, the proceeds to go to buying the extras which would make the men's mess a lot more appetizing. I broached the idea to Lieutenant Truman and he liked it. He said for me to go ahead.

"I suggested, though, that I'd have to run around town a lot, talking with people and fetching and carrying. There wasn't much time to organize the affair. I needed an automobile. The lieutenant cocked his head at me, grinned, swallowed hard and said I could use the roadster.

"A friend, Jim Miller, and I loved that little car. We swished around the place, top down, showing off like mad. The car had speed and pickup—too much. We smashed it up. It couldn't possibly be repaired in time for Lieutenant Truman to take Miss Wallace to the dance. He looked very stern when we told him what had happened. He said he knew two candidates for the guardhouse if the show didn't make a lot of money for the boys."

But the show went so well that Truman picked Eddie as his assistant to run the regimental canteen. Eddie became Sergeant Jacobson and helped Truman make the enterprise a financial success.

Later, in the Vosges Mountains, an incident proved conclusively to Eddie that his friend, then Captain Truman, had what is commonly called "guts." Battery D had been bracketed by enemy fire. German shells fell to one side of the battery's position and then, equidistant, to the other, in range. The next round would find the battery.

When a Sergeant Got Panicky

"One of the sergeants," Eddie recalled, "went chicken and hollered, 'Every man for himself!' Captain Truman was standing near by, studying fire-order reports and preparing to make counterbattery on the enemy positions. He heard the sergeant yell, whipped out his automatic and shouted, 'I'll shoot any — — — — — who leaves his gun!' The men went back to their jobs. We got the German battery in the next few minutes. It must have been on the 27th or 28th of September, 1918. I'll never forget it. . . ."

When the war ended, Jacobson and Truman, remembering their success in the canteen, hit on the idea of running a haberdashery together. All their friends, they reasoned, would need civilian clothes. Eddie didn't want to hit the road, selling shirts, as he had done before the war. And Truman, who had exacted a promise from the strong-willed Bess Wallace that she would marry him after he returned from France, needed money. He did not want to go back to the farm.

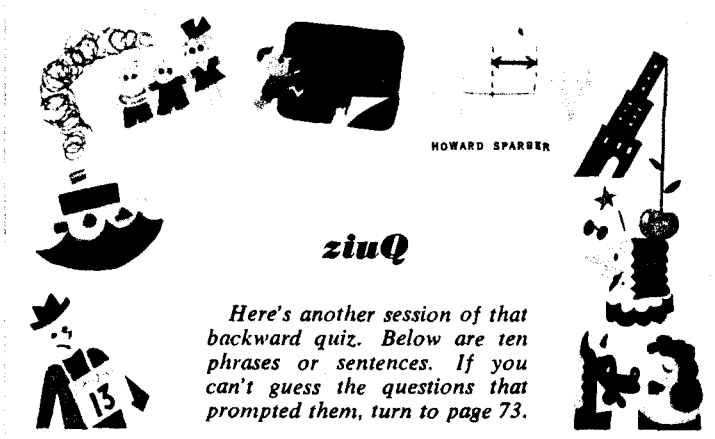
On November 29, 1919, the firm of Truman & Jacobson began operations. Both Eddie and Harry worked as salesmen. They kept open until 9:00 P.M. six days a week and, at first, the firm prospered. Truman & Jacobson's became a rendezvous for the boys of Battery D. The men, pockets bulging with severance pay, bought suits, shirts, hats, neckties and shoes freely. The partners increased their stocks, plowing profits back into inventory.

But the bust followed the boom. The boys couldn't find jobs. They took to telling their troubles to Captain Truman and to borrowing small sums from him for the birth of a baby or other emergency. When someone came in asking for Captain Harry, Eddie knew it was a touch and not a sale. When a customer asked for Captain Truman a cash sale was likely. But an inquiry for Captain Harry invariably meant goods on the cuff or a request for a loan.

Nevertheless it wasn't Truman's generosity which brought disaster to the haberdashery. Every dollar that the President-to-be lent was eventually repaid. What sent Truman & Jacobson down the drain were the conditions which wiped out several hundred thousand small businesses in the depression of the early twenties.

In 1922, Truman & Jacobson might have gone into formal bankruptcy and paid off the firm's debts at a few cents on the dollar. The lawyers said this could be done and the firm's "legal obligations" discharged. "I don't care about the legal obligations," Truman insisted. "I'm worried about the moral obligations to our creditors. We're going to pay them all." It took 20 years—until 1942—for the debts of Truman & Jacobson, Men's Outfitters, to be liquidated in full.

Jacobson, too, found certain Lincolnesque qualities in the man who was his commanding officer, business partner and friend. "Maybe," said Eddie, "he doesn't talk with Lincoln's style. He may



Here's another session of that backward quiz. Below are ten phrases or sentences. If you can't guess the questions that prompted them, turn to page 73.

1. A man Friday.
2. Steamboat, cotton gin, steam engine.
3. Selected short subjects.
4. James Stewart, Robert Taylor.
5. An apple fell on his head.
6. In Pisa, Italy.
7. (A) Fee, fi, fo, fum.
   (B) Mairzy doats and dozy doats.
   (C) Papa, potatoes, prunes and prisms.
8. Approximately half a cord a day.
9. Omaha, Armed, Man o' War, Citation, Assault.
10. Lana Turner has sex appeal.

—CARL H. WINSTON

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not have Lincoln's literary gifts. But he has his tolerance and compassion."

He illustrated what he meant.

"Battery D," said Eddie with his patient smile, "started out to be a strictly Irish outfit. Well, there were a lot of Irish boys in it and the unit was called 'The Fighting Irish.' It included a lot of good Catholic boys. But it had a few Jews, too, and plenty of Protestants.

"It was certainly a test of Harry Truman's tolerance to run that battery. If he gave a Catholic K.P., the boy's fellow Catholics griped that Baptist Truman was discriminating against Catholics. If he disciplined a Protestant, the Protestants accused him of trying to curry favor with the Catholics. Actually he treated all of us, Jews included, with utmost fairness and consideration. We gave him a loving cup when it was all over. That man has the gift of friendship."

Truman's closest friend of the early years probably was Tom Evans. He is a ruddy, square-jawed man of fifty-six who would look forty but for his white hair. With Clive Payne he owns and operates a chain of 90 drugstores in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma and is one of the President's few "rich" friends. Tom, like Truman, came up the hard way, fighting every step for an education and a livelihood.

Tom was married at sixteen and a politician at thirteen. He was a full-fledged Goat, then. The Goats were the Pendergast boys. On the Missouri side of the Kansas City of those days there were no Republicans to speak of, only Goats and another Democratic faction known as Rabbits, led by Joe Shannon.

"In a choice between being a Goat or a Rabbit what was a boy to be but a Goat?" Tom Evans laughed.

The Goats met every Thursday night in the Tenth Ward Democratic Club. Tom Evans went when he could find time from his 12- and 14-hours-a-day job selling drugs. Truman, then a serious, studious young man of twenty-four, came in from the Grandview farm, riding in his Stafford.

Hard-Saved Dimes for Books

"He stood out from us roughnecks," Evans remembered. "He had more book learning. Mother Truman and he saved dimes from the house money for books. The first books the President ever owned, he told me once, were bought with those hard-saved dimes: a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica and a 40-volume edition of the works of William Shakespeare."

Tom was one of the few young bloods of the neighborhood who didn't join Battery D. He went into the chemical warfare branch and lost track of his friend Truman during the war years. But when, in 1920, Tom Evans and Clive Payne—night-school registered pharmacists—opened their first drugstore at Twenty-sixth and Prospect, Truman dropped in regularly for tooth paste and shaving cream or a soda in the "ice cream parlor" part of the store, sometimes with Bess.

As a first-class salesman, Tom had the makings of a politician. "A politician is the same as a salesman," he says. "He merely sells an idea or a personality instead of merchandise." He worked for Truman every time the latter ran for office including the one and only time that Truman lost a campaign. That was in November, 1924, when running for county judge.

In 1944, Tom became Truman's chief fund raiser and manager for his campaign for the Vice-Presidency.

"The most interesting thing about that Vice-Presidential campaign," Evans said, "was that Mr. Truman wouldn't let us accept any checks from contributors unless he cleared them first. He wanted to make absolutely sure that no contributions came from anyone who had war contracts. At the time he was head of the committee that was investigating profiteering and malpractices in war production. Still, we managed to raise $40,000, spent only $28,000 and had $12,000 to start the ball rolling when he ran for President."

Did his friends expect Truman to win? Until he began to campaign in earnest, most of them were downcast about his chances. They worked hard to elect him. But until Truman started gathering crowds at whistle stops and tank towns, even his best friends secretly believed he would lose in November. They bet on him, but counted the money lost.

Difficult Promises to Keep

It will be difficult enough in the four years ahead, for Truman to fulfill the promises of the Democratic platform to lower prices, raise wages, kill the Taft-Hartley Act and generally bring peace and prosperity to the world and the nation. But it will be far more difficult for him to live up to the dimensions in which his friends see him.

They all expect him to "do what's right." It may be significant that Truman's most prized possession is a framed Mark Twain epigraph: "Always do right— This will gratify some and astonish the rest." The words, in Mark Twain's own handwriting, dated February 16, 1901, are framed and occupy a place on the console table behind the President's massive mahogany desk among the family pictures.

The man who sits behind that desk in the Oval Room of the White House, signing his name from 200 to 600 times a day, poring over papers and often working a 12-hour day, couldn't possibly look less like the Lincoln whom his friends see in him. He is short and stocky and as tidy as a well-machined casting.

But the man who rises to greet you with a firm handshake and a smile that says he is glad to see you and means it is as friendly as a fox terrier with that breed's final reticence, too. At sixty-four he is aglow with health and physically not much changed from the man he was a year ago. Nor is the Presidency likely to alter him much in the years immediately ahead. He comes of durable stock. His mother lived to be ninety-four and an aunt lived to be one hundred and one.

Secretaries and those of his friends who see him constantly like to say that the President "hasn't changed" or is "the same old Harry." Those who see him more rarely find a new dignity in the man and a new self-assurance. His speech retains its Jacksonian earthiness but has lost all trace of that self-pity which often led him to refer to the White House as a "prison."

From remarks he has dropped to intimates, it is evident that the problem uppermost in the President's mind is peace. He wants to go down in history as the President of the Peace.

He is determined to exhaust every effort to find a formula which will ensure peace. He does not even exclude the possibility that he may induce Premier Stalin to come to Washington for a conference. "I'm sure," he told a friend, "that if I could get Stalin to talk face to face we could settle the differences between us."

It received only passing notice from the newspapers but on October 26, 1945, Truman made a gesture which seems to bear out the hopes of his friends: He broke out a new Presidential flag in the White House, containing a redesigned Presidential seal. It replaced one adopted by Woodrow Wilson in 1916 showing the American eagle with its head turned toward the talon holding the arrows of war. Truman had the seal changed with the eagle's head turned toward the talon holding the olive branch.

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 22

"Oh, is he?" Jack said. His eyes studied her, almost impersonally, Agatha thought. Meeting his steady gaze she flushed and said, "Jack, I'm going to confess. I didn't have a headache the other night. You see, I was planning to do something impractical, and when someone does something impractical she lets her lawyer know *post factum*, not in advance, doesn't she? After I left you that night I went to see Oscar and we planned all this."

"I knew you had someone on your mind," he said. "And I knew it wasn't I." His smile removed the impersonal mask from his face. "Still, I forgive you. How about taking a later train tonight and having dinner with me first?"

Agatha thought a moment. "I can take the nine o'clock. I'd love it, Jack."

"I'll reserve a table at the Petite Marmite. I'll meet you there at seven."

She and Oscar went down to Leo's Place together in a taxicab. Walter had reported for work and was sweeping out when they entered the bar. The Yankees were in the fifth inning and a dozen customers were watching television. Agatha took Walter aside and said, "Walter, the waiter always gets the blame, you say. The waiter never gets a break. Isn't that right?"

"That's right," Walter said.

"Well, then," Agatha said, "how would you like to be manager pro tem?"

"Pro what?"

"For the time being," Agatha said, "you want to take over Leo's Place? Oscar's going to manage Lefty."

"I'm a waiter, Aggie," Walter said, "you got to have a waiter."

"Afraid, Walter?" Agatha asked.

"I didn't say I wouldn't take it," Walter said. "I said I didn't want it. I don't want the headaches."

"But you'll take it?"

"What's another headache?"

Agatha turned to Oscar. "Here's the new manager."

Oscar insisted they all have a drink on it at the end of the bar.

AT SEVEN o'clock Agatha found Jack Barlow waiting at the small bar of the restaurant. They had cocktails before they went to their table, and he said, "I've been wondering what you're letting yourself in for, Agatha, and I've been wondering why."

"Well?" Agatha said.

"Was life pretty dull in Menasset?"

"Dull enough," Agatha said. "Not dreary dull. Just comfortably dull, like hash for dinner. Why?"

"I was wondering," he said. "You have an electric quality about you. High tension. I was just speculating. A girl from Connecticut, from one of our advanced women's colleges, with some knowledge of literature and the arts and so forth, comes to town and picks up a prize fighter, a good-looking young fellow with nice eyes, as you pointed out, and takes him home with her to put him back on his feet. I was only wondering why."

"As to the why," Agatha said lightly, "I don't know myself."

They went to their table, and Lefty Langan was not mentioned again during dinner. But when they were having coffee and liqueurs Jack leaned back in his chair and looked at her. "It's not maternal, Agatha?" Jack said.

Agatha met his steady gaze, and smiled. "If you think my attempt to put Lefty on his feet is because of a mad, consuming passion," she said lightly, "forget it." She sat up straighter. "By golly, that is what you think, isn't it?"

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that," he said in a tone that indicated it was precisely what he meant.

Agatha looked at him, pressed her lips together, and said sharply, "Now look here, Jack, I don't like this examining of motives and emotions. I found that my life was pretty empty and I'm trying to fill it up, that's all."

There was no further discussion of Agatha's motives, whatever they were. Agatha thought that she knew quite well what they were. She had simply been bored, and fed up, and an opportunity for excitement had presented itself. Yes, she had felt sorry for Lefty Langan, and her interest had been quickened, as any normal young woman's would be, by his lithe, graceful movements, his brilliant eyes and his soft, deliberate voice. But that was all.

Jack took her to Grand Central in a cab, and as they parted at the train gate Agatha said, "I hope you'll come out some week end and see how we're doing."

COLLIER'S "You sure can make a mess out of only twenty-six letters, can't you?" FRANK OWEN

Once she was settled on the late train, Agatha prepared her thoughts for the transition to Menasset. She had gone much deeper into this thing than she had ever intended, and she felt that her mother was going to be a problem. Her day with Lefty Langan would surely affect her mother's attitude, one way or the other, and Agatha was anxiously expectant when she met Gwen on the station platform at Menasset.

Gwen's greeting was, "Agatha, do you know what that boy did? He shot a seventy-nine!"

Agatha smiled. "Lefty did?"

"Frank, yes. He cut a pretty wide swath at the country club, Agatha, and he handled himself very well. You see, I had to concede he was a boxer. Sort of a Mr. Tunney, I said. Everybody knew it anyway."

"Because of Charlie Harper."

"Yes, and the man at the five-and-ten. You see, Frank wanted a jumping rope and he bought it in the five-and-ten, and two tennis balls. He's been going around squeezing tennis balls, to tighten his grip or something, and Mrs. Wills said as long as he had to squeeze something he could squeeze the oleo and color it. So he did."

"I gather you and Lefty got along all right?" Agatha said.

Gwen smiled faintly, watching the road. "I wish you'd been out at the country club, Agatha. That Selma Morrow made a beeline for Lefty," Gwen said. "I mean Frank. She made a beeline for him and wangled him for dinner Friday night."

"We'll call that off," Agatha said sharply. "He's in training." She thought that the moment was propitious and added, "By the way, we'll be having another visitor tomorrow."

"Who?"

"Oscar Gumper," Agatha said. "He ran the bar for Uncle Leo. He's going to help Lefty train."

"You mean he'll be staying with us, too, Agatha?"

"Mother," Agatha said, "now is the time to say yes or no. Oscar is Lefty's manager, and he's coming out here to train him. Our house will be a regular fight camp. If you object we can all go back to New York."

"I ought to say no," Gwen said. She turned the station wagon into the drive and braked. For a moment she sat in silence, then she said thoughtfully, "Agatha, suppose we make an agreement. If you go back to the library and behave yourself, and give this town a little less to talk about, I'll put up with this three-ring circus here at home. For a little while, I mean. For a week or so."

"Mother, it's a deal," Agatha cried. She patted Gwen's shoulder. "Hop out, and I'll put the car away."

Gwen got out, and Agatha slid behind the wheel. As she did so she saw that the house was dark, and said. "It's early to bed for Lefty, and I see he's already there."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Gwen said. "He's out with a girl."

"A girl? Selma Morrow?"

"No, not Selma Morrow. Some red-headed girl who showed up this evening. An old friend of Lefty's, I believe. She's staying at the Menasset House."

"Oh, Lord," Agatha said. "Lucille!"

"That's it," Gwen said. "Lucille. They went out to dinner and I lent them the convertible."

Agatha put the car in reverse and backed violently out of the drive. Gwen called, "Where are you going?"

"I'll be right back, Mother," Agatha said, and shot away down the hill.

THE Menasset House was on the main street, set back under the trees; its taproom, popular locally, was isolated in the east wing. Agatha recognized the Christopher convertible parked at the curb, and turned the station wagon in behind it. She hurried up a flagged walk to the entrance to the taproom, and as she opened the door a clear voice said, "Look who's here."

Selma Morrow was sitting at the bar with Charlie Harper. Selma was a lean, active girl with burning eyes.

"Come have a drink with us, Agatha," Charlie said.

Agatha shook her head. Her eyes swept the taproom, and she saw red hair bright under a wall lamp. Lefty was there with Lucille, his head bent, his big hands turning a matchbox over and over. Both were drinking highballs.

"Excuse me," Agatha said, and walked on across the taproom to Lefty's table. She was fiercely angry and her voice showed strain when she said, "Breaking training, Lefty?"

"Hi, Aggie," Lefty said.

"Hello, Lucille," Agatha said. "I hardly expected to find you out here."

Lefty said, "Sit down," and pulled out a chair for her, without getting up. Agatha sat down and Lucille said, "Oscar wouldn't tell me where Lefty went, but Lefty telephoned me today. He telephoned and asked me to come out."

"That's right," Lefty said. "Aggie, I had to talk it over with Lucille. I told her I'd quit the ring. I made her a promise, see?"

Agatha looked at him blankly, said, "Just what's happened? If you made a promise, it was already made before you came out here, wasn't it, yet you came out?" She turned to Lucille. "Don't you think it's something Lefty should decide for himself? He wants to fight, and I don't think anyone should make him *promise* not to."

"Lefty decided for himself," Lucille said.

Agatha spread her hands helplessly and said to Lefty, "Well, it's up to you. You can go back or you can stay here, but you've got to make up your mind once and for all. We're serious about this thing," Agatha said. "Oscar and I bought your contract from Benny Small. Oscar put in five hundred dollars and he's planning to be your manager."

Lucille's voice broke in sharply, "Lefty's not fighting any more, Miss Christopher."

Agatha went on talking to Lefty, "So if you quit and go back to the drugstore, Oscar is out five hundred dollars."

"Aggie—" Lefty began. He paused and looked down at his glass, picked it up, and took a swallow. He glanced at Lucille, then his eyes met Agatha's, withdrawn under the ridge of his brows. "Aggie, I don't belong out here, anyhow. This setup ain't right for me. I couldn't train out here, anyhow."

"Oscar's coming up in the morning," Agatha said. "Anything that's not right, we'll change. And if you still don't like it here, you can go back and train in Skelly's Gym."

"I don't know, Aggie," Lefty said. "You see I—Well, Lucille don't like it."

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Agatha burst out, "Can't you make your own decisions?"

Lucille said, "Now just a minute," in a rising voice. "This is between me and Lefty, Miss Christopher."

Agatha turned and looked at her. Lucille's lips were moist. Her voice was tight and wound-up. "I'm thinking of Lefty, not just myself," she said. "Miss Christopher, what do you know about the fight racket? You live out here in the country and drink cocktails and play golf and bridge and what do you know about the fights? Fighters get bumped around, they get to be push-overs. They get punchy. I'm thinking of Lefty," Lucille said. "That's all. That's why I don't want him to fight no more. My own brother is punchy from fighting—"

"Aggie, when I fought Lucille's brother he was out cold for twenty minutes," Lefty said. "It was his last fight. That's when I first met Lucille, after that fight that night." He shifted uneasily on his chair. "Yeah, I felt bad," he said. "The kid was crazy in the ring. He was laughing all the time and making silly faces at the crowd and I find out later they kept giving him fights because he gives the crowd a laugh. You know how it is. He was in there just for the laughs."

"That's what I mean," Lucille said. "That's the way the fight racket is. I don't want that to happen to Lefty, like it happened to my brother."

"He was easy to hit," Lefty went on. "But you had to just about beat his brains out to put him down. I helped Lucille take him home and we wrapped him up in blankets and we sat there all night. You can't blame Lucille for the way she feels about fights."

"I suppose not," Agatha said. She thought she understood the relationship between Lefty and Lucille. There was a compulsion on Lefty's part, because of the fight with Lucille's brother, and he found relief in her soft, enveloping affection.

"Lefty," she said, "are you afraid anything like that is going to happen to you? Are you afraid of being punchy?"

Lefty said, "I guess every fighter thinks about it sometime, Aggie." He looked at Lucille. So did Agatha.

"Of course I'm sorry about your brother, Lucille, but I wonder if it's Lefty's getting hurt you're afraid of. Maybe it's Lefty's success you're afraid of."

"Success?" Lucille said, and for a moment she looked disconcerted, then her lip curled slightly and her eyes narrowed. "Lefty's no fighter, Miss Christopher," she said. "Lefty's not cut out for the ring. Eddie Manolo did Lefty a favor, knocking him out."

Agatha felt that the girl's answer, and her manner in speaking it, proved her point. She said firmly, "Oscar thinks Lefty's a fighter. Oscar thinks Lefty can go up top."

Lefty brightened. "Oscar said that, did he?"

"Now never mind," Lucille said, with a rasp in her voice. "Just never mind. We were doing fine until you came slumming down to Leo's Place, Miss Christopher."

"And, Lefty, Uncle Leo had confidence in you," Agatha said. "He put up money to help you. If you want to fight, for Heaven's sake, make up your mind for yourself." She looked at Lucille. "Don't let anybody drag you down. Decide for yourself, Lefty."

"What do you mean, drag him down?" Lucille said. "I'm trying to help Lefty."

"I don't think so," Agatha said. "I think it's yourself you're trying to help." Her voice cut through this turmoil of emotions like a knife as she bluntly said, "You're using a morbid hold on Lefty for your own purposes. You're afraid of his success because you're afraid you'll lose him. That's what I think, Lucille."

Lucille quite suddenly began to cry. She sat motionless, gazing down at the tabletop, and tears squeezed out of her eyes. The little sobbing noises she made were almost inaudible, but Agatha heard them, and was all at once revolted, by herself and by the whole situation.

A clear voice said, behind Agatha, "How about we join you kids? Do you mind, Agatha?"

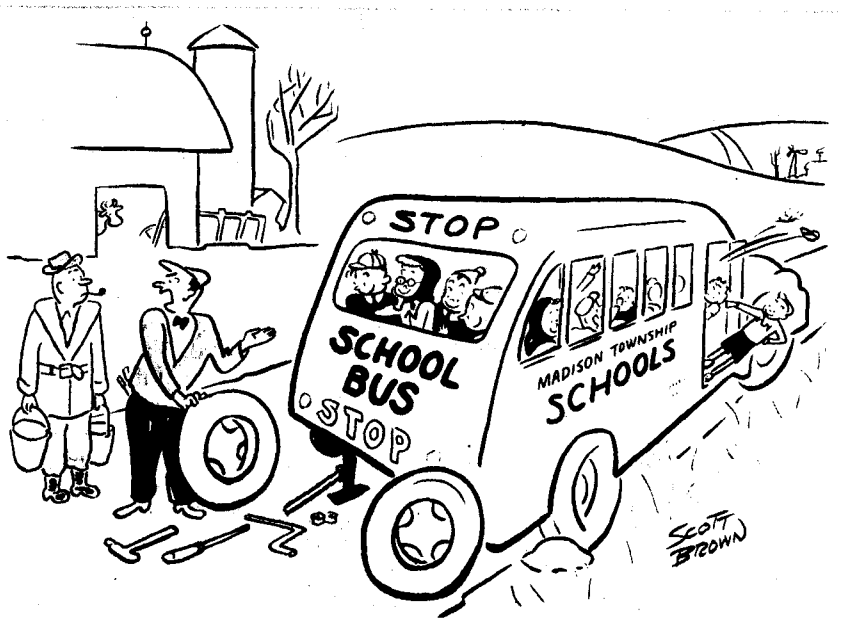
SELMA MORROW was there, beside Agatha, her broad mouth smiling, her eyes alert to the situation. Charlie Harper was a step behind her, looking embarrassed. Selma said, "I met Mr. Langan this afternoon at the country club, and I'm fascinated. Do you mind my being fascinated, Mr. Langan? I never met a prize fighter before."

Lucille was on her feet, clutching at her handbag. She pushed her chair aside and started toward the door, and Lefty lunged to his feet. Agatha cried, "Lefty, wait!"

But he only turned, looked at her as from a distance, and spread his hands, then he went on out after Lucille.

"My goodness," Selma said, in a tone of sweet concern, "were we interrupting something?"

Agatha passed her by, tight-lipped, and hurried out to the station wagon. Behind the wheel, before turning the ignition key, she looked back toward the Menasset House and saw Lefty and Lucille standing together under an elm tree. She had no right, she thought, no right at all, to interfere in the lives of these



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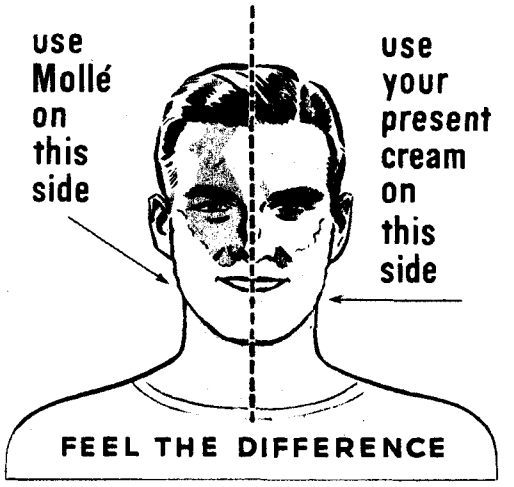

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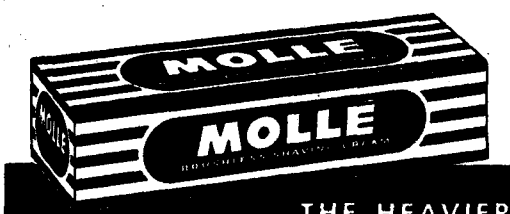

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people. It was Lefty's problem, and Lucille's.

Lights were burning in the Christopher house, and Gwen was waiting. Agatha was glad that they met in near darkness on the lawn, after she had put the station wagon away. She told Gwen what had happened.

"Probably it's just as well, Agatha," Gwen said. "Let the girl take him back to New York."

"Yes," Agatha said. "Oh, Lord, yes!"

"But it's too bad Selma was there," Gwen said sympathetically.

"Selma didn't know what was going on."

"Exactly," Gwen said. "That's what makes it worse."

"Oh, well," Agatha murmured, "I'm not worried about what Selma says, or anybody else."

A long time later the sound of the convertible braking at the garage awakened Agatha. She knew it was very late, and she listened to Lefty's dragging footsteps as he came slowly up the stairs. They stopped at her door, and there was silence. Agatha sat up in bed, waited a moment, then called, "Lefty?"

"I was hoping you were awake, Aggie," his voice said. "Can you come to the door?"

Agatha slipped on her negligee and crossed to the door. The light was on in the hall and his figure bulked against it.

"I wanted to tell you, Aggie," he said, "everything is okay." He shifted his feet uneasily. "I'm gonna fight."

"Lefty," Agatha said softly, "I don't want to come between you and your girl. I lost my temper. If you want to call it off, it's all right with me."

"I'm gonna fight," he said doggedly. "I told her I was gonna fight, Aggie. I told her I wasn't gonna let her drag me down. It's true what you said." His eyes were dark and expressionless. "She's going back to town first train in the morning, Aggie, and I'm staying here. But I made her a promise. It's like this, Aggie. If I get knocked out, I'm through."

"I see," Agatha said. "All right, Lefty. If you're knocked out, we tear up the contract."

He grinned shyly, and his teeth shone in the dim light. "But I tell you this," he said. "It will take a tough man to knock me out, Aggie. We'll move in there and take that championship, you and me and Oscar." Lefty moved on down the hall to his room, his steps not dragging any more.

THE sun rose next morning on a Connecticut hilltop pastoral of house and barn and sighing oaks; it set on a fighter's training camp.

The transition began when Oscar got off the train in midmorning, bringing a duffel bag into which he had crammed punching bag and training gloves, headguard and shoes, trunks and jerseys, elastic bandages and medical kit, and a very handsome bathrobe of pale blue with *Lefty Langan* stitched in red letters on the back.

By afternoon Oscar had the punching bag installed and he had Lefty Langan in sweat shirt and sweat pants working out the whisky he had drunk the night before. Lefty did calisthenics, skipped rope, shadowboxed, and later had a rubdown on a refectory table he and Oscar carried down from the attic.

A carpenter came and started to build a ring.

"Let's hope nobody gets hurt," Gwen said stoically. "Agatha, remember your promise. Have you called Roy Smith?"

"I'll do it now," Agatha said.

She told Roy Smith on the telephone that she was willing to give her mornings to the library for the time being, at least until someone was found to take her place, and he said, "About that committee, Agatha, that book-buying committee. I'll just forget to appoint that committee and you can go ahead and buy the books."

While she was at the telephone she had seen a yellow convertible turn into the drive, and when she reached the lawn she saw Charlie Harper at the door of the barn. She called his name, and he turned, leaning one shoulder against the doorjamb. He had a hard, determined look, Agatha thought.

"Morning, Agatha," he said. "I was just running down the rumor."

"What rumor?"

"It's all over town," Charlie said. "They're saying that prize fighter is going to train out here."

SEX AND LOVE OF GOD

By MONSIGNOR FULTON J. SHEEN

A noted churchman delivers a scathing attack on "sex deification" in the modern world. Read this article, taken from his forthcoming book "Peace of Soul."

In Collier's *next week*

"You can now report it as a fact," Agatha said.

Charlie made a snorting noise, then said, "And who was that redhead last night? What was going on here?"

"It's none of your business, Charlie."

Charlie gave her a keen glance. "Just how far are you going with this nonsense?"

"Until Lefty Langan is middleweight champion of the world," Agatha said, "or until he's been knocked out."

"He's been knocked out," Charlie said. "Gwen told me that."

"But if he's knocked out again, he quits the ring for good," Agatha said.

Charlie smiled. "And then what? You come back to normal?"

"I feel pretty normal right now," Agatha said. "And besides, he won't be knocked out."

Oscar Gumper came to the door of the barn, gave Charlie Harper a questioning look, then said to Agatha, "I think I better lay down the law, Aggie. This is a training camp from now on, and we've got to have rules. What I mean is, this here barn will be out of bounds most of the time. We'll be working hard. Lefty's gonna box six rounds a day for a while, working on that stance. He's gonna box until he's worn out, and when he can do that without switching to southpaw when it's tough, he's ready. We got to round up some good boys to spar with him."

Charlie Harper spoke up. "Maybe I can help you out on that. I know some of the people in New Haven. I go down there to the fights pretty often. I can get you some boys."

Oscar gave Charlie a careful look, said, "Sure, I'd like to look 'em over, but I want boxers, not sluggers."

"I'll make a call in the morning," Charlie said.

"Thanks," Oscar said. "Now, Aggie, if you can take me out in your car, I want to pick out a place for Lefty's roadwork."

"Maybe I could run you around," Charlie said. "I've got nothing on this afternoon." He grinned. "I don't want to get in your way, but I've always had an interest in the ring."

Oscar, after an instant's hesitation, decided to go with Charlie, and Agatha was left alone for the first time that day with Lefty. He had returned from his shower in T-shirt and slacks and he talked a while about Eddie Manolo, who was signed for a main event in Madison Square Garden. "It ought to have been me," Lefty said. He did not mention Lucille, and that night, after he had played a few hands of gin rummy with Oscar, he went early to bed. . . .

The next day the routine began. Oscar and Lefty were gone early in the morning for road work, and the starting motor of the station wagon awakened Agatha. She had finished her breakfast and was having her second cup of coffee when they returned, waved to her, and went on to the barn.

Agatha went into the barn after she got back from the library that noon. She sat on the refectory table, watching Lefty jump rope. He moved with economy, yet every smooth muscle in his body seemed to come into play. He was gazing off into the distance, his thoughts as far away as Madison Square Garden. On the floor beside the table was a black kit bag, standing open, and inside it Agatha saw bottles, cotton, swabs and surgical scissors. She called to Oscar, "What's all this stuff for?"

Oscar came over. "You got to have it on hand, Aggie. You got to be ready for anything in a fight."

Agatha gazed over at Lefty and said softly, "I've never seen a fight, except on television and in the newsreels. When you see it in a picture you forget it's two big men hitting each other."

As Oscar was bandaging his hands Lefty stood quiet, breathing easily, and smiled at Agatha. "I'm in shape already," he said. "I was telling Oscar—"

"Oscar's telling you," Oscar said. "You ain't telling Oscar nothing. Now go over there and punch that bag."

That night after dinner Lefty asked Agatha quietly, "Any mail for me?"

"No, I didn't see any, Lefty."

He nodded. "I wasn't looking for anything. I just thought I'd ask."

"Give her time, Lefty," Agatha said softly. "She'll write."

"I don't care if she writes," he said, moving his shoulders self-consciously.

Oscar called from the next room, "Lefty, I got the cards dealt."

Lefty went to play gin rummy, and Agatha had the realization that Oscar was deliberately separating her from Lefty, and he was narrowing Lefty's life to just the two of them—fighter and trainer. She understood.

NO MAIL came for Lefty. The next day the postman brought the contracts from Jack Barlow, and a note from Jack saying: "I'm waiting for the triumphal return to New York. I'll be seeing you at Skelly's Gym."

Agatha spent her mornings in the library, an hour in the barn in the afternoon, and quiet evenings at home. She saw few people because she did not like the glint of curiosity that was in everyone's eye. The news had traveled all over Menasset that the Christophers had a prize fighter out at their house.

It was early to bed and early up for Lefty and Oscar. Three miles of road work; a shower and rubdown before breakfast; the rhythm of the punching bag in the barn; the stalking grace of shadowboxing; the heavy, thumping blows to the sand dummy; and after two days the slap of leather on flesh.

Charlie Harper had made his call, and two stocky boys arrived one day on the bus from New Haven, bringing headguards and boxing equipment. The sparring was about to begin when Charlie Harper drove up in his yellow convertible. With him was Selma Morrow.

Oscar turned a quick glance of disapproval on Selma, but said nothing. Selma stood near the door with Agatha, and Charlie produced a stop watch and timed the rounds, while Oscar stood clutching a ring post, shouting advice to Lefty.

"Agatha, I'm green with envy," Selma said. "How did you ever think of such a thing? I think I'll get me a prize fighter, too—with those same blue eyes."

Agatha let it pass, but the next day she said to Charlie Harper, "You're a lot of help around here, Charlie. Oscar said so himself. But this is a training camp, and for Heaven's sake don't bring any more vultures like Selma Morrow."

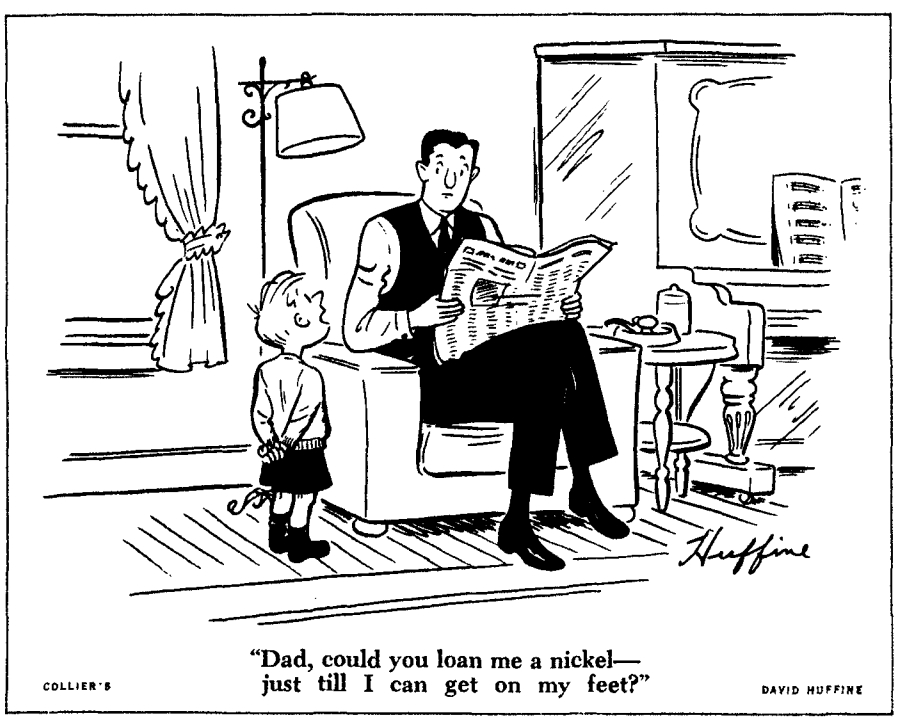
Charlie said okay; he was on hand every afternoon for the workout, and Oscar was glad to have his help timing the rounds, but Oscar barred any other spectators except Agatha and Gwen.

The boxers in the ring, eyes narrowed and sharp in the shadow of their headguards, puffed and grunted, danced and parried. Agatha came to understand the blows, and she began to see the pattern of it. Lefty had a straight, driving right, and his always dangerous left hook. She learned to watch his maneuvers to bring them into use. She would watch him wait for a straight left, block it with his glove as he side-stepped, then throw his short, vicious left hook. Several times he knocked a sparring partner down.

"The boy can counterpunch," Charlie Harper remarked.

"Best since Joe Gans," Oscar said proudly. "Watch him work that right cross."

A week had gone by very quickly when Oscar said one day, after the work-



"Dad, could you loan me a nickel—just till I can get on my feet?"

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out, "He's come a long way, Aggie. Another week or two, he'll be set."

Charlie said, "How about his taking a fight over in New Haven, for a tune-up."

"I been thinking about it," Oscar said. "If I could find him a nice, soft spot, I mean. A good boxer without much punch."

"I sold the matchmaker down there a piece of property once, Oscar," Charlie said. "I'll talk it over with him."

THE postman still had left nothing for Lefty, and Agatha thought he looked depressed in the evenings, when he played gin with Oscar. The night Charlie Harper reported on a possible match with a boy named Sonnyboy Jones, who had lost thirty of his forty-seven professional fights, usually by knockouts, Lefty sat shuffling a deck of cards.

"The boy can box," Charlie said. "But he has a glass jaw, Oscar. He goes down easy, once he's tagged."

Lefty said, still shuffling the cards, "How do you like that name? Sonnyboy?"

"I guess it started him fighting," Oscar said. "A kid with a nickname like that has got to fight."

Agatha said thoughtfully, "It's a tragic name, I think. I suppose he was a fair-haired boy when he started out, and Sonnyboy meant something. And now he's just an old palooka, beaten thirty times. It's rather sad."

"Cut it out," Oscar said. "Don't talk about sad."

"It don't depress me none, Oscar," Lefty said. "Let's fight the bum. I'll give him a boxing lesson."

"I knew a pretty cocky kid once," Oscar said heavily. "He was a fighter, and he boxed the main event at St. Nick's with a slugger named Eddie Manolo. Remember that cocky kid, Lefty?"

Lefty flushed and looked down at his clenched, fleshy hands. "Yeah," he said. "I remember."

"Don't ever forget him," Oscar said. "All right, Charlie, I'll go into New Haven tomorrow and we'll sign."

Oscar shook his head uneasily when Lefty went out of the room. "The boy's on edge," he said to Agatha. "I think I'd better slack off work, Aggie. I don't want to train him down too fine."

"His trouble is Lucille," Agatha said. "He hasn't heard a word from Lucille."

Oscar grunted. "He'll do okay without Lucille."

As the night of the fight in New Haven approached, Lefty's spirits seemed to improve, although no mail came. Oscar omitted road work for a couple of mornings and sent Lefty out to play golf with Gwen, and he cut the sparring in the afternoon down to three rounds. Twice he took Lefty to the motion pictures in Menasset, and on the day before the fight he borrowed the station wagon after dinner and took Lefty for a long drive along the shore route. While they were gone the telephone rang.

Agatha had been finishing up a task for Oscar, fashioning the letters *Lefty Langan* on the back of a new white sweater he had bought, and she put the sweater down and went to answer the telephone. It was the railroad station calling, with a telegram for Francis Langan. It was signed, "Lucille" and the message was "Good luck." Agatha returned to her work, and had the last "N" stitched in place by the time the station wagon climbed the hill.

Agatha went to meet them at the garage, carrying the sweater in her hand. It was getting onto nine o'clock and darkness had come, but the sky was still luminous. A fresh evening breeze on the hilltop ruffled Lefty's black hair as he got out of the station wagon. He grinned at Agatha, stretched his arms, and said, "I feel good, Aggie. I'm ready. Oscar, am I ready?"

"You're ready," Oscar said.

Agatha said quietly, "I have a message for you, Lefty." After she had told him, Lefty frowned. Suddenly he seemed hard, almost hostile. "That's all she said, eh? The hell with Lucille. She wishes me good luck or bad, it's all the same to me."

"Is it?" Agatha said.

"You think I care if Lucille wishes me good luck?" Lefty said. "You got it wrong, Aggie." He hesitated, and in the silence the night was alive with the sound of crickets and, far off, the throb of a bullfrog.

"Aggie, I'm just a boy from the West Side, but I been around," he said. "Down where I was brought up, it's a pretty tough neighborhood. I was fighting almost as soon as I could make a fist, and I grew up hanging around the street corners, playing ball in the streets, fighting some, and getting in a little trouble." He drew in his breath through his teeth. "And after that I was jerking sodas. All that time I never knew a ritzy dame."

"Lefty," Agatha said, puzzled and disturbed, "what are you getting at?"

He showed a twisted smile, his eyes seemed to burn. "I remember I used to go up to Forty-second Street with some of the guys and we'd hang around the corners to watch 'em go by. You know, all dressed up with those straps on their shoes and high heels." He laughed shortly. "I was a kid then, and I thought they were pretty high-class until I wised up. In the canteens they had for servicemen, they'd come in and give you a dance and a fast brush-off and their patriotic duty was done before you went off to fight. I guess you know what I mean, all right, Aggie."

"For Heaven's sake," Agatha said, "do you mean you think I'm one of those?"

"What do *you* think?" Lefty said.

AGATHA spread her hands helplessly. "But, Lefty, why? What's the matter? I thought we were good friends."

"Yeah?" Lefty said. "As long as I'm out in the barn, sure. That's the only time you got a word to say to me."

"Now look here," Agatha said angrily. "You're left alone with Oscar because he wants it that way. You can ask Oscar. He doesn't like dames around a training camp. Those were his words. That's why you're left alone with Oscar. Oh, Lefty, please don't misunderstand us. We've all done our best—"

"Let me tell you one more thing," Lefty said. "You been worried about getting me in a good mood for the fight. Don't you worry. I feel like fighting."

Abruptly he walked away, brushing past her. She watched the jerky swing of his shoulders as he moved off into darkness, and after a time she followed, very slowly. She felt a sickening uneasiness, an emptiness at the pit of her stomach, and she was glad when she reached the house to find that he had gone straight up to his room. But Oscar was there on the porch, and she gave him the sweater.

"That's good," Oscar said. "People will know who our boy is when he climbs through the ropes." He looked at her with a glow in his eyes. "Aggie, I think the boy's ready. This fight tomorrow night will show us."

"Oscar," Agatha said, "I'm worried about Lefty. He's got something twisted in his mind, about me."

"What's that?" Oscar said, his tone cautious.

"Because I've stayed away from him in training he thinks—Oh, I don't know. He thinks I look on him as if he were a trained animal."

"It was my idea for you to stay away from him," Oscar said. He put his big hand gently on her shoulder. "After the fight, we'll be going back to New York," he said. "After we get him home, he'll be okay. Lefty kind of goes for you. I guess you know that."

Agatha's mouth opened, but she did not speak. She had not been taken by surprise, but it was something she had not expected to be put in words.

"Don't you worry about it, Aggie," Oscar said. "I'll straighten the boy out, and pretty soon he'll be back home, win or lose." He patted her shoulder again. "See you at ringside, Aggie." . . .

Gwen had decided early that while she did not mind too much having a prize fighter train at her house, and even had some interest in watching his workouts, she did not want to see him fight. So Agatha went to the fight that night with Charlie Harper.

Oscar and Lefty had departed quite early, and Charlie had his yellow convertible at the door just after dinner. They reached New Haven in plenty of time for the main event.

They entered the Arena through a tiled corridor, and emerged through a portal on the main floor. A preliminary bout was under way as Charlie led the way to their seats in the first-row ringside. Agatha was thinking of Lefty Langan, waiting back in the dressing room, hearing the shouts of the crowd, and she thought that Lefty could not possibly be as tense or nervous as she. She sat on the edge of her seat, twisting the stub of the ticket Charlie had given her. All at once the fight in progress caught her attention.

One of the boxers had a stinging left jab, and had opened a cut over his opponent's eye which he was using for a target. Under the overhead lights the bodies of the boxers were white, and the face of the man whose eye had been cut looked wet and pulpy and was red with blood. Agatha caught her breath sharply. She whispered, "It's blood," and did not know she had spoken.

"What did you expect?" Charlie said. "Chanel No. 5?"

She had simply not thought of blood before. She had not thought of how it looked, smeared on a young man's face. She had not thought of sweat and blood and gasping lungs and white arms pathetically shielding the streaming cut.

"See," Charlie said, between the rounds. "They've got the bleeding stopped. Of course one good left will open it up again."

But Agatha did not look. What was she doing here, ringside in the Arena, holding a share in this bloody business?

"They're stopping the fight," Charlie said. "That cut's pretty bad."

Agatha slowly raised her eyes. A second was wiping the blood from the loser's face with a towel. The other boxer danced over and put a glove on his shoulder, trotted back to his own corner.

"It will be Lefty next," Charlie said. "Main event coming up." He looked at her. "Say, what's the matter with you? If you can't stand blood, stay away from fights."

The boxers were leaving the ring, and Agatha watched them out of sight through a portal. "They don't feel it, Agatha," Charlie said, more gently. "When they're in there fighting they don't feel a thing."

Agatha swallowed hard, and he said, "Here they come."

SONNYBOY JONES came first, and as he was climbing through the ropes Lefty appeared at the entrance of the portal and walked along the aisle toward the ring in his pale blue bathrobe, holding his gloved hands almost crossed over his chest, like a mandarin in state procession. Lefty's stocky sparring partner, Kid Dalton, was immediately behind him, and Oscar followed, wearing the white sweater with *Lefty Langan* stitched on the back.

There was scattered applause as Lefty went up to the ring. He stood in his corner, with his head bent, but his eyes moved, and at last he saw Agatha. He looked down at her and waved one gloved hand, but his expression did not change. Oscar did not look down.

As the fighters were being introduced, Agatha studied Sonnyboy Jones. A flattened nose and scarred eyes made him look cruel. As the boxers went to receive instructions from the referee she saw that Sonnyboy Jones was at least an inch taller than Lefty, and his arms seemed longer.

They were ready for the bell, bathrobes off now. Agatha saw Lefty's face, tense, inscrutable, and very white under the high floodlights. The sound of the bell was still ringing in Agatha's ears as the men met on Lefty's side of the ring and then she heard the slapping sound of blows. Jones had rushed Lefty at the bell, with flailing arms, and it happened so fast and the roaring noise was immediately so deafening that Agatha was left sitting rigidly on the edge of her chair while everyone else was on his feet.

"He's down!" Charlie cried.

Then Agatha saw. Not two yards from her, with his face turned up to the glaring lights, Lefty lay on his back. It was Lefty who was down. Agatha had not seen it happen.

"Smack on the jaw," Charlie was yelling. "He got him with that right, smack on the jaw."

Charlie was laughing, and his lips were wet and very red. It was harsh, exultant laughter, and slowly Agatha came up to her feet beside him.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S

"It would save a lot of time if you'd think of these things before we get started!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

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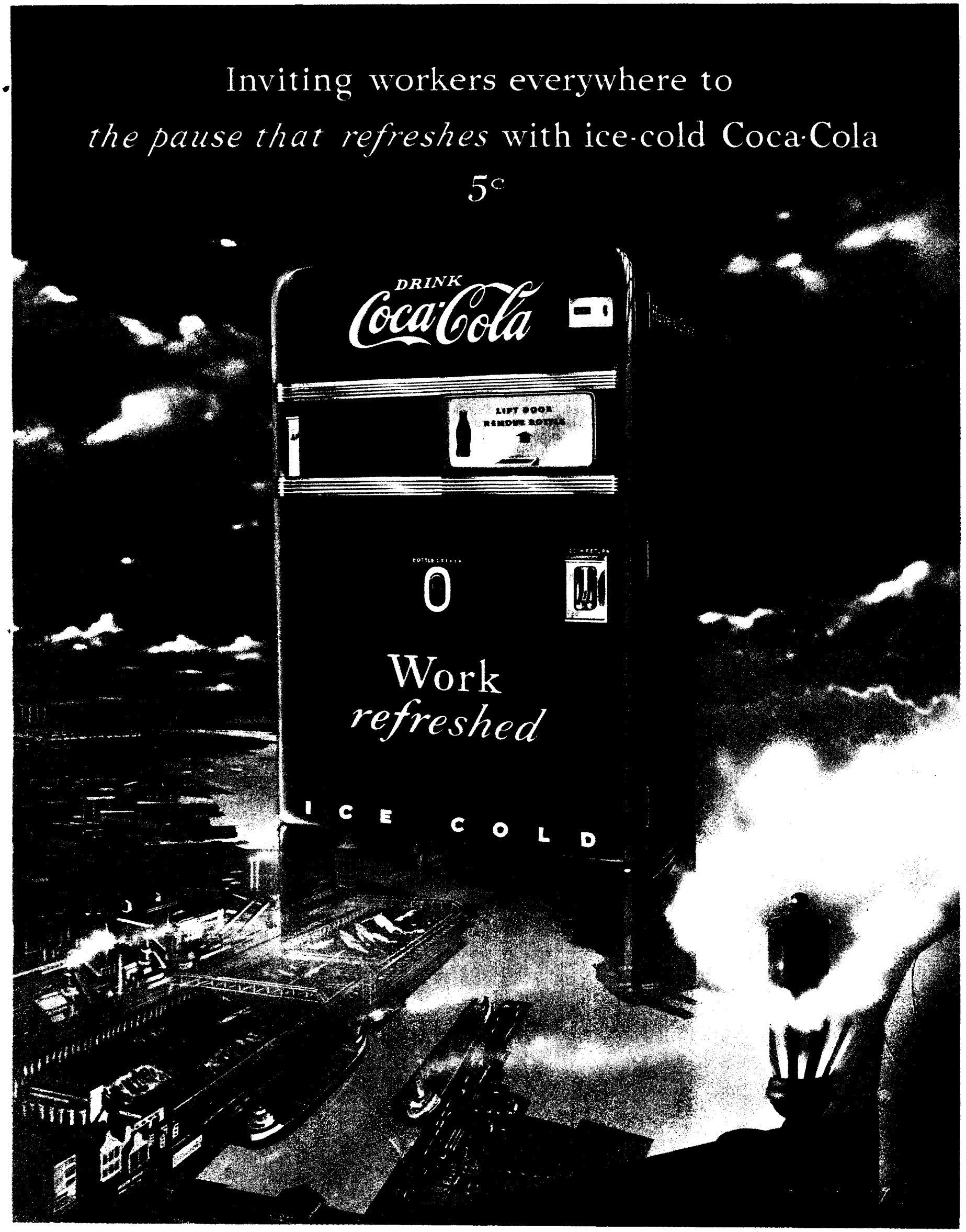

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LET'S FEED MR. AND MRS. HUNGRY BIRD

Continued from page 62

Post Office Department, by which birds can be helped through the cold winter months. It is both easy and inexpensive. First, lay in a supply of bird food. From any feed and grain store you can obtain wheat, cracked corn, millet, sunflower seeds and waste sweepings. Many florist shops and seed stores sell packets of seeds suitable for wild birds. So does the National Audubon Society, 1000 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Divide your bird food into one- or two-pound lots, and make paper packages strong enough for shipping, but not so strong that they can't be opened easily. Then go through your gazetteer or atlas, or use your own knowledge, and select a town or city large enough to have a rural delivery service, in a part of the country where there is apt to be snow and ice. Address your package to "Mr. and Mrs. Hungry Bird, R.F.D. No. 1," that place. For example, "Mr. and Mrs. Hungry Bird, R.F.D. No. 1, Winsted, Connecticut."

Mail the package by regular parcel post. The rural mail carrier who receives it for delivery will take it to a place on his route where wild birds congregate. There he will open it and scatter the food. But be sure you address the package plainly so that it does not read something like "Henry Bird," instead of "Hungry Bird." There are probably lots of Henry Birds in this country, and few of them would appreciate a sudden influx of bird seed.

Just because you've sent a parcel-post package of food to birds you'll never see, don't neglect the birds in your own neighborhood. Establish one or more permanent feeding stations, keep them cleared of snow, and supply them regularly with food. The food can be placed on a stump, on a board, on a wooden platform atop a post, or on a large stone. Or a birdhouse, with an extended feeding shelf, can be constructed from old shingles or light boards.

Bird feeders can be purchased, the price depending upon their ornateness. They are simple and they can easily be arranged so that they offer the birds a secure place to obtain food. If anyone needs an incentive to build or buy a birdhouse, let him step out of his warm room some cold night and watch a little chickadee shivering in a snowdrift.

Once you've established your feeding station, all that's necessary is to put the food there; the birds will find it. Almost any sort of food a bird can handle is acceptable. Birds like bread crumbs, especially greasy crumbs. They like beef suet and pork fat, chopped meat, bones to which bits of meat are clinging, and nut meats without salt. Many birds are very fond of doughnuts.

Peanuts, especially if they are chopped, are excellent food for birds, and in many areas are the cheapest nuts obtainable. Most birds will eat nearly any kind of seed. They like seedcakes, which are made by pouring beef or pork fat over seeds. These little cakes will harden in cold weather, and the birds find them very appetizing.

You can serve suet to the birds by putting it in one of those little wire soap cages which housewives swish about in the sink to stir up a bit of suds. Tack the cage to a tree, or to a fence post, and the birds will pick at the suet through the mesh. A chunk of suet the size of a cake of soap will feed many birds throughout the winter.

Since the bills and even the eyes of birds have been known to freeze fast to metal, holders made of wood or string should be used in extremely cold sections.

I know a man, an artist, who when he leaves his summer home in the Adirondack Mountains, in New York State, tacks 20 filled suet cages to trees about his house. His caretaker says that he has never seen a winter-killed bird in the neighborhood; scores of them feed there every day.

If you'll put up one of your bird feeding stations near a window, but far enough away so that the birds will not be frightened, you'll be well rewarded for your trouble. The constant activity and cheerful chirping of the birds will brighten many a dreary winter day. In all likelihood, your first guests will be chickadees, which are common in most of the northern states.

There'll be many others—nuthatches, goldfinches, juncos, evening grosbeaks, horned larks, and the several species of winter sparrows and woodpeckers, depending upon whether you are within their range. You may even see an occasional mockingbird, bobwhite, cardinal or Carolina wren; all of which are more at home in areas where the winters are warm but which sometimes extend their range to the snowbound parts of the country.

And finally will come the big boss of the winter birds, the raucous blue jay, one of the handsomest birds that ever fluttered a wing. At first the jay will try to drive the other birds away, but as the winter wears on and gets colder and colder he will forget his animosity and settle down to the serious business of keeping alive. You'll see the big jay and the little chickadee eating from the same pile of seeds. And the more birds you feed this winter, the more there will be to sing their melodious songs and flash their gay color during the long summer months.

THE HOUSE YOU'LL WARM TO

Continued from page 20

promptly put to work on a project sponsored by a big appliance manufacturer.

Their discoveries reveal that you don't necessarily have to blame yourself if you can't fit everything into your kitchen cabinet. The average person has only one half to two thirds the storage space needed. The remedy, of course, is more cabinets, but surprisingly this doesn't mean you need a bigger kitchen. If you build or remodel, the trick is to start kitchen planning around storage space, not around doors and windows which slash needed wall surface.

Contact Man with Industry

Bill Scheick's bounding figure is a familiar sight at conventions, where he can call hundreds of the industry's leaders by their first names.

On occasions like these he talks industry into sponsoring council projects. Not that he has to sell the industry on the idea of research. It's doing plenty of that in its own laboratories. For instance, one glass manufacturer spent $250,000 developing a new kind of window glass. Producers of wood products maintain 1,100 research laboratories. One building-materials firm has a million-dollar lab with a staff of 125.

What Scheick has to show the industrialists is that the council does a totally different kind of research. It doesn't develop products. It applies them and studies them in relation to all of the materials and intangibles that go into the making of a house.

Scheick's pleas for co-ordinated research arouse enthusiasm even among retailers. "When contractors build the same house in one area for $10,017 and in another for $5,450," one of them said, "it's time for research."

When the council signs up to do a research job, it often has to build another "laboratory." "The place to test home equipment is in a home," Bill Scheick explains.

Look, for instance, at the fabulous heating laboratories, "the two most heated houses in the world." In one of them, a pleasant frame house, the council tests equipment for the National Warm Air, Heating and Air-Conditioning Association. There, at the moment, they're trying out radiant ceiling heating in which warm air is forced between the joists.

The other heating "laboratory" looks like an average brick home in a better-class suburb. It houses a project sponsored by the Institute of Boiler and Radiator Manufacturers. Here the council has tested just about every type of hot water and steam heating plant and method of distributing the heat, including ordinary radiators, radiant baseboards, and even a single iron pipe circling a room. The whole IBR house is a heat-sensitive mechanism. Running through it are more than eight and a half miles of wire connecting 300 thermocouples. They register on a recording instrument in the basement.

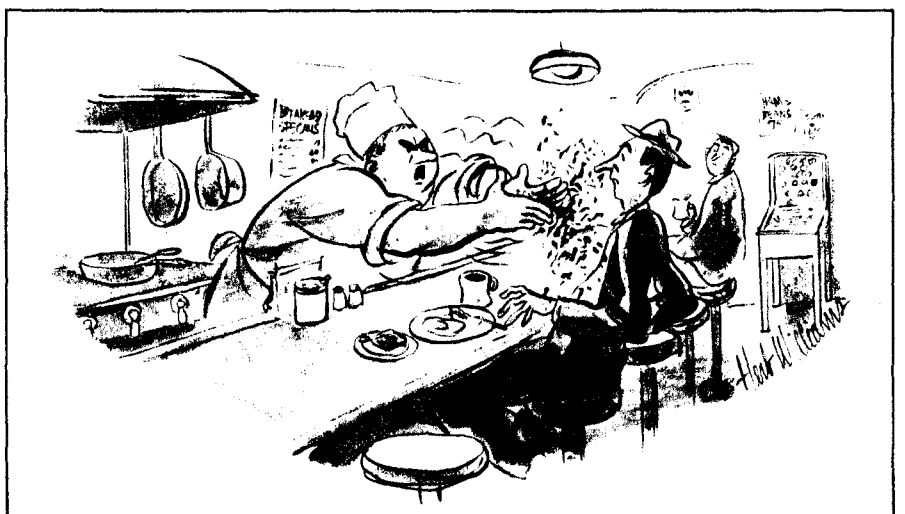
In laboratories like this the University of Illinois technicians are diagnosing the housing ills that give homeowners headaches. Take heating, for instance. People blame their heating plants for a lot of sins they don't commit. Typical is the case of the Ohio homeowner who complained of drafty floors.

He blamed the heating contractor for installing an inadequate heating plant. He was pushing the furnace to the limit and still couldn't heat the house properly. Investigation showed that the studding spaces were not blocked off at the top and cold air was pouring down from the attic to come out around the baseboards. The openings were capped and the complaints about the heating plant stopped.

Actually, say the heating experts, you ought to have a lot of respect for your heating system. It's more efficient than a power plant! You don't believe it? Well, the trick lies in the fact that the gases coming from a power-plant chimney have a temperature of 600 to 800 degrees, compared with less than 200 degrees for those that rise from your chimney. All the rest of that heat stays in your house.

Professor "Bud" Konzo, a leading authority on heating, will tell you that radiant heat installations are something to be approached with caution. A Michigan family, building a new house, decided on radiant panels in the floors so that they "would be warm for the baby." But as the weather got colder, the baby became more irritable, the woman was tired and complained of swelling feet. The trouble was that their house had not been properly insulated and lost so much heat that they had to keep their heating plant operating at too high a level.

The result was that they were given a sort of perpetual hot-foot from a floor with a temperature of around 95 degrees. The heating experts at Illinois like radiant panels in the ceiling for houses with high heat loss. A ceiling can be as hot as 120 degrees without discomfort to people in the room. Radiant baseboards are another good answer.



COLLIER'S "Is this bacon fried crisp enough for you?" HERB WILLIAMS

A Study of Fuel Saving

If you're an average homeowner you're wasting a lot of fuel. Not one house in five makes use of modern heat conservation know-how. Consider the case of two similar houses the Small Homes Council investigated in Champaign, Illinois. One, properly insulated, used only 800 gallons of oil a year; the other one, uninsulated, burned up 3,000.

If you want to go to an extreme and put four inches of cork all around your house, you could heat it with a candle, but it might take you 100 years to pay for the cork from your fuel savings. To tell you what will pay in the way of insulation, the council experts have a chart that indicates just what various insulation improvements should save you.

If you have an uninsulated frame house, for instance, and pay out $200 for fuel, you can save $44 a year by putting a four-inch blanket of insulation between the joists. Add storm sash and you'll save another $24. Add two inches of insulation between the wall studs and you'll save still another $24. That totals a hefty $92 a year.

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ROBERT GREENHALGH

Menu Musings

Well, let the same old struggle start—
I've never been the winner:
I can't afford the à la carte
And do not like the dinner!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

A Pennsylvania homeowner painted his house, only to find that in less than a year the paint was blistered and peeling. The paint job had been good. The trouble was that moisture had condensed inside the walls, and worked through to the underside of the paint. An Illinois householder complained that his recently purchased house had a leaky roof. For proof he pointed to water dripping on the attic floor. Actually, the roof was sound. Again the culprit was condensed moisture.

Moisture condensation is a prime headache that has cost an uncalculated amount of money and mental anguish to homeowners. The council experts will tell you that, oddly enough, this problem is complicated by insulation. Since it blocks the heat loss from inside the house, a cold air space is created between the walls. Then when vapor leaks out through the walls and hits the cold air, it condenses.

The answer? Not more insulation, but a vapor barrier. That's something most people haven't heard of, but no house should be built without it. The idea is to keep the warm, moist air from ever hitting that cold air space. To do this the *inside* walls should be lined with a vapor-resistant material, such as aluminum foil or asphalt-coated paper.

Tragedies in the Bathtub

An Indiana woman plugged in an electric heater while she stood in a bathtub. She didn't live to finish her bath. A Pittsburgh boy reached over from the bathtub to turn on a light and became another victim of electrocution.

The council's housing wizards are out to take that kind of hazard right out of your home. "Built-in safety" they call it. One of their specifications is "Do not locate switches and outlets near bathtubs, washtubs or sinks." Their major recommendation for wiring safety is to put in enough outlets so you won't have to use makeshift extensions.

Already 60 per cent of the average electric bill is for current used by household appliances. They figure that will jump in the near future to perhaps 80 per cent.

Another council recommendation is special heavy-duty circuits for certain parts of the house. In the kitchen, for instance, it is estimated that the average housewife spends 31 hours a week doing work that could be done by appliances! The council thinks those appliances will soon appear in American kitchens. "Too many houses—even a lot of new ones—are wired for 1925, not 1955," they say.

You've undoubtedly had the experience of fumbling around in the dark while you struggle to replace a burned-out fuse. The council has a scheme that insures your always having half the lights in a room on. It calls for putting half the wiring in each room on one circuit, half on another.

The house of 1948 used almost 50 per cent more glass than the house of 1941. Everybody, it seems, wants a picture window. They're fine, the engineers admit, but you shouldn't fool yourself with the idea that a picture window gives you solar heating. Actually you lose sixteen times more heat through a window than through a wall.

A good answer to heat loss through windows is double-pane insulating glass. The problem up to now was to find sash that would bear two to four times the weight and four to eight times the thickness of ordinary glass. Now there is a mass-produced aluminum frame that makes it possible to swing open a large double-paned window for ventilation. You can reverse it for cleaning both sides without going out of the house. Council researchers are experimenting with fixed windows with no sash at all. Ventilation comes from louvres—small openings—beside or below the window.

"Won't they cause a lot of glare?" is the question people often ask about large windows. The Small Homes Council has a surprising answer: Small windows can actually produce more glare than big ones. Glare is caused by contrasts of intense light and dark. It's more likely in a room with small glass areas because the bright surface of the window is in sharp contrast to the darker walls surrounding it. Increase the window area and you step up the illumination level within the room until contrasts are slight.

The council quickly passes on its findings to the public through pamphlets dealing with everything from weather-stripping your existing home to how to know a good lot when you see one. Written by university and industry authorities, the booklets are translated into everyday language by council editors. Around 2,000,000 have been distributed. At present, requests for this plan have to be turned down. The council is cautious about endorsing anything they've seen without a lot more study of planning principles.

The council also dispenses its building know-how to the men who build houses. Its members think that the biggest changes in your future home will come from exploration into four almost untouched lines of research:

1. PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL. What does living in a house do to you? Will you get a "goldfish bowl" complex from living behind glass walls? What effects do colors, sounds, floor finishes have on your body and mind?

2. SOCIOLOGICAL. Do our homes make our children what they are? How can we gear our homes to real family use? How can we make neighborhoods good to live in?

3. ECONOMIC. Can we cut the cost of owning a house? Does financing cost too much? What kind of house can you afford?

4. POLITICAL. What laws really help housing? What is a sensible building code?

"The house of 25 years from now will make today's houses seem like log cabins," Scheick says. "But it won't be radical in appearance." It definitely will not be round like a silo or curved like an igloo. It won't revolve to follow the sunlight, nor will it be a collapsible item that you will take with you when you move.

Preview of the Future House

It will look, Bill Scheick thinks, much like today's so-called ranch-type house. It will be long, low, one story, with lots of glass surface. It will be geared for outdoor living. And it will be built with an eye for expansion.

Small Homes Council architects like young Bob Simon are drawing scores of house plans to find out which types of houses permit tacking on extra rooms as the family grows.

One by one the Small Homes Council is cracking the problems that have been keeping the architects from using some of their bolder ideas for comfortable, low-cost houses. Take that old bugaboo of the concrete floor, for instance. For years now the architects have been looking longingly at its advantages. But their faces fall when they are faced with the unanswerable argument that "the darn' stuff is too cold to walk on." Not any more it isn't.

In a place they call the "slab lab," those housing Houdinis of the council have performed another piece of legerdemain. No changes in the concrete, no buried heating pipes, no special coatings. This is done with an insulating material derived from glass.

Placed around the outer edges of the floor this makes a concrete floor as warm as a wooden one. They've even found a way to use the same tricks on existent houses.

You can expect a lot more developments like that to come out of the Small Homes Council. "After all," says Bill Scheick, "we're just getting started. Housing research is in its infancy. It needs the co-ordinated efforts of research agencies in industry, educational institutions and the government. It deserves the kind of research we are giving to atomic energy.

ziuQ

(*See Page 64*)

1. With whom would a coed rather have a date than a girl friend Tuesday?
2. Name three objects that cannot be sent by first-class mail.
3. What would you call midgets who are drafted into the British army?
4. Name two young Ohio boys who have the same names as movie actors.
5. What caused Isaac Newton to say, "Ouch!"
6. Where does the mayor of Pisa, Italy, live?
7. Say three silly things.
8. How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?
9. Which words in the following sentence have more than one syllable: "The U.S.S. Omaha, an armed man o' war, won a citation in the assault."
10. Spot the error in the following sentence: "Lana Turner ain't got no sex appeal."

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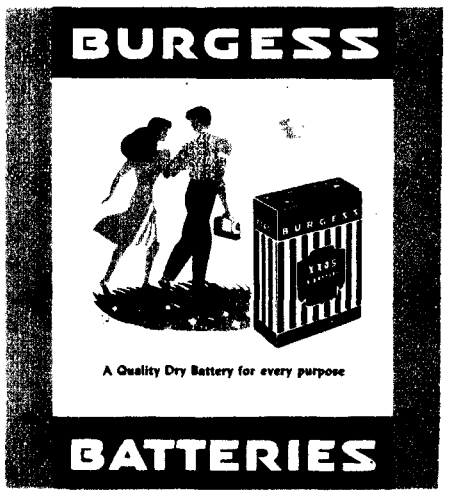

Indian Talk

JIM, a native New Yorker, had never met an American Indian until the first morning of a hunting trip.

When Jim emerged from his tent an Indian guide was cooking a big pot of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal over the campfire.

Recalling the Indian greeting he'd often seen in the movies, Jim approached the guide, stretched forth his arms, and said, "How!"

"Just add it to boiling water and let it cook for only 3½ minutes—that's *how*," replied the guide, placing a large bowlful of the delicious hot cereal in Jim's outstretched hand. (ADV.)

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Collier's believes...

Equality Is Not Created By Laws

THOMAS JEFFERSON was quite a young man, just thirty-three in fact, when he wrote the words that are destined to arouse the most angrily debated issue in President Truman's coming administration.

Mr. Jefferson's words, written into the Declaration of Independence are familiar enough:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

You remember the well-sounding phrases leading right up to the idea that the time had come to give the royal heave-ho to King George III. They were persuasive words at the time. George III ended as a chronic lunatic, and the United States remembered young Mr. Jefferson's fine words, wondering, however, many times before, even as now, just how to apply them.

That is likely to be one of Mr. Truman's toughest domestic problems during 1949. It is his problem. He made it his by choice.

The Democratic convention adopted its civil rights plank last summer because Mr. Truman, then a candidate, insisted. His determination inspired the States' Rights protest in the South. Southern opposition did not defeat him in the election. Nor has it weakened his position with the new Congress. He stated his issue and got himself elected President.

But we can't wish the issue off on the President or even the government alone. Governments make laws but people observe them. Sometimes, but not always. Prohibition was not observed, obeyed or enforced after a season during which the public made up its mind. Motorists do not obey speed laws unless the laws seem reasonable. Laws get ignored or repealed if public opinion, after mature consideration, decides against them.

So we can't leave the issues of equal civil rights to the President and to the Congress and hope that the issue is settled. If equal rights are to be enjoyed, they will have to be conceded by the individuals whose ideas make up public opinion. A law will help but alone it won't go far.

What do we mean by equal rights in 1949? Not the same thing that young Mr. Jefferson meant in 1776, although he was a very liberal man. Not three men out of a hundred could vote when, years later, Mr. Jefferson was elected President. No women could vote until a hundred years had passed. Human slavery was to last 87 years after the Declaration of Independence had been written. Indentured servants were numerous for a long time after 1800 in Pennsylvania and New York. White manhood suffrage was completely won only about 100 years ago.

So when we roll the sentence "all men are created equal" over our tongues we shall do well to specify if we want to be considered sincere and honest. Quite obviously we are not all equal physically. Up to now, Joe Louis is still the undefeated champion in heavyweight boxing. Marian Anderson is perhaps the best concert singer in any language, including the Scandinavian. George Washington Carver, Negro chemist and food researcher, was certainly one of the productive men of his generation. Booker T. Washington, Dr. Carver's sponsor at Tuskegee, was a leader of a generation. We can all think of other people who are superior in their fields. They are not all scions of one race or creed and certainly not of one color.

What do reasonable men and women mean this year in the United States by equal rights? Our guess is that so far as political and economic rights are concerned the majority American opinion favors full equality and intends to get it without avoidable delay.

That means practically that Negroes, as citizens in the South, will have the vote on the same terms as the whites. It does not mean that American Indians or Orientals affected by discriminatory laws are going to be enfranchised.

Economically, colored people and others subjected to discrimination are going to get legal protection against economic discrimination. Equal pay for equal work is hard to deny on any reasonable ground. Whatever civil rights law is passed by the new Congress will make it harder for those who practice discrimination.

Already under the spur of Supreme Court decisions, some states are having to improve the educational privileges provided Negroes. One small Virginia county made the mistake of lowering the white school level to equality with the lower standards of the Negro school in order to comply with a court order. The idea was not popular in Virginia and had to be abandoned.

The really difficult problem concerns civil rights and social practices. It is very difficult for colored people to find hotel accommodations. North or South. In the North and West, laws have long promised equal consideration but even very distinguished colored travelers experience great hardship in obtaining hotel service away from home.

In the purely voluntary social groups, such as college fraternities and clubs, exclusiveness is a cardinal principle. Some fraternities, however, draw very silly lines which are impossible to explain or to justify. We hope good-tempered leadership will emerge in all groups affected by these impending changes. Equality has been an aspiration and an objective for more than 150 years. We are about to take a long step forward. We shall be fortunate if we can achieve this reform calmly and with good will. . . . W. L. C.

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